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the study of
the style
11/2

A STUDY OF ENGLISH PROSE WRITERS

A LABORATORY METHOD

BY

J. SCOTT CLARK

AUTHOR OF "A PRACTICAL RHETORIC," ETC., AND PROFESSOR OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AT NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

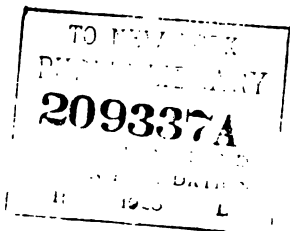
"Le Style c'est l'homme."—BUFFON

"The whole art of criticism consists in learning to
know the human being who is partially revealed to us
in his written and spoken words."—LESLIE STEPHEN

NEW YORK
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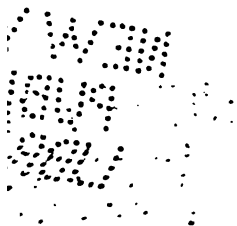
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NEW YORK





TO
A MAN AND A WOMAN
WHO DENIED THEMSELVES A THOUSAND LUXURIES
AND MANY COMFORTS
THAT THEY MIGHT GIVE THEIR CHILDREN
A LIBERAL EDUCATION
THIS VOLUME
IS REVERENTLY INSCRIBED BY
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1895
 REFER FROM C. AUG



PREFACE

It is generally admitted by teachers of English that, after one has learned to avoid the common violations of clearness, force, precision, and the other requisites of good style, he may best improve his own use of the mother-tongue by studying the English classics. But how is one to *study* the English classics so as to obtain positive and appreciable results? This volume represents an attempt to answer that question. It certainly has not been answered satisfactorily either by the numerous text-books on English Literature or by the countless editions of English classics "with notes." To memorize biographical data or the mere generalities and negations of criticism, or to trace out obscure allusions or doubtful meanings, is certainly not to study a writer in any broad or fruitful way. While the method here offered may not be ideal, it is not merely theoretical. It has been rigidly and continuously tested in the author's class-room during the last eleven years, by means of extracts from a partially developed manuscript, printed privately for the use of his pupils. The results thus obtained seem to warrant him in presenting the method for the use, or at least for the criticism, of his fellow-teachers.

In a word, the method consists in determining the particular and distinctive features of a writer's style (using the term *style* in its wide sense), in sustaining that analysis by a very wide consensus of critical opinion, in illustrating the particular characteristics of each writer by voluminous and carefully selected extracts from his works, and in then requiring the pupil to find in the works of the writer parallel illustrations. The method has grown out of dissatisfaction with results ob-



point, smoothness, rhythm, and a greater predominance of the Anglo-Saxon element ; the development of an intelligent critical habit ; and last, but perhaps most important, the creation of a real hunger for the best literature and the initiation of the pupil into the real life and spirit of the great masters of style. The central idea of the book is found in the quotation from Leslie Stephen given on the title-page : "The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his written and spoken words." The biographical outline prefixed to the discussion of each writer is intended simply as a means of review, that the reader may get the historical bearing, so to speak, before beginning his critical work. Those who desire more minute biographies will find them in the encyclopædias. The biographies of most of the earlier writers are based on Leslie Stephen's invaluable "Biographical Dictionary ;" the later ones are based on a careful review of the respective writer's published correspondence.

The bibliographies also prefixed to the several discussions are the result of some research. No subject needs the services of the professional bibliographer more than criticism, yet hitherto it has been strangely and almost entirely neglected. In the nature of the case, the best criticism is not to be found in complete volumes nor even in complete chapters or paragraphs. It is scattered sparsely throughout a vast amount of biography and general comment, and is generally found in books whose titles give no hint of critical contents. It is hoped that the bibliographies here given will be found both helpful and somewhat exhaustive. Every book listed has been conscientiously examined, besides a vast number of volumes and periodical articles whose titles seemed to promise possible criticism, but which were found to contain only biography or the generalities and negations of criticism. Only those books and articles are listed that contain positive and specific criticism. In general, the arrangement of books is somewhat in

the order of their critical importance. In determining the consensus of opinion as to the characteristics of any writer, the attempt has been to quote the most eminent critics; but the author has not hesitated to quote from comparatively obscure commentators whenever the criticisms offered by such have been found clear and happy in expression. Both the critical comments and the illustrations have been taken directly from the original sources.

While this volume is not intended for use without constant reference to the works of the writers respectively treated, and while it is intended, primarily, as a text-book for advanced pupils in English, it is believed that it will be found not devoid of interest to the general reader, even if used without reference to companion volumes of general literature.

In conclusion, the author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to the late Dr. William F. Poole, of revered memory, and to his successor, Mr. John Vance Cheney, for courtesies extended in the Newbury Library of Chicago; to Mr. Ernst Hild, Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, and to his assistant, Miss Elliott, for similar courtesies; to the Rev. E. W. Mundy, Librarian of the Central Library of Syracuse, New York; to Miss Mary B. Lindsay, Librarian of the Evanston, Ill., Public Library; to Miss Lodilla Ambrose, Assistant Librarian of Northwestern University; to the members of the English language "seminary" classes at Northwestern during the last two years, who have given material aid in verifying the bibliographies, and to his sister and faithful amanuensis, Mrs. Alice Clark Greene.

It can hardly be expected that the following pages are free from errors. They have been prepared during the rare moments and hours snatched from years of almost slavish toil in the most exacting of professions, while subject to constant interruption and in the midst of unpropitious circumstances. If, in spite of possible errors, the book shall serve in any degree to arouse in other pupils the interest and the "noble hunger"

PREFACE

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that have been thus aroused in his own, the author's end will be attained. If warranted by the reception given to the present volume, the author purposes to supplement it, in the near future, with two others; one treating in a similar manner the style of twenty-five English and American poets of the first rank and the other devoted primarily to Shakespeare and secondarily to a concise treatment of many poets and prose writers of lower rank. Most of the material for these additional volumes is already in hand.

J. S. C.

**NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY,
Evanston, Ill. June, 1898.**

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS

WHILE the author does not assume to teach the teachers who may use this volume as a text-book, it is hoped that a detailed statement of the method of use found most fruitful in his own classes will not appear pedantic. In order to attain the ends enumerated in the preface, it has been his custom to assign beforehand to each member of a class a specific section of some work of the particular writer to be studied at the time and to give the following *directions to pupils* :—

1. Read carefully the section assigned to you, and observe critically every word, neither very long nor obsolete, that impresses you as not found in the vocabularies of ordinary writers and speakers, especially such words as do not belong to your own habitual vocabulary. Select the best ten such words and write them after the figure 1 in your class report, which is to be left on the instructor's desk at the opening of the class session.

2. Observe carefully every case of especial accuracy or delicacy in the use of words, and record the best five cases opposite the figure 2 in your class report, giving enough of the context in every case to make the accuracy or delicacy apparent.

3. Observe every distinct idiom, and record, opposite the figure 3, your best five cases.

4. Observe every rhetorical figure, and index opposite the figure 4, the page and line where each of the best five figures is to be found.

5. Index, opposite the figure 5, the best three cases of suspense (rhetorical period) to be found in your section.

6. Index, opposite the figure 6, the best three cases of point (epigram, antithesis, balance, etc.), if such be found.

7. Index, opposite the figure 7, the best three cases of smooth connection found. Observe especially the connection between paragraphs.

8. Index, opposite the figure 8, the best three cases of simplicity, if such be found. Define simplicity, for this purpose, as the use of easy conversational words and constructions.

9. Index, opposite the figure 9, the best three cases of rhythm, if such be found. Rhythm is "an element of proportion in language"—it is always an essential element of eloquence.

10. Now determine, approximately, the percentage of Anglo-Saxon words employed by the given writer, in the following manner: Add the whole number of words on any full page, taken at random, and use the sum for the denominator of a fraction. Then add the words on that page that are *not* apparently derived from Latin or Greek, and use the sum as the numerator of your fraction; now reduce the fraction to decimal terms, and the result will be the approximate one sought. Of course, the accuracy of the result thus obtained will depend on the pupil's knowledge of foreign languages, but the ordinary college student knows enough of Latin, at least, to make the exercise practical and beneficial.

Now read carefully the analysis of the writer under consideration, to be found in this volume, until you shall have gained, from the comments and illustrations, a clear idea of each of his peculiar characteristics. Then review the section assigned you from the writer's works, find there the best illustrations you can of each of the characteristics, and index in your class report the best illustrations found for each point, numbering according to the numbers given in the text-book. If your section does not afford illustrations of all the particular characteristics, obtain these from any of the writer's other works available, so far as you have time.

Finally, copy at the end of your class report at least one hundred words consisting of the finest, brightest expressions and short passages to be found in what you have read.

If an average of forty 12mo pages from any writer be assigned to every pupil, the ordinary college upper-classman will accomplish the work outlined above in about five hours of faithful work. The work may be divided and considered at two or more class sessions, or the complete reports may be considered at one time and credit be given accordingly.

The recitation-hour is occupied in comparing the various pupils' reports, listening to several illustrations of each of the particular characteristics, emphasizing the best cases under the

ten general characteristics, and in answering many questions incident to the discussion. The method in general has never failed to stimulate interest. Selections are made at every class session from the words reported under the first general head (see directions to pupils on pages xiii and xiv), and an attempt is made to fix these words in the vocabulary of every member of the class by requiring written exercises involving the accurate use of the selected words in sentences invented by the pupils.

One difficulty confronts the teacher who would have his pupils study the English classics by this or any other method ; namely, the lack of proper material in duplicate. To use a scientific, that is a laboratory method, one must have material corresponding in variety and duplication to that provided at each table in a chemical laboratory ; but few school-boards are yet willing to give to the English teacher equal facilities with his chemical or biological colleague. The use of the ordinary book of "selections" is a delusion and a snare. As well get an idea of the Atlantic from examining a pint bottle of its water.

Three methods of meeting the exigency have been employed by the author ; none fruitless, but of varying value. First, one may have each pupil obtain a cheap edition of some complete work of every writer to be studied during a given term, and may then assign the same in sections, duplicating sections according to circumstances. The large list of very cheap editions of detached works published within recent years makes this plan feasible without unduly burdening the pupil by the expense. Many years' use of this method has proved its practicability. The only serious objection lies in the fact that, often, no single work of a writer gives a sufficiently broad view of his style. For example, characteristics of Goldsmith to be found plentifully in his plays and essays are not found in "The Vicar of Wakefield." Of course, the ideal and the just way would be for the school to own the works required, in sufficient duplicate, and then to charge, if necessary, a small fee, as is done in the laboratories of science, for the use and wear of the books. The second method is to have each pupil own the complete works of some one writer to be studied and then to rotate the same through the class. This method secures the broad view lacking in the first, but it is cumbrous, sometimes irritating, and it makes concentration

in the class-room impossible ; since no two pupils may be studying the same writer at the same time. The third and by far the best method yet found involves more preliminary work than may, perhaps, be expected of every teacher. A set of books large enough to accommodate his present and probable classes has been made by the author by taking the complete works of each of the twenty-six writers here treated, in sufficient duplications to make an average of about forty pages for every pupil, separating these into sections, and rebinding them strongly. The result is a series of volumes, each different from the rest, numbered consecutively, and all together including the complete works of every writer to be studied. These books are owned by the teacher or by the school, and are leased to the pupil for a small fee, sufficient to keep the books in repair. Thus the class have, as a whole, the widest view of the writer's style, and the objections to the first two methods are met. The first method suggested is practicable and, on the whole, very satisfactory. The second is hardly to be recommended ; the third is almost ideal.



BACON, 1561-1626

Biographical Outline.—FRANCIS BACON, born at York House, London, January 22, 1561; father Lord Keeper of the Great Seal; mother a fine classical scholar and a sister of the wife of William Cecil (Lord Treasurer Burghley). Bacon enters Trinity College, Cambridge, in April, 1573 (aged twelve), and leaves in March, 1575; is admitted to Gray's Inn in the same year; becomes connected with the English embassy to France in 1576, and remains abroad till the death of his father, in 1579; returns to London soon afterward, finds his inheritance to be meagre, and seeks political preferment through his uncle, Burghley; continues his legal studies, and is admitted as "utter barrister" in 1582; in November, 1584, is elected member of parliament for Melcombe-Regis, through Burghley's influence; in 1584-85 Bacon writes his "Letter of Advice to Queen Elizabeth," urging moderation in the treatment of the Catholics; in the parliament of 1586 sits for Taunton, and becomes a bencher of Gray's Inn during the same year; in 1589 sits for Liverpool, and writes "An Advertisement Touching the Controversies of the Church of England" (not published till 1640), again advocating religious toleration; forms a close friendship with the Earl of Essex in 1591—due to the Earl's warm admiration of Bacon, and to Bacon's desire to "employ" the Earl; in 1592 writes "Certain Observations," etc., a defence of the queen's government; sits for Middlesex in 1593, and leads the opposition against a proposal of the Lords demanding joint discussion of certain proposed subsidies to the queen, thus displeasing Burghley, and so angering Elizabeth that she refuses to see Bacon or to listen to his application for the attorney-generalship,

though Essex warmly espoused his cause ; Bacon first appears in a legal case in 1594, and wins distinction and the approval of Burghley ; seeks the solicitor-generalship in 1595, but declines to apologize to Elizabeth for his parliamentary freedom of speech, and so is refused the office ; in his quest for both these offices Bacon deliberately sacrifices his personal advancement to his conscientious convictions of right ; Essex, disappointed by Bacon's failure to secure the office, forces on him a gift of land in Twickenham Park, which Bacon afterward sold for £1,800 ; in 1595 Bacon expresses, in a letter to Essex, a wish to retire from the practice of law and to devote himself to philosophy, but about that time is engaged by the queen as one of her learned counsel ; in 1596 Bacon advises Essex (then just returned from his Spanish victories) to convince the queen that he (Essex) is not a dangerous person by shunning further military enterprises and by refusing to cultivate popularity with the people ; publishes his " Essays " in 1595 ; seeks to become Master of the Rolls in 1597, in order to improve his desperate financial condition ; sits for Southampton in 1597 ; attempts, unsuccessfully, to make a statesman of Essex ; is arrested for debt in September, 1598 ; Essex loses the favor of Elizabeth by his failure in the Irish campaign ; Bacon attempts to mediate between Essex and the queen, and only offends both ; at the informal trial of Essex, in 1600, Bacon makes a show of severity toward Essex, hoping thus to secure the favor of the queen and so, eventually, to help Essex ; Essex is forbidden to appear at court, and proceeds to concoct a wild scheme of seizing the court and inaugurating a revolution ; in February, 1601, the project fails, Essex is imprisoned, and Bacon is appointed, with others, to investigate the revolt ; Bacon aids in securing the conviction of Essex, who is executed (Bacon's apologists attempt to justify his action on the ground of Essex's open treason and Bacon's duty to the state) ; during the parliaments of 1601 and 1602 Bacon advocates restrictions on monopolies and both political and religious

toleration toward the Irish ; is knighted by James in 1603 ; during 1604 publishes his "Apology Concerning the Late Earl of Essex," and addresses to James a paper on the Union of Scotland and England and one on "The Pacification and Edification of the Church of England," the latter again urging religious toleration ; attempts conciliation between James and the Commons in the parliament of 1604 ; is appointed one of the English commissioners to discuss the terms of union with Scotland, and receives, in 1604, a royal pension of £60 a year ; in October, 1605, publishes his "Advancement of Learning ;" in May, 1606, marries Alice Barnham, daughter of a former sheriff of London and step-daughter of Sir John Packington ; in June, 1606, Bacon asks the king for the solicitor-generalship ; is promised that office in 1607, when the then incumbent, Doderidge, should have been removed ; in the parliament of 1606 Bacon champions the measures of the plan of union with Scotland, advocating free commercial intercourse and mutual citizenship in either country ; becomes solicitor-general June 25, 1607, at a salary of £1,000 (equal to £4,000 now) ; becomes a strong supporter of James, and preaches very conservative doctrine ; in 1608 Bacon sets down his "*Commentarius Solutus*," being private memoranda of his great projects in science and politics and of his plans for personal advancement—the most complete revelation of Bacon's true character in existence ; during 1608 writes also "*In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethæ*" and "A Discourse on the Plantation of Ireland," the latter addressed to James ; during 1609 Bacon works on his "*Instauratio Magna*," and addresses to friends his "*Cogitata et Visa*," and his "*De Sapientia Veterum* ;" in 1612 publishes a new edition of his "Essays," adding "On Deformity," a reflection on the character of Salisbury, Bacon's long-time opponent, then recently deceased ; seeks vainly to secure Salisbury's place as Master of the Wards ; addresses frequent state papers to the king, urging political and religious toleration and proposing measures that would, doubtless, have

avoided the Revolution ; Bacon becomes attorney-general in 1613, and is so respected by the Commons that they waive their rule forbidding an attorney-general to sit in the house ; Bacon sides with James in his quarrel with Coke over the prerogative of the judges, appears as the chief prosecutor of Somerset, and warmly supports Villiers (Buckingham) ; becomes a privy councillor in 1616 and Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1617 ; writes his " *New Atlantis* " (never completed) between 1614 and 1617 ; imperils his position, in 1617, by protesting to James against the marriage of Coke's daughter to Buckingham ; becomes Lord Chancellor January 17, 1618, and is raised to the peerage July 12, 1618 ; exhibits great energy and judicial fairness in his office of Chancellor ; in 1618, 1619, and 1620 Bacon engages in the prosecution of Sir Walter Raleigh, Suffolk, and Yelverton ; proposes, in the parliament of 1620, the withdrawal of certain obnoxious patents ; publishes his "*Novum Organum*" October 12, 1620 ; on his sixtieth birth-day, January 22, 1621, receives the homage of Ben Jonson, and is made Viscount St. Albans six days later ; is attacked by Coke, Cranfield, and others in the parliament of 1621 for his support of unpopular monarchical measures, and is made a scape-goat for James, Buckingham, and their supporters ; is charged in the Commons by one Aubrey and again by one Egerton with accepting bribes while Chancellor, his accusers being men against whom Bacon had decided ; the complaint is brought before the Lords, supplemented with charges made by Lady Wharton, who had paid money directly into Bacon's hands, and had received a crushing sentence soon afterward (Bacon's apologists explain his conduct on the ground that, according to the custom of the day, presents might be received from suitors ; but they admit that, by taking a gift while Lady Wharton's case was pending, Bacon was indiscreet if not criminally guilty) ; Bacon pleads guilty, and begs that his punishment may be limited to the loss of his office ; he is fined £40,000, is ordered imprisoned during the king's pleasure,

is disabled from sitting in parliament, and is forbidden to come near the court; after two weeks in the Tower, Bacon is released, his fine is so adjusted as to relieve him from financial embarrassment, and, eventually, he is allowed to come to court; completes his "History of Henry VII." in October, 1621; in 1623 publishes the Latin translation of his "Advancement of Learning" under the title "*De Augmentis Scientiarum*;" applies in vain for the provostship of Eton in 1623 and for a full pardon in 1625; continues to work on his "*Instauratio Magna*," though seriously interrupted by ill-health; dies April 9, 1626, at the home of Lord Arundel, his illness being occasioned by exposure while performing a scientific experiment.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Extreme Conciseness.—It is doubtful whether any other English writer has equalled Bacon in the power of condensation. In the words of Alexander Smith, "His sentences bend beneath the weight of his thought like a branch beneath the weight of its fruit." Saintsbury attributes Bacon's "curt severity" to the influence of Montaigne. We have received from Bacon a large number of sententious phrases and apothegms, which have become common property. "His sayings," says Hazlitt, "have the effect of axioms, and are at once striking and self-evident." He has been called "stimulating beyond the recorded power of any other man except Socrates."

"The severe terseness of the style of the 'Essays,' in which every sentence is packed with as much matter as it can possibly hold, makes their intelligent perusal at first a task of

some difficulty ; but fresh perusals reveal their inexhaustible wealth of matter."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

" His works combine the greatest brevity with the greatest beauty of expression ; . . . each thought is so truly an addition and not an expansion of the preceding."—*E. P. Whipple*.

" These short papers say what they have to say without preface and in literary undress, without a superfluous word, without the joints and bands of structure ; they say it in brief, rapid sentences, which come down, sentence after sentence, like the strokes of a great hammer. No wonder that, in their disdainful brevity, they seem rugged and abrupt. . . . He had more than once expressed his preference for the form of aphorism over the argumentative and didactive continuity of a set discourse. . . . These aphorisms are meant to strike, to awaken questions, to disturb prejudices, to let light into a nest of unsuspected intellectual confusions and self-misunderstandings, to be the mottoes and watchwords of many a laborious and difficult inquiry."—*R. W. Church*.

" Instead of explaining his idea, he transposes and translates it, translates it entire, to the smallest details, enclosing all in the majesty of a grand period or in the brevity of a striking sentence. Thence springs a style of admirable richness, gravity, and vigor ; now solemn and symmetrical, now concise and piercing, always elaborate and full of color. There is nothing in English prose superior to his diction. . . . Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration, and in Bacon they are to be found everywhere. On the whole, his process is that of the creators ; it is intuition, not reasoning. When he has laid up his store of facts, the greatest possible, on some vast subject, on some entire province of the mind, on the whole anterior philosophy, on the general condition of the sciences, on the power and limits of human reason, he casts over all this a comprehensive

view, as it were a great net, brings up a universal idea, condenses his idea into a maxim, and hands it to us with the words, 'Verify and profit by it.'"—*Taine*.

"His phrases have the effect of axioms, and are at once striking and self-evident. . . . His style is equally sharp and sweet, flowing and pithy, condensed and expansive, expressing volumes in a sentence or amplifying a single thought into pages of rich, glowing, and delightful eloquence."—*Hazlitt*.

"He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close and rendering it portable."—*Macaulay*.

"Of all the productions in the English language, Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words."—*Whately*.

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"Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."—*Of Truth*.

"Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it."—*Of Death*.

"Children sweeten labors, but they make misfortunes mor bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death."—*Of Parents and Children*.

"Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly love perfecteth it, but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it."—*Of Love*.

"Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."—*Of Youth and Age*.

"Men in great place are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign of state, servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self."—*Of Great Place*.

2. Clear Analysis and Arrangement.—Bacon is careful to define the terms of his subject and to make a clear and logical arrangement of his theme. In comparing him with Jeremy Taylor, Saintsbury speaks of Bacon's superior sense of order and proportion. Hazlitt calls him "the surveyor, not the builder of the fabric of science."

"As a rule, Bacon's paragraphs are very good; he has a sense of method and good arrangement. . . . In perspicuity of arrangement he is much superior to any of the Elizabethan writers. . . . The divisions are so clear and proceed upon distinctions so familiar that, though the subdivisions be carried to the eighth degree, there is not the least perplexity to any mind of ordinary education."—*William Minto*.

"The writings of Bacon are as clear as they are profound."—*Whately*.

"It is in the Essays alone that the mind of Bacon is brought into contact with the mind of ordinary readers. There he talks to plain men, in language that everybody understands, about things in which everybody is interested."—*Macaulay*.

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"I take goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is what the Grecians call '*philanthropia*'; and the word humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it."—*Of Goodness*.

"We will speak of nobility first as a portion of an estate, then as a condition of particular persons."—*Of Nobility*.

"But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy. . . . This envy, being in the Latin word '*invidia*,' goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition."—*Of Envy*.

"So that in reason as well as in experience there fall out to be

three distempers (as I may term them) of learning : the first fantastical learning ; the second contentious learning ; and the last delicate learning ; vain imaginations, vain altercations, and vain affectations ; and with the last I will begin."—*The Advancement of Learning*.

3. Rich Imagery—Striking Illustration.—Bacon is remarkable not only for the aptness and the breadth of his illustrations but for the wonderful variety in the sources whence he draws them. All forms of human activity, all vocations and professions, all departments of knowledge are drawn upon in what Minto calls Bacon's "incontinent quickness to discover analogy." Isaac Disraeli calls him "not only the wittiest of writers in his remote allusions, but poetical in his fanciful conceptions." He has an especial fondness for homely similitudes and quaint analogies.

"Through all his writings are numerous homely and pointed illustrations make his meaning abundantly luminous. . . . Bacon's pages are very thickly strewn with similitudes. . . . They are taken almost exclusively from familiar objects and operations in nature and human life. In his narrative their number is more within bounds, and they are usually very graphic ; in the 'Essays' they are often superfluous."—*William Minto*.

"The 'Advancement of Learning' is one of the landmarks of what high thought and rich imagination have made of the English language ; it is a book which we can never open without coming on some felicitous and unthought of illustration, yet so natural as almost to be doomed to become a commonplace. . . . An edition of Bacon with marginal references and parallel passages would show a more persistent recurrence of characteristic illustrations and sentences than perhaps any other writer."—*R. W. Church*.

"His conscience was weakened by that which gives such splendor and attractiveness to his writings—his imagination. He was a philosopher, but a philosopher in whose character

imagination was co-ordinated with reason. This imagination was not merely a quality of his intellect but an element of his nature, and through its instinctive workings he was not content to send out his thoughts stoically bare of adornment, but clothed them in purple and gold, and made them move in majestic cadences. . . . His beneficent spirit and rich imagination lend sweetness and beauty to the homeliest practical wisdom."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"The 'Essays,' or 'Counsels Civil and Moral,' were especially enriched with the brighter blossoms of their great author's matured fancy. In this respect—that his fancy was more vivid in age than in youth—the mind of Bacon formed an exception to the common rule."—*W. F. Collier*.

"A great and luminous intellect, one of the finest of this poetic progeny, who, like his predecessors, was naturally disposed to clothe his ideas in the most splendid dress: in this age a thought did not seem complete till it had assumed form and color. But what distinguishes him from the others is, that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stamped on his mind all the parts and relations of his subject; he is master of it, and then, instead of exposing this complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, lucid, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea, like liquor in a fine crystal vase. . . . This is his mode of thought, by symbols, not by analysis."—*Taine*.

"His style is all over color and imagery; so much so, indeed, that this sort of enrichment may be said frequently to enter into its substance and to constitute his thoughts rather than to clothe and decorate them."—*G. L. Craik*.

"This philosophy is constantly enveloped in the most splendid imagery, which hangs around it like the drapery round the limbs of an ancient statue, only giving higher ideas of the strength and symmetry of the form, which it partially conceals."—*Hallam*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"As if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit ; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect ; or a tower of state for a proud mind to rest itself upon ; or a fort or a commanding ground for strife and contention ; or a shop for profit and sale ; and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."—*The Advancement of Learning*.

"For envy is a gadding passion and walketh the street and does not keep at home."—*Of Envy*.

"All rising to great place is by a winding stair ; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self [to take sides] whilst he is in the rising and to balance himself when he is placed."—*Of Great Place*.

"If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands but a continent that joins to them."—*Of Goodness*.

"For as water will not ascend higher than the level of the first spring-head from whence it descendeth, so knowledge derived from Aristotle, and exempted from the liberty of examination, will not rise again higher than the knowledge of Aristotle."—*The Advancement of Learning*.

4. Knowledge of Human Nature — Sagacity. —

Bacon's great natural powers of observation seem to have been sharpened by his intimate relations with the courtiers of Elizabeth and James. He analyzes human character as a chemist does a natural compound.

"His 'Essays' are the counsels of a shrewd, politic man of the world, who has looked with eager and penetrating eye upon mankind as it appears in the senate-house, in courts of law, in the commercial world ; of a man who is firmly convinced that self-interest is the actuating principle of humanity."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

“It was not in the knowledge of nature but in the knowledge of human nature that Bacon pre-eminently excelled. . . . His knowledge of human nature was the result of the tranquil deposit, year after year, into his receptive and capacious intellect of the facts of history and of his own wide experience of various kinds of life. . . . The most valuable peculiarity of this wisdom is that it not merely points out what should be done but it points out how it can be done. . . . He regarded the machinery in motion ; the human being as he thinks, feels, and lives ; men in their relations with men ; and the phenomena presented in history and life he aimed to investigate as he would investigate the phenomena of the natural world.”—*E. P. Whipple*.

“He had made an exact and extensive survey of human requirements ; he took the gauge and metre, the depths and soundings of human capacity. He was master of the comparative anatomy of the mind of man, of the balance of power among the different faculties. . . . Bacon has been called one of the wisest of mankind. The word wisdom characterizes him more than any other. . . . He had great sagacity of observation, solidity of judgment, and scope of fancy.”—*Hazlitt*.

“His sagacity and knowledge of state affairs proved so true a guide that his views of the main actions have not been set aside by more patient investigations.”—*William Minto*.

“There is not to be found in any human composition a passage more eminently distinguished by profound and serene wisdom than the description of ‘The House of Solomon’ in the ‘New Atlantis.’”—*Macaulay*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“This kind of degenerate learning did chiefly reign amongst the schoolmen, who, having sharp and strong wits and abundance of leisure and small variety of reading ; but their wits being shut

up in the cells of a few authors (chiefly Aristotle, their dictator) as their persons were shut up in the cells of their monasteries and colleges, and knowing little history, either of nature or time, did out of no great quantity of matter and infinite agitation of wit spin out unto us those laborious webs of learning which are extant in their books."—*The Advancement of Learning*.

"It was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot and said, 'What a dust do I raise!' So are there some vain persons that, whatever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is they that carry it. They that are glorious [boastful] must needs be factious; for all bravery [vaunting] stands upon comparisons. They must needs be violent to make good their own vaunts; neither can they be secret and therefore not effectual."—*Of Vain Glory*.

"A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others. For men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evil, and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other, and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune. A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate. Therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others. Neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy."—*On Envy*.

5. Frequent Biblical and Classical Quotation and Allusion.—Bacon's knowledge of the ancient classics seems to have been limited only by the writings themselves. On almost every page some brilliant side-light is thrown from this source, and often from a writer who is quite unknown to the best of our modern classical scholars. The moral obliquity of Bacon's later life certainly was not due to a lack of familiarity with Bible truths and teachings. His acquaintance with Holy Writ is almost equal to that of Shakespeare, and the works of both unite with many modern masterpieces in testifying to the value of the English Bible as a literary model.

Bacon quotes very frequently from the Bible, and from the Latin writers, especially Tacitus, Lucretius, and Cicero.

"In his 'Advancement of Learning,' addressed to King James, he seems to humor the pedantry of the monarch, and introduces not a few Latin quotations without translating them."—*William Minto*.

"That he felt any pride in, or even set just value on, his unique mastery of the English language, there is scarcely any indication. Of his Latin he was proud."—*E. A. Abbott*.

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"The blessing of Judah and Issachar will never meet ; that the same people or nation should be both the lion's whelp and the ass between burdens ; neither will it be that a people overlaid with taxes should ever become valiant and martial."—*Of Kingdoms and Estates*.

"And it cometh many times to pass that '*materiam superabit opus*,' that the work and coinage is worth more than the material, and enricheth a state more."—*Of Kingdoms and Estates*.

"This same '*multis utile bellum*' is an assured and infallible sign of a state disposed to seditions and troubles."—*Of Seditions and Troubles*.

"And therefore it was well said, '*Invidia festos dies non agit*,' for it is ever working upon some or other."—*Of Envy*.

"Usury is one of the certainest means of gain, though one of the worst ; as that whereby a man doth eat his bread in the sweat of another's brow."—*Of Riches*.

"By all means it is to be procured that the trunk of Nebuchadnezzar's tree of monarchy be great enough to bear the branches and the boughs ; that is, that the natural subjects of the crown or state bear a sufficient proportion to the stronger subjects that they govern ; therefore all states that are liberal of naturalization toward strangers are fit for empire."—*Of Kingdoms and Estates*.

6. The Use of Obscure Latin Derivatives and Obsolete Words.—"Bacon uses a great many more obsolete words than either Hooker or Sidney. . . . In his

narrative and in his 'Essays,' as well as his scientific writings, he shows a decided preference now and then for 'ink-horn terms.' "—*William Minto*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Preserve the right of thy place, but stir not questions of jurisdiction."—*Of Great Place*.

"As for facility [ease of access] it is worse than bribery."—*Of Great Place*.

"The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a coarseness or forwardness or aptness to oppose, or difficileness, or the like; but the deeper sort to envy and mere mischief."—*Of Goodness*.

"We see the Switzers last well notwithstanding their diversity of religion and cantons; for utility is their bond and not respects [consideration of persons]."—*Of Nobility*.

7. Eloquence.—"Bacon was an orator, not a worker; a Tyrtæus, not a Miltiades."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"His power as an orator is attested by two eminent authorities. Sir Walter Raleigh says that he surpassed other men in speaking as much as he did in writing; and Ben Jonson affirms: 'No man had their affections more in his power.' . . . From all that we know it seems unmistakable that he addressed chiefly the self-interest and confirmed passions of his audience. The main study of his life was how to 'work' men."—*William Minto*.

"He is the most eloquent of all discoursers on the philosophy of science, and the general greatness of his mind is evident even in the demonstrable errors of his system."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"His eloquence alone would have entitled him to a high rank in literature."—*Macaulay*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"As for nobility in particular persons, it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair

timber-tree sound and perfect ; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time ! for new nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time."—*Of Nobility*.

"Your Majesty's eloquence is indeed royal, streaming, and branching out in Nature's fashion as from a fountain, copious and elegant, original and inimitable."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"A man shall find in the traditions of astrology some pretty and apt divisions of men's natures, according to the predominances of the planets ; lovers of quiet, lovers of action, lovers of victory, lovers of honour, lovers of pleasure, lovers of art, lovers of change, and so forth. . . . Of much like kind are those impressions of nature which are imposed upon the mind by the sex, by the age, by the region, by the health and sickness, by beauty and deformity, and the like, which are inherent and not extern ; and again, those which are caused by extern fortune ; as sovereignty, nobility, obscure birth, riches, want, magistracy, privateness, prosperity, adversity, constant fortune, variable fortune, and the like."—*Advancement of Learning*.

8. Intellectual Elevation.—"In the tone of his mind there is something imperial. When he writes on buildings, he speaks of a palace, with spacious entrances and courts and banquetting halls ; when he writes on gardens, he speaks of alleys and mounts, waste places and fountains—of a garden 'which is indeed prince-like.' "—*Alexander Smith*.

"All who read Bacon are impressed with a certain dignity, majesty, and grandeur in his intelligence."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"He views objects from the greatest height, and his reflections acquire a sublimity in proportion to their profundity, as in deep wells of water we see the sparkling of the highest fixed stars."—*Hazlitt*.

"The quality of strength in his style is intellectual rather than emotional. In his narrative there is very little expression of feeling ; the strength comes chiefly from conciseness, secured by comprehensive statement, pregnant metaphor, and

occasional strokes of epigrammatic condensation. . . .
To read the productions of Bacon's vigorous and subtile intellect has a bracing influence."—*Minto*.

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"When the mind goes deeper and sees the dependence of the causes and works of Providence, it will easily perceive, according to the mythology of the poets, that the upper link of Nature's chain is fastened to Jupiter's throne."—*Advancement of Learning*.

"The first creature of God, in the works of days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and his Sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of the spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen."—*Of Truth*.

"The understanding when left to itself in a man of a steady, patient, and reflecting disposition, makes some attempt in the right direction, but with little effect, since the understanding, undirected and unassisted, is unequal and unfit for the task of vanquishing the obscurity of things."—*Novum Organum*.

MILTON, 1608-1674.

Biographical Outline.—JOHN MILTON, born December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, London; father a scrivener—a man of scholarly and musical attainments; Milton is first taught by a private tutor, one Thomas Young; enters St. Paul's School not later than 1620; is passionately devoted to study, reading till midnight regularly, while yet a child, and thus early injuring his eyesight; he learns Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and some Hebrew; is a poet at ten, and is devoted to Spenser's "Faery Queene;" writes two paraphrases of the Psalms before he is fifteen; enters Christ's College, Cambridge, February 12, 1624-25, as a pensioner, and is matriculated on the 9th of the following April; keeps every term at Cambridge, taking A.B. in March, 1629, and A.M. in July, 1632; is harshly treated (tradition says whipped) by his tutor, one Chappel; is highly respected at the university for his scholarship; corresponds in Latin with his friends Diodati, Young, and Gill, while at Cambridge; writes several Latin poems and "*Prolusiones Oratoria*" (published in 1674) as college exercises; writes his "Ode on the Nativity" at Christmas, 1629, and his Sonnet to Shakespeare in 1630; expresses scorn for the dramatic performances seen at Cambridge, the narrow theological studies of his fellows, and their ignorance of philosophy; is nicknamed "the lady" at college because of his long, flowing locks, his personal beauty, and his sensitiveness; becomes a good fencer, but holds himself austere aloof from most student society; develops great hostility to scholasticism; even while at Cambridge Milton already considered himself as dedicated to the utterance of

great thoughts and to the strictest chastity, on the ground that "he who would write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem;" Milton is educated with a view to taking holy orders, but, on leaving Cambridge, he decides to postpone (but not to abandon) that course; is alienated from the Church by the intolerant policy of Laud; soon decides to devote himself exclusively to literature, and settles with his father at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, twelve miles from London, where he resides from 1632 to 1638; while at Horton Milton visits London frequently, to obtain instruction in music and mathematics, and writes his "*Allegro*" and "*Penseroso*;" writes also his masque "*Arcades*," for the Countess-dowager of Derby, and "*Comus*," for the Earl of Bridgewater (performed at Ludlow Castle in September, 1634, and published by Milton's musical collaborator, Henry Lawes, without acknowledging Milton's authorship); Milton writes "*Lycidas*" in November, 1637, on the death of his friend Edward King; starts, in April, 1638, on a Continental tour, taking a servant and being liberally supplied with money by his father; makes brief visits to Paris, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa, and spends two months in Florence and two more in Rome; thence to Naples, where he learns of the threatened revolution, and determines to return home, "lest I should be travelling abroad while my countrymen were fighting for liberty;" stops two more months at Florence on his way homeward, and returns by way of Ferrara, Bologna, Venice, Verona, Milan, and (probably) the Simplon; spends some time in Geneva, and reaches England *via* Paris in July, 1639; while abroad he offends the Italians by his strict morality and his outspoken attacks on popery, but is received and honored by many eminent persons, including Grotius, the Academicians of Florence, Galileo, and others; during his tour he writes five Italian sonnets and a canzone; on his return, takes lodgings in a tailor's house in St. Bride's Churchyard, London, and receives there his sister's two sons (aged eight and

nine) as pupils ; soon afterward takes "a pretty garden-house" in Aldersgate Street ; establishes for himself and his pupils a régime of "hard study and spare diet," allowing himself but one "gaudy day" a month, and carrying out, with his pupils, the methods of education described in his tractate on that subject ; in 1643 takes more pupils, and writes his Latin idyll "*Epitaphium Damonis* ;" sketches the plan of a poem on Arthur, draws up a list of ninety-nine subjects for other poems, and already contemplates a poem on "Paradise Lost" ; enters political discussion by publishing, anonymously, in the summer of 1641, three pamphlets—"Of Reformation Touching Church Discipline in England," "Prelatical Episcopacy," and "Animadversions upon the Remonstrance Defence," all three being vehement attacks on the episcopacy and scathing replies to the pleas of its adherents ; in February, 1641-42, Milton publishes, under his own name, "The Reason of Church Government Urged Against Prelacy ;" in April, 1642, publishes his "Apology," defending himself against a slanderous attack by Bishop Hall and replying most vehemently in kind ; declines to enter the army at the outbreak of the civil war in 1642, on the ground that his mind is stronger than his body, and is therefore more useful to the cause of liberty ; on May 21, 1643, after a surprisingly short courtship, Milton marries Mary Powell, aged seventeen, daughter of a Cavalier landholder, residing at Forest Hill, Oxfordshire, who had long owed Milton a debt of £312 ; soon afterward, Milton's father, driven by the Royalists from his home at Reading, comes to live with Milton ; Milton's wife soon becomes dissatisfied with the dulness of his home and the crying of his oft-beaten pupils, and Milton finds his wife stupid ; so she returns to her father after a month's trial of "a philosophical life," promising to return at the ensuing Michaelmas ; she refuses to return ; Milton's messenger is uncivilly treated by her family, and then (within three months of his marriage) Milton writes his tractate on "The Doctrine and Discipline

of Divorce," in which he justifies divorce on the ground of incompatibility or of mutual consent, especially if there be no children, and proposes sweeping changes in the marriage-laws; the tractate makes him notorious, and he is bitterly attacked, especially after his second and acknowledged edition of the tractate in February, 1643-44; publishes a second pamphlet on divorce in July, 1644; influenced by the demand that his books be burned and by the threat of prosecution because he had not obtained a proper license from the Stationers' Company, Milton writes his "*Arcopagitica*," published November 24, 1644, and generally acknowledged to be the best of his prose works; publishes two more pamphlets on divorce in 1644-45, and proposes to apply his principles by marrying the daughter of one Dr. Davis, a lady immortalized in Milton's Sonnet to "Lady Margaret"; meantime his wife's parent's lose their property, and she begs his pardon and asks to be received again; Milton reluctantly consents, and they take a house in the Barbican (a street near Aldersgate Street) large enough to accommodate his increasing number of pupils; by Mary Powell, Milton has four children: Anne, Mary, John (who died in infancy), and Deborah; Mrs. Milton dies in 1652; Milton publishes the first collected edition of his poems in 1645, placing the Latin and the English verses on separate pages; his pupils increase in number, and include several sons of prominent families; in the autumn of 1647 Milton removes to a house in High Holborn and gives up teaching; it is supposed that he inherited a competency from his father, who died in March, 1646-47; in his sonnet to Fairfax and in other writings he expresses deep sympathy with the Puritan cause; writes paraphrases of seventeen of the Psalms and a "History of Britain;" immediately after the execution of Charles I., he publishes a pamphlet on "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," and is consequently invited to become Latin Secretary to the Council of State; he accepts, and takes office March 15, 1648-49, at a salary of about £730 a year; his duties are to translate the

foreign dispatches of the government into dignified Latin, to examine papers found on suspected persons, and to act as a licenser of books ; he is directed by the government to answer the "*Eikon Basilike*," a book then popularly supposed to have been written by Charles I., in defence of his character and position, but really written by the Bishop of Exeter ; Milton publishes his answer October 6, 1649, under the title "*Eikonoklastes*," of which a French translation is ordered made by the Council of State ; Milton is ordered by the council, in January, 1650, to reply to Salmasius, a professor at Leyden—"a man of enormous reading and no judgment"—whom the Scottish Presbyterians had invited to write in defence of their theological and political position, and who had accordingly published, in 1649, the "*Defensio Regio pro Carolo I.* ; Milton's reply, "*Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*," appears in March, 1650, and he refuses £100 voted him by the council as payment for the work ; completes the destruction of his eyesight by overwork on his "Defence ;" in March, 1652, he is attacked with gross personal abuse by one Peter du Moulin in a book entitled "*Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum*," dedicated to Alexander More, formerly professor of Greek at Geneva, and attributed to More by Milton ; he is ordered by the council to reply to the "*Clamor*," and publishes his answer in May, 1654, under the title "*Defensio Secunda*," a book full of savage abuse, but containing, also, valuable autobiographical passages and an apostrophe to Cromwell ; More replies, denying the authorship of the "*Clamor*," and Milton writes a third book, "*Pro Se Defensio*," in August, 1655 ; while Latin secretary he occupies for a time chambers at Whitehall ; later removes to another "pretty garden-house," afterward 19 York Street, subsequently occupied successively by Bentham, James Mill, and Hazlitt, and demolished in 1877 ; he lives here till the Restoration ; is assisted in his duties as secretary by Andrew Marvell and others ; in 1655, apparently because of his blindness, Milton's salary

is reduced to £150 a year, which was to be paid during his life, and was soon increased to £200; on November 12, 1656, he marries Catherine Woodcock, by whom he has one child, but mother and child die in February, 1658; Milton is said to have had an allowance first from Parliament and afterward from Cromwell for the maintenance of a "weekly table" for the entertainment of eminent foreigners, who came to England especially to see him; in 1659 he publishes two pamphlets favoring a purely voluntary ecclesiastical system, and in 1660 one proposing that Parliament make itself perpetual; in April, 1660, writes "Brief Notes," attacking a royalist sermon; at the Restoration Milton conceals himself in a friend's house in Bartholomew Close; on June 16, 1660, it is ordered by the Commons that his "*Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*" be burned by the common hangman and that he be indicted and taken into custody; he is arrested during the summer, but is ordered released at the next session on the payment of fees amounting to £150; the Indemnity Act frees him from all legal consequences of his actions; the lenient treatment of Milton was probably due to the efforts of his friends Marvell and D'Avenant, for the latter of whom he had formerly entreated when D'Avenant had been in danger of execution; on regaining his liberty, Milton takes a house in Holborn and soon afterward removes to Jewett Street; by the changes attendant on the Restoration his income is reduced from £500 to about £200 a year; Mrs. Powell, mother of Milton's first wife, attempts to obtain some of his property, and apparently succeeds in part; on February 24, 1662-63, he marries Elizabeth Minshull, and soon afterward removes to a small house with a garden, in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, where he resides till death, if we except a reported short sojourn as a lodger in the house of the bookseller Millington; during the plague of 1665 he retires to Chalfont St. Giles, where "a pretty box" was taken for him by the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood; Ellwood had previously formed a friendship with Mil-

ton, had read Latin books to him, received from him in the "box" at Chalfont the manuscript of "Paradise Lost," and suggested a poem on "Paradise Regained;" the house at Chalfont is still preserved (1898) as a public memorial of Milton; he begins "Paradise Lost" in 1658 and finishes it in 1663; loses his house in Bread Street (inherited from his father) in the great fire of 1666; on April 27, 1667, Milton sells the copyright of "Paradise Lost" to Samuel Simmons, the terms being that Milton is to receive £5 down and £5 additional for each of the first three editions of not more than 1,500 copies each; receives his second £5 in April, 1669, and these £10 are all he ever received personally for "Paradise Lost;" in 1680 Milton's widow sells to Simmons a perpetual copyright of the book for £8; 4,500 copies were sold by 1688; Dryden first appreciated its value, saying of Milton: "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients, too;" with Milton's permission, Dryden puts "Paradise Lost" into a drama in rhyme, under the title "A Heroick Opera," published in 1674; Milton is much visited, in his later years, by foreigners and men of rank; "Paradise Lost" is translated into German and into Latin in 1682; Milton publishes "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes" together in 1671, and could never bear to hear "Paradise Regained" pronounced inferior to his first epic; in 1669 he publishes his Latin grammar and his "History of Britain," written long before; in 1673 puts forth a new edition of his early poems; suffers during his last years from the gout and from unpleasant domestic relations; dies at his house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, November 8, 1674, leaving £100 each to his "undutiful children," and £600 to his widow.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Majestic Eloquence—Magnificence—Sublimity.—"This is the quality," says Mark Pattison, "which the poverty of our language tries to express by the words solemnity, gravity, majesty, nobility, loftiness, and which, name it as we may, we all feel in reading 'Paradise Lost.' . . . The '*Areopagitica*' is a copious flood of majestic eloquence, the outpouring of a noble soul with a divine scorn of narrow dogma and paltry aims." Macaulay declares that Milton's prose writings "abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance." His pamphlets are "orations rather than treatises or dissertations." Many passages in his prose parallel "the solemn music of his own best verse."

"There is something indescribably heroical and magnificent which overflows from Milton, even when he is engaged in the most miserable discussions. . . . The language in these pamphlets is instinct with fire—there is no prose poetry in the language comparable with it. The eloquence is now sad, tender, and again wild and tempestuous as the hurricane of heaven. . . . There are moments when, shaking the dust of argument from him, the poet suddenly bursts forth and carries us off on the torrent of an incomparable eloquence. It is no rhetorical phrase-making, it is poetic enthusiasm, a flood of images shed over the dull and arid theme, a wing-stroke that sweeps us high above piddling controversies."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"It [the '*Areopagitica*'] is a pleading of the highest eloquence and courage, with interspersed passages of curious in-

formation, keen wit, and even a rich humor, such as we do not commonly look for in Milton."—*David Masson*.

"Milton's prose works are studded with words and phrases of intense nobleness, which beacon the gloom of sordid ages and send rays of star-like illumination into the dusk of compromise, conventionality, and hypocrisy. . . . These writings [of Milton] are wonderful for the truth, learning, subtilty, and pomp of language."—*Peter Bayne*.

"It [the '*Areopagitica*'] is the most literary of Milton's prose, eloquent, to the point, and full of noble images, splendidly wrought and fitted to their places. . . . At times they rise into an eloquence which has nothing like it in English literature for grandeur, music, splendor."—*Stopford Brooke*.

"Among Milton's many great attributes, his mastery of the sublime is the one which has probably received the most frequent laudation."—*W. M. Rossetti*.

"Milton's chief talent, and, indeed, his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts."—*Addison*.

"There are splendid passages in Milton's prose works, passages where we are carried away by torrents of gorgeous eloquence. . . . In comparison with his organ tones the voices of contemporary singers seem as penny whistles."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

Lowell calls the "*Areopagitica*" an "impassioned harangue of a supremely eloquent man," and adds: "His more elaborate passages have the multitudinous roll of thunder."

"We have in Milton no trash, no effusion of pious sentimentalism, like certain herbs, too sweet to be wholesome; but a strain that might have been sung by the angelic host on the plains of Bethlehem and rehearsed by the shepherds in the ears of the infant God."—*George Gilfillan*.

Taine calls this quality "sacerdotal pomp and majesty," and adds, "As of old, he went out of this lower world in search of the sublime."

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"Thou, therefore, that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, parent of angels and men ! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of the lost remnant, whose nature thou didst assume ; ineffable and everlasting Love ! and thou the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things ! one Tri-personal God-head ! look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring church. . . . Oh, let them not bring about their damned designs—to reinvolve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall nevermore see the sun of thy truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing."—*Animadversions, etc.*

"Then, amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, someone may, perhaps, be heard offering at high strains in new and lofty measures to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages, whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continual practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, and wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal, and shortly expected King, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world."—*Reformation in England.*

"Ye are now in the glorious way to high virtue and matchless deeds, trusted with a most inestimable trust, the asserting of our just liberties. Ye have a nation that expects now, and from mighty sufferings aspires to be the example of all Christendom to a perfect reforming. Dare to be as great, as ample, and as eminent in the fair progress of your noble designs as the full and goodly stature of truth and excellence itself ; as unlimited by petty precedents and copies as your unquestionable calling from Heaven gives you power to be."—*On Divorce.*

2. Gorgeous, Often Excessive, Imagery.—"He breaks forth into magnificent images, he displays in his style the force which he perceives around him and in himself. Imagination carried Milton away and enchained him in met-

aphor. . . . Overloaded with ornaments, infinitely prolonged, these periods are triumphant choruses of angelic alleluias, sung by deep voices to the accompaniment of ten thousand harps of gold."—*Taine*.

"He was rich in the cumulative treasures of an exhaustless imagination, sometimes lavished with the imprudence of a too prodigal hand. . . . If, in a general summary of Milton's characteristics, I should be asked to point out the predominating feature in his organism, I should unhesitatingly direct attention to his imagination."—*A. C. Windsor*.

Macaulay compares the gorgeous splendor of Milton's words and imagery, his weighty and ornate magnificence, to a perfect field of cloth-of-gold. "The style," he says, "is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, 'a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'" Many of his figures—his "jewels five words long"—seem to be brought in for their own sake instead of growing naturally out of the thought.

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"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks : methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam ; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."—*Areopagitica*.

"Then was the priest set to con his motions and his postures, his liturgies and his lisures [lessons], till the soul, by this means of overbodying herself, given up justly to fleshly delights, bated her wing apace downward, and finding the ease she had from her visible and sensuous colleague, the body, in performance of religious duties, her pinions now broken and flagging, shifted off from herself the labor of high soaring any more."—*Reformation in England*.

"Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the power of darkness and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon."—*Reformation in England*.

3. Intense Energy—Vituperation.—This quality of Milton's style appears especially in the boldness of his figures and the fierceness of his invectives. His controversial writings abound in sharp rejoinder and vituperation, often descending to unpardonable coarseness and insult. In the words of Edmond Scherer, "Luther and Calvin, those virtuosos of insult, had not gone farther." It was an age of fierce and coarse controversy, and Milton felt called to defend himself and his cause with the same weapons that his enemies used.

We have his own confession that he entered the contest unwillingly, for he says: "Surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must in nature needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands; much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal."

"In his earliest prose works we are aware of a gigantic strength, a clash and clang of militant energy. In the prose the torrent foams, leaps, rages, tosses rocks about. . . . The tempest hurtles through the air, driving the clouds before it like the routed autumn leaves."—*Peter Bayne*.

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"You scrape together whatever seems to make for your opinion either out of ostentation or out of weakness; you would leave out nothing that you could find in a baker's or a barber's shop; nay, you would be glad of anything that looked like an argument from the very hangman."—*Defence*.

"That all this is true, whoso desires to know at large with least pains and expects not here overlong rehearsals of that which is by others already so judiciously gathered, let him hasten to be acquainted with that noble volume written by our learned Selden, 'Of the Law of Nature and of Nations,' a work more useful and more worthy to be perused by whosoever studies to be a great man in wisdom, equity, and justice than all those 'decretals and sumless sums,' which the pontifical clerks have doted on, ever since that unfortunate mother famously sinned thrice, and died impenitent of her bringing into the world those two misbegotten infants, and forever infants, Lombard and Gratian, him the compiler of canon iniquity, the other the Tubal Cain of scholastic sophistry, whose overspreading barbarism hath not only infused their own bastardy upon the fruitfulest part of human learning, not only dissipated and dejected the clear light of nature in us, and of nations, but hath tainted also the fountains of divine doctrine, and rendered the pure and solid law of God unbeneficial to us by their calumnious dunceries."—*On Divorce*.

"You who know so many tongues, who read so many books, who write so much about them, you are yet but an ass. . . . O most drivelling of asses, you come driven by a woman, with the cured heads of bishops whom you had wounded, a little image of the great beast of the Apocalypse."—*Reply to Salmasius*.

4. Involution and Inversion.—The difficulties in Milton's prose style would be sufficient to exclude a less energetic author from the list of master-writers. His "page-long periods" are both obscure and wearisome. In the words of Pattison, "he does not seem to have any notion of what a period means. He leaves off, not when the sense closes, but when he is out of breath." His controversial writings bear the marks of reckless haste in construction. Hales calls him

"the last of the Titans—the last great writer in the old periodic style," and adds, "he had more to say than he could say. His thoughts rush upon him in a throng that he can at times scarcely order and control. His utterance is almost choked." The "stiff Latinity" that causes Shaw to call Milton "the most Roman of English authors," is a blemish that belongs to nearly all the Elizabethan prose. Harsh inversions and cumbrous construction everywhere abound.

Yet no less an authority than William Ellery Channing excuses Milton's sins of arrangement as follows:—

"It is objected to his prose-writings that his style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions, and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions. . . . We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose-writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones, such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of the writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries furthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious restraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common, passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic; and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences; and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts

and images crowd on it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation ; but we love, too, to have our faculties tasked by master-spirits. We delight in long sentences in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and soul."

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" They who to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good ; I suppose them as at the beginning of no mean endeavor, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds : some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure ; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak."—*Areopagitica*.

" Whose unerring guidance and conduct having followed as a loadstar, with all diligence and fidelity, in this question, I trust, through the help of that illuminating Spirit which hath favored me, to have done no every day's work, in asserting, after many the words of Christ, with other scriptures of great concernment from burdensome and remorseless obscurity, tangled with manifold repugnancies, to their native lustre and consent between each other ; hereby also dissolving tedious and Gordian difficulties ; which have hitherto molested the church of God, and are now decided, not with the sword of Alexander, but with the immaculate hands of charity, to the unspeakable good of Christendom."—*On Divorce*.

" And if others may chance to spend more time with you in canvassing later antiquity, I suppose it is not for that they ground themselves thereon ; but that they endeavor by showing the cor-

ruptions, uncertainties, and disagreements of those volumes, and the easiness of erring, or overslipping in such a boundless and vast search, if they may not convince those that are so strongly persuaded thereof; yet to free ingenious minds from an over-awful esteem of those more ancient than trusty fathers, whom custom and fond opinion, weak principles, and the neglect of sounder and superior knowledge hath exalted so high as to have gained them a blind reverence; whose books in bigness and number so endless and immeasurable, I cannot think that either God or nature, either divine or human wisdom, did ever mean should be a rule or reliance to us in the decision of any weighty or positive doctrine."—*Animadversions*.

5. Inequality—Incongruity.—"It is not uncommon," says Channing, "to find, in the same sentence, his affluent genius pouring forth magnificent images and expressions and suddenly his deep scorn for his opponents suggesting and throwing into the midst of this splendor sarcasms and degrading comparisons altogether at variance with the general strain." Concerning the same characteristic, Hallam remarks: "The majestic soul of Milton breathes such high thoughts as had not been uttered before; yet even here he frequently sinks in a single instant, as is usual with our old writers, from his highest flights to the ground."

"There are passages which for richness of texture, harmony of tone, and artistic distribution of parts, can hardly be matched in our language; but that equable distinction which is the constant note of his verse is wanting. . . . A sentence builded majestically with every help of art and imagination too often thrusts heavenward from a huddle of vulgar pentices [sheds] such as used to cluster about mediæv[al] cathedrals. Never was such inequality. He is careless of euphony, seeming to prefer words not only low but harsh, and such superlatives as 'virtuousest,' 'viciousest,' 'sheepishest.'" —*Lowell*.

"The prose works descend to brutalities of personal abuse

and recrimination often coarse, and are full of the miseries of debate. We slip from passages full of stately thought and splendid diction into passages which we are almost ashamed to read."—*Stopford Brooke*.

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"Thus large I have purposely been, that if I have been justly taxed with this crime, it may come upon me, after all this my confession, with a tenfold shame; but if I have hitherto deserved no such opprobrious word or suspicion, I may hereby engage myself now openly to the faithful observation of what I have professed. I go on to show you the unbridled impudence of this loose railer, who, having once begun his race, regards not how far he flies out beyond all truth and shame; who from the single notice of the "Animadversions," as he protests, will undertake to tell ye the very clothes I wear, though he be much mistaken in my wardrobe; and like a son of Belial, without the hire of Jezebel, charges me 'of blaspheming God and the King,' as ordinarily as he imagines 'me to drink sack and swear,' merely because this was a shred in his commonplace book, and seemed to come off roundly, as if he were some empiric of false accusations, to try his poisons upon me, whether they would work or not."—*Apology for Smectymnuus*.

"Who can with patience hear this filthy, rascally fool speak so irreverently of persons eminent both in greatness and piety? Dare you compare King David with King Charles; a most religious king and prophet with a superstitious prince, and who was but a novice in the Christian religion; a most prudent, wise prince with a weak one; a valiant prince with a cowardly one; finally, a most just prince with a most unjust one?"—*Defence of the People, etc.*

"But ever blessed be He, and ever glorified, that from his high watch-tower in the heavens, discerning the crooked ways of perverse and cruel men, hath hitherto maimed and infatuated all their damnable inventions and deluded their great wizards with a delusion fit for fools and children; had God been so minded, He could have sent a spirit of mutiny amongst us, as He did between Abimelech and the Shechemites, to have made our funerals and slain heaps more in number than the miserable surviving

remnant; but he, when we least deserved, sent out a gentle gale and message of peace from the wings of those His cherubims that fan His mercy-seat."—*Reformation in England*.

6. Egoism — Conscious Inspiration — Profound Self-Respect.—"There is," says Lowell, "an intolerant egotism which identifies itself with omnipotence, and whose sublimity is its apology; there is an intolerable egotism which subordinates the sun to the watch in its own fob. Milton's was of the former kind, and accordingly, the finest passages in his prose and not the least fine in his verse are autobiographic. . . . His self-respect, even in youth, was so profound that it resembles the reverence paid by other men to a far-off and idealized character. . . . I have no manner of doubt that he, like Dante, believed himself divinely inspired with what he had to utter. . . . From the first he looked upon himself as a man dedicated and set apart. . . . Plainly enough, here was a man who had received something other than Episcopal ordination." "What other poet," exclaims Matthew Arnold, "has shown so sincere a sense of the grandeur of his vocation and a moral effort so constant and sublime to make and keep himself worthy of it?" "Dante and Milton are modest," says Leopardi, "because they continually compare themselves, not with other men, but with that idea of the perfect which they have before their minds."

Milton himself spoke of his great epic as "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine: like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." Says Hazlitt,

"He had girded himself up, and, as it were, sanctified himself for this service from his youth."

"In politics, no more than in poetry, could he lay aside the austere and magnificent individuality of his own mind and think for others from a knowledge of what they are instead of considering them as repetitions of his noble self."

—*John Sterling.*

"Everything about him became as it were pontifical, almost sacramental."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"If I had to select the passage in Milton's works, whether in prose or verse, which, of all others, sheds most light upon him, which explains him most, . . . it would be the one which is the sublimest utterance of egotism that perhaps the world has ever heard; yet not so much the egotism of the man as the egotism of humanity. . . . Milton was thoroughly Greek in the true sense. He had the sereneness and self-sufficiency of the old Greeks.—*George Dawson.*

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"Which enterprise ['The Defence'], though some of the most Eminent Persons in our Commonwealth have prevailed upon me by their Authority to undertake . . . (whose opinion of me I take as a very great honor, that they should pitch upon me before others to be serviceable in this kind to those most Valiant Deliverers of my Native Country; and true it is, that from my very youth I have been bent extremely upon such sort of Studies, as inclined me, if not to do great things myself, at least to celebrate those that did) yet as having no confidence in any such advantages, I have recourse to the Divine Assistance; and invoke the Great and Holy God, the giver of all good Gifts, that I may as substantially and truly discuss and refute the Sauciness and Lies of this Foreign Declamator."—*Reply to Salmasius.*

"Let me enter therefore upon this Noble Cause with a cheerfulness grounded upon this assurance, that my Adversary's Cause is maintained by nothing but Fraud, Fallacy, Ignorance, and Barbarity; whereas mine has Light, Truth, Reason, Practice,

and the Learning of the best Ages of the World on its side."—*Reply to Salmasius.*

"In handling almost the greatest subject that ever was (without being too tedious in it), I am in hopes of attaining two things, which indeed I earnestly desire. The one not to be at all wanting, as far as in me lies, to this most Noble Cause and most worthy to be recorded to all future ages; the other, that I may appear to have avoided myself that perilousness of matter, and redundancy of words, which I blame in my antagonist."—*Reply to Salmasius.*

7. Independence—Mental Isolation—Intolerance.

—While closely allied to the sixth quality of Milton's style, just discussed, his mental isolation is not identical with his conscious inspiration. The two qualities are frequently found distinct. "Like Dante," says Lowell, "Milton was forced to become a party by himself. He stands out in marked and solitary individuality, apart from the great movement of the Civil War, apart from the supine acquiescence of the Restoration, a self-opinionated, unforgiving, unforgetting man. . . . Gentle as Milton's earlier portraits would seem to show him, he had in him by nature, or bred into him by fate, something of the haughty and defiant self-assertion of Dante and Michael Angelo. In no other author is the man so large a part of his works. Milton's haughty conception of himself enters into all he says and does. Always the necessity of this one man became that of the whole human race for the moment. There were no walls so sacred but must go to the ground when he wanted elbow-room; and he wanted a great deal. . . . It results from the almost scornful withdrawal of Milton into the fortress of his absolute personality that no great poet is so uniformly self-conscious as he. . . . He makes Deity a mouth-piece for his present theology. . . . Now it is precisely this audacity of self-reliance, I suspect, which goes far toward making him sublime. . . . The grand loneliness of Milton in his latter years, while it makes

him the most impressive figure in our literary history, is reflected also in his maturer poems by a sublime independence of human sympathy, like that with which mountains fascinate and rebuff us."

"Narrowness is his fault, but the intense individuality which often accompanies narrowness is his great virtue—a virtue which no poet, which no writer, either in prose or verse, has ever had in greater measure than he."—*Saintsbury*.

Speaking of Milton's university career, Birrell says: "Milton was not a submissive pupil; in fact, he was never a submissive anything, for there is point in Dr. Johnson's malicious remark, that, in Milton's opinion, man was born to be a rebel and woman to be a slave. He considered a state of subscription to articles a state of slavery. . . . That Milton was both proud and rebellious cannot be disputed. . . . The pamphlet on divorce marks the beginning of his mental isolation. Nobody had a word to say for it."

"He was isolated in his generation by the very force of his genius. Wordsworth expresses this quality of Milton's style and of his character in the single line, 'His soul was like a star and dwelt apart.'"—*Edmond Scherer*.

"A want of humor, with its usual concomitant, a want of power to do justice to men of different types from himself, was Milton's great defect through life."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

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"For God, it seems, intended to prove me, whether I durst alone take up a rightful cause against a world of disesteem, and found I durst. My name I did not publish, as not willing it should sway the reader either for me or against me. But when I was told that the style, which what it ails to be so soon distinguishable I cannot tell, was known by most men, and that some of the clergy began to inveigh and exclaim on what I was credibly informed they had not read, I took it then for my proper season, both to show them a name that could easily condemn such an indiscreet kind of censure, and to reinforce the

question with a more accurate diligence ; that if any of them would be so good as to leave railing and to let us hear so much of his learning and Christian wisdom as will be strictly demanded of him in his answering to this problem, care was had he should not spend his preparations against a nameless pamphlet."—*On Divorce*.

"When the liberty of speech was no longer subject to control, all mouths began to be opened against the bishops. . . . I saw that a way was opening for the establishing of real liberty ; that the foundation was laying for the deliverance of man from the yoke of slavery and superstition ; . . . and as I had from my youth studied the distinction between civil and religious rights, . . . I determined to relinquish the other pursuits in which I was engaged, and to transfer the whole force of my talents and my industry to this one important object."—*Second Defence*.

"You cannot be truly free unless we are free too : for such is the nature of things that he who entrenches on the liberty of others is the first to lose his own and become a slave. But if you, who have hitherto been the patron and tutelary genius of liberty ; if you, who are exceeded by no one in justice, in piety, and goodness, should hereafter invade that liberty which you have defended, your conduct must be fatally operative, not only against the cause of liberty but the general interests of piety and virtue. Your integrity and virtue will appear to have evaporated, your faith in religion to have been small ; your character with posterity will dwindle into insignificance, by which a most destructive blow will be levelled against the happiness of mankind."—*Second Defence*.

"For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done, and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better, gives ye [the Lords and Commons] the best covenant of his fidelity."—*Areopagitica*.

8. Moral Elevation—Purity.—Carlyle has called Milton "the moral king of English literature." In his second *Defence of the People of England*, Milton declares, concerning his experience on the Continent : "I again take God to witness that, in all those places where so many things are con-

sidered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually before me, that though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

"Milton consecrated his thoughts as well as his words. . . . He praised everywhere chaste love, piety, generosity, heroic force. . . . They [the masques] were amusements for the castle; he made out of them lectures on magnanimity and constancy. . . . He was born with the instinct of noble things."—*Taine*.

Milton was sensuous, as he declared all poetry should be, but he was never sensual. His conception of the dignity and the moral possibilities of poetry is best expressed in his own words: "These [poetic] abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing the victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ."

"Look at the Lady in 'Comus!'" exclaims Van Dyke; she is the sweet embodiment of Milton's youthful ideal of virtue, clothed with the fairness of opening womanhood, armed with the sun-clad power of chastity. Darkness and danger cannot stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts! Evil things have no power upon her, but shrink abashed from her presence."

"He had a gravity in his temper not melancholy; not till the later part of his life sour, morbid, or ill-tempered; but a

certain serenity of mind—a mind not condescending to little things."—*Walter Bagehot*.

"It was the glory of Milton to create for himself a universe of his own ; and every line of his works shows us an instance of the employment of ordinary materials in relation to a high internal moral end."—*John Sterling*.

"The man was as great and pure as the author."—*Miss Mitford*.

"The almost passionate praise of purity, the scorn manifested for those who indulge in sensual delights! . . . Irritable, exacting, vindictive, he was totally free from anything deserving the name of vice ; conscientious, high-minded, dignified, and courageous."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

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"After the performing so glorious an action as this, you ought to do nothing that's mean and little, not so much as to think of, much less to do, anything but what is great and sublime. . . . Show as much justice, temperance, and moderation in the maintaining your liberty as you have shown courage in freeing yourselves from slavery."—*Reply to Salmasius*.

"Nature and laws would be in an ill case, if Slavery should find what to say for itself and Liberty be mute : and if tyrants should find men to plead for them, and they that can master and vanquish tyrants should not be able to find advocates."—*Reply to Salmasius*.

"I thought it base that I should be travelling abroad for pleasure while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty."—*From a Letter*.

9. Erudition—Profound Learning.—This endowment appears continually both in Milton's prose and in his poetry. In his early manhood he wrote to a friend : "I, who certainly have not wetted the tip of my lips in the stream of these the classical languages, but in proportion to my years have swallowed the most copious draughts, can yet some-

times retire with avidity and delight to feast on Dante, Petrarch, and many others."

"His literature was unquestionably great. He read all the languages which are considered either learned or polite; Hebrew, with its two dialects; Latin, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish. In Latin his skill was such as places him in the first rank of writers and critics, and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence."—*Samuel Johnson*.

"The author unfolds the treasures of his learning [in the controversy with Salmasius], heaping up the testimony of Scripture, passages from the fathers, and quotations from the poets, laying sacred and profane antiquity alike under contribution, and subtly discussing the sense of this and that Greek or Hebrew term."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"From the twelfth year of his life, Milton tells us he rarely went to bed without studying until midnight. During the five years at Horton, after leaving Cambridge, he says: 'I was wholly intent, through a period of absolute leisure, on a steady perusal of Greek and Latin writers. . . . Occasionally I exchanged for life in the city, either for the purpose of buying books or for that of learning anything new in mathematics or music, in which I then took delight.'"—*H. J. Nicoll*.

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"Thus Mithridates exprest himself in a letter to Arfaces, King of the Parthians: 'If you were to have been the trumpeter, not so much as Homer's mice would have waged war against the frogs. . . . You take care, and so you might well, lest any should imagine that you were about to bereave Cicero or Demosthenes; . . . but like a second Crispin, or that little Grecian Tzetyes, you do but write a great deal, take no pains to write well. . . . You conclude very tragically, like Ajax in his raving.'"—*Reply to Salmasius*.

"To this purpose Josephus writes, a proper and able interpreter of the laws of his own country, who was admirably well versed in the Jewish policy, and infinitely preferable to a thou-

sand obscure, ignorant Rabbins. He has it thus in the fourth Book of his Antiquities—'Ἀπιστοκρατία μὲν οὖν χριστιανῶν,' etc. Another Jewish author, Philo Judæus, who was Josephus's contemporary, a very studious man in the Law of Moses, upon which he wrote a large commentary."—*Reply to Salmasius*.

"He told them the manner of their king, as before he told us the manner of the priests, the sons of Eli; for he uses the same word in both places (which you in the thirty-third page of your book, by an Hebrew solecism, too, call *הוֹשִׁיעַ*). . . . The fathers have commented on this place too; I'll instance in one, that may stand for a great many; and that's Sulpitius Severus, a contemporary and intimate friend of St. Jerome, and, in St. Augustine's opinion, a man of great wisdom and learning. . . . But according to Sallust, that lawful power and authority that kings were intrusted with, . . . and you might have learnt from Lichardus, that most of the Rabbins too were of the same mind."—*Reply to Salmasius*.

10. Coarseness—Vulgarity.—"He used an intolerable deal of bad language, which, however excusable in a heated controversialist, ill became the author of 'Comus.' . . . This noble argument ['The Defence of the English People'], alike worthy of the man and of the occasion, is doubtless overclouded and disfigured by personal abuse. His defences are rendered provoking by his extraordinary language concerning his opponents; 'numskull,' 'beast,' 'fool,' 'puppy,' 'knave,' 'ass,' 'mongrel-cur,' are but a few of the epithets that may be selected from this descriptive catalogue."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"He was not nice in the choice of his missiles, and too often borrows a dirty lump from the dung-hill of Luther. . . . His sentences are often loutish and difficult; in controversy he is brutal, and at any, the most inopportune moment, capable of an incredible coarseness."—*Lowell*.

"It is a more serious objection that they [his prose writings] are disfigured by party spirit, coarse invective, and controversial asperity. Milton's alleged virulence was man-

sted toward both private and public foes."—*W. E. Hanning*.

"Milton retorts, . . . seasoning the mess with coarse pigrams and with vulgar terms of abuse. Luther and Calvin themselves, experts as they were in insults, had never done it better."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"The natural acerbity of his temper, quickened by the insults of his assailants, often led him to indulge in the most vulgar railing."—*George Dawson*.

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"‘And I wish,’ you say, ‘that the writer had been burned ; well.’ Is this your disposition, slave? But you have taken good care that I should not indulge a similar wish toward you ; or you have been long wasting in blacker flames. Your conscience is scorched by the flames of adultery and rape and those injuries by the help of which you debauched an unsuspecting girl, to whom you promised marriage and then abandoned to despair. You are writhing under the flames of that mercenary passion which impelled you, though covered with crimes, to lust after the functions of the priesthood and to pollute the consecrated elements with your incestuous touch."—*Second Defence*.

"As for the queen herself, she was made believe that by putting down bishops her prerogative would be infringed, of which shall be spoken anon as the course of method brings it in ; and why the prelates labored it should be so thought, ask not them, but ask their bellies. . . . But he that will mould a modern bishop into a primitive, must yield him to be elected by the popular voice, undiocesed, unrevenued, unlorded, and leave him nothing but brotherly equality, matchless temperance, frequent fasting, incessant prayer and preaching, continual watchings and labors in his ministry ; which what a rich booty it would be, what a plump endowment to the many-benefice-gaping-mouth of prelate, what a relish it would give to his canary-sucking and van-eating palate, let old Bishop Mountain judge for me."—*Reformation in England*.

BUNYAN, 1628-1688

Biographical Outline.—John Bunyan, born at Elstow, near Bedford, in November, 1628; name spelled Buignon, Buniun, Bonyan, Binyan, and in twenty-nine other ways; father a tinker and mother a "decent" woman of the lower class; the family had a forge and a workshop at Elstow, where, from time immemorial, they had occupied a freehold; Bunyan learns to read and write "according to the rate of other poor men's children," but is early called from school to help his father, and soon forgets his learning, as he says, "even almost utterly;" the loss of his mother, in June, 1644, and the prompt advent of a step-mother estrange him from his home and induce him to enlist as a soldier in the Civil War, probably (but not certainly) on the Parliamentary side; while in the army he is providentially preserved from death by the sudden and voluntary substitution of another soldier in his place in a file drawn to besiege a certain point, the substitute being immediately killed; at the close of the Civil War Bunyan is supposed to have returned to Elstow and to his trade as tinker or "brasier;" he is married about the end of 1648 (he gives neither the date of his marriage nor the name of his wife) to a woman of godly parents, but they have "not so much as a spoon or a household dish between them;" his wife's dowry consists of two pious books ('The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety'), the reading of which profoundly affects Bunyan and produces an external change in his habits; he gives up dancing, bell-ringing, and profanity, and becomes a diligent student of the narrative parts of the Bible; although "a brisk talker on religion," he

soon realizes that he is "a poor painted hypocrite" and that he entirely lacks a personal knowledge of deep spiritual experiences; he enters upon the tremendous spiritual conflict afterward so graphically described in his "Grace Abounding;" after three years of this struggle he enters into profound spiritual peace, and joins a non-conformist body meeting at Bedford under the ministrations of "holy Mr. Gifford," who has much influence over Bunyan; Bunyan still resides at Elstow, where his blind daughter, Mary, and his second daughter, Elizabeth, are born; he removes to Bedford about 1655, where, after the death of his wife and his pastor, Bunyan, who had been a deacon, begins to exhort, at first privately and gradually "in a more publick way;" he is formally acknowledged and consecrated as a preacher in 1657; his preaching draws great crowds, all the Midland counties demanding to hear him; he continues his trade as a "brasier;" while a few churches are opened to him, most of his sermons are delivered "in woods, in barns, on village greens, or in town chapels;" he meets great opposition from the established clergy because of his effort "to mend souls as well as kettles and pans;" he is indicted for preaching in 1658 (with unknown result), is called "a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman," and is otherwise grossly slandered; publishes his first book, "Some Gospel Truths Opened," at Newport Pagnel in 1656, protesting against the mysticism of the Quakers; he is answered by one Burrough, and replies, in 1657, with "A Vindication of Gospel Truths;" both of Bunyan's books show a great command of plain English and a thorough knowledge of the Bible; in 1658, just before Cromwell's death, Bunyan publishes "Sighs from Hell, or the Groans of a Damned Soul," a discourse founded on the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; ignoring the revival of the acts against non-conformists at the Restoration, he continues to preach in barns, etc.; he is arrested while conducting a meeting near Bedford, November 12, 1660, disdaining to improve an opportunity given

him to escape ; he refuses to promise to forbear preaching, and is committed by Justice Wingate (who really wished to release him) to the county jail (not the town gaol on the Ouse Bridge, as has been commonly believed), where he remains nearly all the time for the ensuing twelve years ; he is tried, somewhat irregularly (no witnesses appear against him), at Bedford in January, 1661 ; he confesses the indictment, and declares his intention to repeat his offence at the first opportunity ; he is sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with the addition of banishment if he persists in his contumacy, and execution if, after banishment, he return to England without royal license ; at the end of three months he is urged to agree to some sort of a compromise, such as confining himself to private exhortation, but he refuses ; refuses also to take advantage of the general pardon offered on the coronation of Charles II. ; a year before his arrest he had married a second wife, who afterward went to London and appealed to the House of Lords in his behalf, but was referred to his judges ; in the summer of 1661 she appeals three times to have Bunyan formally tried and fully heard, but in vain ; another vain effort is made in 1662 ; except for a slight interval in 1666, Bunyan remains in jail till 1672 ; during the early years of his imprisonment he is allowed to leave the jail frequently and to attend religious meetings at Bedford, and even as far away as London, but the irregularity is discovered, the jailer nearly loses his place in consequence, and Bunyan is forbidden henceforth " even to look out at the door ; " he is liberated in 1666, but is soon rearrested for repeating his former offence ; while in jail he supports his family by making long-tagged laces ; " nor was the Word of God bound," for he preached to his fellow-prisoners, many being his co-religionists ; he studies ardently the Bible and Fox's " Book of Martyrs," and writes, while in prison, many pamphlets and tracts ; his first prison book, called " Profitable Meditations," is written in verse, and has small literary merit ; in 1663 he publishes " Praying

in the Spirit " and " Christian Behavior ; " between 1663 and 1665 appear " Four Last Things," " Ebal and Gerizim," " Prison Meditations " (these three in verse), " The Holy City," and " The Resurrection of the Dead ; " he publishes his first immortal work, " Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," about the time of his brief release in 1666 ; during the second period of his imprisonment he apparently does little literary work ; in 1672 he publishes " A Defence of Justification by Faith," being an unjustifiably ferocious attack on a work then popular by the Rev. Edward Fowler ; Bunyan publishes also, in 1672, " The Confession of My Faith and Reason of My Practice," a vindication of his course and an appeal for liberty ; although " Pilgrim's Progress " is declared by Bunyan to have been written in " the gaol," recently discovered evidence tends to prove that it must have been during a later and shorter imprisonment, about 1675, from which he was released by the intervention of Thomas Burton, then Bishop of Lincoln ; he is released from jail in the spring of 1672, and receives, by royal authority, a license to preach, on May 9th of that year and a formal pardon on September 13th following ; his release is due to a general plan of Charles II. for setting up the Roman Catholic worship in England by first showing leniency to all non-conformists ; on January 21, 1672, Bunyan is called to the pastorate of the non-conformist congregation at Bedford, which worshipped in a barn from the Restoration till 1701 ; he makes frequent preaching tours through the surrounding country, and is playfully known as " Bishop Bunyan ; " publishes " The Strait Gate " in 1676 and the first and second editions of " Pilgrim's Progress " in 1678 ; in 1679 appears the third edition of " Pilgrim's Progress," both the second and the third containing important additions to the first edition ; in 1678 he publishes also " Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ " and " A Treatise on the Fear of God ; " in 1679 he also publishes his third great book, " The Life and Death of Mr. Badman," unap-

proached save by the tales of Defoe as a picture of the rough English country-town life under Charles II. ; in 1682 Bunyan publishes "The Holy War," and between 1682 and 1684 "The Barren Fig Tree" and "The Pharisee and the Publican ;" the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress" appears in 1684 ; with the renewed enforcement of the acts against non-conformists in 1675, Bunyan's preaching tours again become dangerous, but he abstains from political disputes, and is not disturbed ; he preaches frequently in London to large congregations, but repeatedly refuses tempting offers to leave his Bedford flock for more attractive fields ; under James II. he refuses a royal offer of a political office, made on condition that he take a personal part in remodelling the corporation of Bedford ; Bunyan is unofficial chaplain to the Lord-Mayor of London at the time of his death, which occurs August 31, 1688, in London, at the house of a friend ; he is buried in Bunhill Fields, and leaves a personal estate of less than one hundred pounds.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Vigor—Terseness—Freshness.—Next to that of the English Bible, Bunyan's language is the most terse and idiomatic to be found in our literature. Ninety-three per cent. of his vocabulary is Anglo-Saxon. In some of his pages there is not a word of more than two syllables. Punshon speaks of "his array of 'picked and packed' words, the clearness with which he enunciates, and the power with

which he applies the truth, his intense and burning earnestness, the warm soul that is seen beating in benevolent heart-throbs, through the transparent page." He has the rare faculty of using no unnecessary words. "In Bunyan's pictures," says Venables, "there is never a superfluous detail. Every stroke tells, and helps to the completeness of the portraiture." His diction bears plainly the marks of the few books that he knew, and knew so well. His constant companions were the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and every page shows the impress of one or the other of these books. Southey calls Bunyan's diction "a pure stream of current English." Hallam calls him "powerful and picturesque from concise simplicity." "Under his simplicity," says Taine, "you will find power, and in his puerility, intuition." Macaulay says, of the "Pilgrim's Progress: "

"There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. His knowledge of the Bible was such that he might have been called a living concordance."

"Never was the inward life of any being depicted with more vehement and burning language. It ['Grace Abounding'] is an intensely vivid description of the workings of a mind of the keenest sensibility and the most fervid imagination. . . . It is condensed, severe, and naked in its style, beneath the pent fire of Bunyan's feelings and the pressure of his conscience, forbidding him to seek for beauty." —*G. B. Cheever.*

"His characters come as fresh, as vivid, as if they were out of Scott or Molière; the tinker is as great a master of character and fiction as the greatest, almost." —*Andrew Lang.*

"The pent-up fire glows in every line, and kindles the hearts of his readers. Beautiful images, vivid expressions, forcible arguments all aglow with passion, tender pleadings,

solemn warnings, make those who read him all eye, all ear, all soul. . . . He did not set himself to compose theological treatises upon stated subjects, but after he had preached with satisfaction to himself and acceptance to his audience, he usually wrote out the substance of his discourse from memory, with the enlargements and additions it might seem to require. And thus his religious works have all the glow and fervor of the unwritten utterances of a practised orator."—*E. Venables*.

"The thing which gave Bunyan notoriety in the days of his ungodliness was the energy which he put into all his doings. . . . Though there is a great appearance of amplitude about his compositions, few of his words could be wanted."—*James Hamilton*.

"Nothing, as a rule, is colder than the characters in an allegory ; his are living"—*Taine*.

"More earnest words were never written [speaking of 'Grace Abounding']. It is the entire unveiling of a human heart—the tearing off of the fig-leaf covering of sin."—*Whittier*.

"Read not Addison nor Johnson, read Bunyan, who employed direct and true English. . . . The man who would speak good English should take for his company the authorized version of the Bible and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Bunyan's is chapel English, man's English, woman's English, the English spoken anywhere by the native sons and daughters of the soil."—*George Dawson*.

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"They then began to pick holes, as we say, in the coats of some of the godly, and with that devilishness that they may have a seeming colour to throw religion (for the sake of some infirmities they have espied in them) behind their backs."—*Grace Abounding*.

"His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of

savour. There is there neither prayer nor sign of repentance ; yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion, to all that know him ; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he dwells, through him. ' A saint abroad, and a devil at home.' His poor family finds it so ; he is such a churl, such a railer at and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him say it is better to deal with a Turk than with him, for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative, if it be possible, will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

" How many steps have I took in vain ! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin ; they were sent back again by way of the Red Sea ; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time ! I am made to tread those steps thrice over which I needed not to have trod but once ; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh, that I had not slept !"—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

2. Imaginative Power—Portraiture.—W. M. Punshon calls his imagination " princely, almost beyond compare." Every object, every character is brought before the reader with wonderful vividness. " Abstract qualities of character," says Froude, " were never clothed in more substantial flesh and blood than Bunyan's jurymen." Bunyan possessed in a remarkable degree the power of graphic representation. Says Taine : " He transforms arguments into parables. . . . Giant Despair, a simple abstraction, becomes as real in his hands as an English gaoler or farmer. . . . Powerful as that of an artist, but more vehement, this imagination worked in the man without his co-operation, and besieged him with visions which he had neither willed nor foreseen. . . . He has no trouble in calling up or forming imaginary objects. They agree in all their details with all

the details of the precept which they represent, as a pliant veil fits the body which it covers. He distinguishes and arranges all the parts of the landscape—here the river, on the right the castle, a flag on its left turret, the setting sun three feet lower, an oval cloud in the front part of the sky—with the preciseness of a carpenter."

"He was a lad to whom nature had given a powerful imagination and sensibility which amounted to a disease. . . . Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words; quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, and sunny pastures. . . . To the last he loved to draw his illustrations of sacred things from camps and fortresses, from guns, drums, trumpets, flags of truce, and regiments arrayed, each under its own banner." *Macaulay.*

"Bunyan's imagination was powerful enough, in connection with his belief in God's superintending Providence, to array his inward trials with a sensible shape and external events with a light reflected from his own experience; hopes and fears were friends and enemies; acting in concert with these, all things that he met with in the world were friends and enemies likewise, according as they aided or opposed his spiritual life."—*G. B. Cheever.*

"He had to render into outward and visible forms the subtle and strong passions of individual and internal life. . . . He has taken the hidden things of the interior life and put them into words as an artist puts them upon canvas; and there are no better pictures."—*George Dawson.*

"Bunyan combined the power of expressing thoughts of universal acceptability in a style of the most perfect clearness, with a high degree of imaginative genius and a vivid descriptive faculty; his works are equally attractive to readers of all ages and every variety of mental culture; they are among the first to be taken up in the nursery and among the last to be laid down when life is closing in on us; they have filled the

memory with pictures and peopled it with the most unforgettable reality. . . . Nor is there one [of his works] which does not here and there exhibit specimens of Bunyan's picturesque and imaginative power. In nothing is his vividness more displayed than in the reality of his impersonations. The *dramatis personæ* are not shadowy abstractions, moving far above us in a mystical world or lay figures ticketed with certain names, but solid men and women of our own flesh and blood, living in our own every-day world, men of like passions with ourselves. Many of them we know familiarly; there is hardly one we should be surprised to meet any day."—*E. Venables*.

"His imagination [after conversion] ceased its childish fabling, and became visionary; he saw mind-pictures, and this the more readily because his uneducated mind was accustomed to move through concrete ideas, and was characterized by a high visualizing power."—*G. E. Woodberry*.

"It ['Pilgrim's Progress'] is the matchless and inimitable crystallization into imaginative art of the whole system of Puritan Protestantism."—*Edmund Gosse*.

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"He took me, and had me where he showed me a stately palace, and how the people were clad in gold that were in it; and how there came a venturous man, and cut his way thro' the armed men that stood in the door to keep him out; and how he was bid to come in and win eternal glory."—*Grace Abounding*.

"Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did on his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims and that they had lost their way. Then, said the giant, 'You have this night

trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds ; and therefore you must go along with me.' So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink or light or any to ask how they did."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"So he went on and Apollyon met him ; now the monster was hideous to behold. He was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable, who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterward unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, 'I see clearly that this man is a heretic.' Then said Mr. No-good, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth!' 'Ay,' said Mr. Malice, 'for I hate the very look of him.' Then said Mr. Love-lust, 'I could never endure him.' 'Nor I,' said Mr. Live-loose, 'for he would always be condemning my way.' 'Hang him, hang him!' said Mr. Heady. 'A sorry ——,' said Mr. High-mind. 'My heart riseth against him,' said Mr. Enmity. 'He is a rogue,' said Mr. Liar. 'Hanging is too good for him,' said Mr. Cruelty. 'Let us dispatch him out of the way,' said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, 'Might I have all the world given to me, I could not be reconciled to him ; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.'"—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

3. Homeliness—Naturalness.—This means something more than simplicity. He abounds in homely colloquialisms. Minto declares that Bunyan's language "is homely indeed, but it is not the every-day speech of hind

and tinkers ; it is the language of the Church, of the Bible, of Fox's ' Book of Martyrs,' and whatever other literature Bunyan was in the habit of perusing." It is this plainness of style that has caused " Pilgrim's Progress " to be translated ' into more languages than any other English book ; while, for two hundred years, the Bible excepted, it has been the most widely read book in our literature.

" His English is plain but never vulgar, homely but never coarse, and still less unclean ; full of imagery but never obscure, always intelligible, always forcible, going straight to the point in the fewest and simplest words. It may indeed be affirmed that it was impossible for Bunyan to write badly. His genius was a native genius. As soon as he began to write at all he wrote well. Without any training, as he says, in the school of Aristotle or Plato, or any study of the great masters of literature, at one bound he leapt to a high level of thought and composition. His earliest book, ' Some Gospel Truths Opened,' ' thrown off,' writes Dr. Brown, ' at a heat,' displays the same ease of style and directness of speech and absence of stilted phraseology which he maintained to the end. The great charm which pervades all Bunyan's writings is their naturalness. You never feel that he is writing for effect, still less to perform an uncongenial piece of task-work. He writes because he had something to say which was worth saying, a message to deliver on which the highest interests of others were at stake, which demanded nothing more than a straightforward earnestness and plainness of speech, such as, coming from the heart, might best reach the hearts of others. He wrote as he spoke, because a necessity was laid upon him which he dared not evade."—*Venables*.

" The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single

word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant."—*Macaulay*.

"Shorn of all ornament, simple and direct as the contrition and prayer of childhood, . . . the style [of 'Grace Abounding'] is that of a man dead to self-gratification and only desirous to convey to others the lesson of his inward trials, temptations, sins, weaknesses, and dangers."—*Whittier*.

"These repetitions, embarrassed phrases, familiar comparisons, this artless style, whose awkwardness recalls the childish periods of Herodotus, and whose simplicity recalls tales for children, prove that if his work is allegorical, it is so in order that it may be intelligible, and that Bunyan is a poet because he is a child."—*Taine*.

"His is a homespun style, not a manufactured one. . . . If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet and philologist must repair, . . . it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness. . . . His language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader and to the meanest capacity; there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child."—*Robert Southey*.

"It ['Pilgrim's Progress'] is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision."—*Coleridge*.

"This book ['Pilgrim's Progress'] is written so plainly, simply, and true to nature, that a sentence means almost a volume, and we find ourselves quoting from it constantly as we do from Shakespeare. . . . They [his pictures] are homely, you say. So much the better. And what realism there is about them! There are so many characters in the book that those whom he addresses are pretty sure to find themselves in it."—*George Dawson*.

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"Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, 'I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul:' and with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Why, they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is a duty to rush on their journey all weathers; and I am for waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap; and I am taking all advantages to secure my life and estate."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Will a man give a penny to fill his belly with straw? or can you persuade the turtle-dove to live on carrion, like the crow? Though faithless ones care for carnal lusts, pawn or mortgage, or sell what they have and themselves outright to boot."—*Grace Abounding*.

4. **Quiet Humor—Latent Satire.**—"We have strokes of pleasantry which bring back the smile to our faces and humorous thrusts about Hopeful's courage when the thieves were at a distance, and at the way in which 'Peter would swagger, aye, he would, but who so foiled and run down by villains as he?'"—*John Brown*.

"The open-heartedness, humor, and deep sensibility of Christian's character make us love him. . . . It is amusing to see the manner in which, by turns, their [Bunyan's personages] real character is expressed in Bunyan's honest, rugged, plain-dealing, and humorous way."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"The man must have been not a little waggish as well as witty who invented such happy names for the judge and jury that tried and burnt Faithful at Vanity Fair. . . .

Many of the characters of his 'Holy War' also, as well as the manœuvres of it, are rich in masterly strokes of shrewdness and piquancy. His coinage, like Fuller's or Donne's, 'rings like good metal.' . . . The 'Holy War' abounds with sparkling wit as well as with profound metaphysics. It is, altogether, 'a witty invention,' which verifies the proverb, that 'Wisdom dwells with Prudence.' It is needless to say that this wit is of the highest order; and the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is struck out from abstract qualities and personified passions."—*Robert Philip*.

"He can, by the quiet touch of sarcasm, wither up a pompous pretender, tear off the mantle of a hypocrite, expose a fool, and blast an impostor. . . . He is at times dangerous in the cool naïveté of his satire."—*George Gilfillan*.

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"I like you wonderful well, for your sayings are full of conviction; and I will add, what thing is so pleasant and what so profitable as to talk of the things of God? What things so pleasant (that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful)? For instance, if a man doth delight of the history or the mystery of things; or if a man doth delight to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful and so sweetly penned as in the Holy Scripture? . . . What you will: I will talk of things heavenly or things earthly; things sacred or things profane; things past or things to come; things foreign or things at home; things more essential or things circumstantial; provided that all will be done to our profit."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman; the daughter of a virtuous woman: she was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honorable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet but in two small points: we never strive against wind or tide; secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers: we love to walk

with him in the streets if the sun shines and the people applaud him."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate his revealed will? They told him that, as for that, he needed not to trouble his head thereabout; for what they did they had custom for, and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it for more than a thousand years. 'But,' said Christian, 'will your practice stand a trial at law?' They told him that, 'custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would doubtless now be admitted as a thing legal by any impartial judge; and besides,' said they, 'so be we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? If we are in, we are in.'"—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

5. Realism.—"Bunyan always preached 'what he saw and felt.' . . . How he preached when himself amidst the terrors of his own 'Pilgrim' in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, may be gathered from his own mouth. . . . He acted always under one character, the Christian Soldier, realizing in his own conflicts and conquests the Progress of his own Pilgrim. Therefore his great work is not a book of imaginations and shadows but of realities experienced. . . . It will be pleasing to the imagination just in proportion as the mind of the reader has been accustomed to interpret the things of this life by their connection with another and by the light which comes from that world to this. A reader without this habit, and never having felt that he is a stranger and a pilgrim in a world of temptations and snares, can see but half the beauty of such poetry as fills this work, because it cannot make its appeal to his own experience. . . . Of the faithfulness with which Bunyan has depicted the inward trials of the Christian conflict, of the depth and power of the appeal which that book makes to the Christian's heart, of the accuracy and beauty of the map therein drawn of the dealings of God's spirit in leading the sinner from the City of

Destruction to Mount Zion, he knows and can conceive nothing."—*G. B. Cheever*.

"This is the highest miracle of genius—that things which are not should be as though they were; that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. . . . Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. . . . His imagination exercised despotic power over his body and mind. . . . He felt his infernal enemy pulling at his clothes behind him. He spurned with his feet and struck with his hands at the destroyer."—*Macaulay*.

"How close, how truthful to his surroundings, he was as a literary workman, is brought home with great force by the view which this biography ['Pilgrim's Progress'] gives of Bedford things and people."—*G. E. Woodberry*.

"The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a study, unsurpassed for faithfulness of detail and large suggestiveness, of one of the most remarkable epochs in any land. It is no mere realistic sketch of the Bedford of Puritan times; it is a masterly and brilliant picture of the people of Puritan England and of the moral and ideal forces in the air. Christian, Faithful, and Mr. Greatheart; Pliable, Obstinate, and Talkative; Mr. Saveall, Mr. Moneylove, and Mr. Byends were, doubtless, but decent, 'douce' folks from Bedford; . . . but they were immediately recognized in every parish in the country. . . . The character, the spirit, and the tendencies of the time are all here. . . . The earnestness of the times, the narrowness, the piety, the superstitions, and the excesses—religious and irreligious—are all here. The fragment is simply invaluable. No ancient statue, no shield or stone weapon, and no fossil, plant, fish, or foot-mark ever gave so real and so rich a glimpse of its times as this fantastic dream. . . . It is more than a mere likeness, and for this reason is of more than special interest to the student of history. He sees in the little sketch far more than mere villagers and pietists; for he sees, in these

villagers and pietists, the impulse that made Puritanism great. . . . The characters are drawn with the firmest fidelity to truth—so much so that we may predicate with assurance what they will think, feel, will, or even what they will do, under given circumstances.”—*David Sime*.

“He places before his readers certain pictures which he himself saw almost as clearly as if he had been Christian trudging upon a real highway, instead of Bunyan writing within dark prison walls. And this he has done with such marvellous skill that we, too, feel the green grass of the Delectable Mountains beneath our feet and shudder as the awful darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death closes around us.”—*W. F. Collier*.

“The more we study the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ and the ‘Holy War,’ in connection with his own history and times, the more shall we see reason to believe that his numerous characters directly and broadly reflect both the outer and inner characteristics of the religious world familiar to him. . . . There is also everywhere, in his allegories, the evidence of a rare power of actual observation of sharp insight into the living characteristics around him, and of great fulness of artistic skill in drawing these from the life as he knew and saw them. . . . It is, above all, this realistic element that gives to Bunyan’s great allegory its special interest. It is because he draws so much from outward fact that we find his pages so living—and linger over them, and return to them—and find them not only instructive, but entertaining. Spenser in his great allegory is richer, . . . but he has nowhere caught life and mirrored it as Bunyan has done. . . . Puritanism lives in his pages—spiritually and socially—in forms and in coloring which must ever command the sympathy and enlist the love of all good Christians.”—*John Tulloch*.

“A man so sensitive to supernatural impressions could realize them as completely as the actual experiences of his daily life. . . . The same impression of reality pervades the

whole book ['Pilgrim's Progress']. . . . Every personage whom he meets on his journey, and every place through which he passes, appears to the mind of the reader with the vividness of actual experience. The child or the laborer reads the 'Pilgrim's Progress' as a record of adventures undergone by a living man; the scholar forgets the art which has raised the picture before his mind in a sense of contact with the subject portrayed. . . . Other allegorists have pleased the fancy or gratified the understanding, but Bunyan occupies at once the imagination, the reason, and the heart of his reader. . . . In 'Pilgrim's Progress' strange and unreal places become well-known places, and moral qualities become distinct human beings."—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

"He was one of those enthusiasts whom some call fanatics and some madmen; who hear suggestions, as they believe, from visible, tangible forms about their beds, and to whom it is in vain to say that they do not see them, for they verily and firmly believe that they do. . . . Such a process is like catching a cloud and making it permanent, or like turning a thought into a thing. But John Bunyan has done it."—*George Dawson*.

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"I have also another stratagem in my head: you know Mansoul is a market-town, a town that delights in commerce; what, therefore, if some of our Diabolonians shall feign themselves far countrymen, and shall go out and bring to the market of Mansoul some of our wares, though it be but for half the worth? Now let those that thus trade in their market be those that are true to us, and I will lay down my crown to pawn it will do. There are two that are come to my thoughts already, that I think will be arch at this work, and they are, Mr. Penny-wise-pound-foolish and Mr. Get-i'-th'-hundred-and-lose-i-th'-shire; nor is this man with the long name at all inferior to the other."—*The Holy War*.

"I saw then in my dream that they went on in this their soli-

tary ground, till they came to a place at which a man is apt to lose his way. Now though when it was light their guide could well enough tell how to miss those ways that led wrong, yet in the dark he was put to a stand ; but he had in his pocket a map of all ways leading to or from the Celestial City ; wherefore he struck a light, for he never goes, also, without his tinder-box, and takes a view of his book or map, which bids him be careful, in that place, to turn to the right-hand way."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"It made me laugh to see how old Mr. Prejudice was kicked and tumbled about in the dirt : for though a while since he was made a captain of the Diabolonians, to the hurt and damage of the town, yet now they had got him under their feet ; and I'll assure you he had by some of my Lord Understanding's party his crown cracked to boot. Mr. Anything also became a brisk man in the broil ; but both sides were against him, because he was true to none. Yet he had for his malpertness one of his legs broken ; and he that did it wished it had been his neck. Much harm more was done on both sides : but this must not be forgotten. It was now a wonder to see my Lord Will-be-will so indifferent as he was ; he did not seem to take one side more than another, only it was perceived that he smiled to see how old Prejudice was tumbled up and down in the dirt ; also when Captain Anything came halting up before him, he seemed to take but little notice of him."—*The Holy War*.

6. Catholicity—Common Sense.—"His common sense . . . is extraordinarily close-packed and hard, and exhibits acute observation of the ways of human nature in practical life. . . . In an age of sectaries, he was not a narrow bigot, and did not stickle for meaningless things ; and in the time of political strife growing out of religious differences, and though himself a sufferer by twelve years' experience in prison, he did not confuse heaven with any fantastic monarchy or commonwealth of Christ, nor show any rancor or revengeful spirit as a subject."—*G. E. Woodberry*.

"You cannot say from a perusal of that work ['Pilgrim's Progress'] whether its author was a Presbyterian . . .

or a Lutheran, only that he did not mean, in drawing his own portrait of a true Christian, that he should belong to any of these parties exclusively. . . . The portraiture was a compound of what was excellent in them all. . . . You do not meet truth in fragments, or in parts, but for the whole. You do not meet prejudices, bigotries, reproaches, nor anything in the sweet fields through which he leads you that can repel any—the humblest, most forgotten Christian, or the wisest, most exalted one—from these lovely enclosures; . . . conversing with you all the way so lovingly, so instructively, so frankly, that nothing can be more delightful. You have in him more of the ubiquity, unity, and harmony of divine truth, more of the pervading breath and stamp of inspiration, than in almost any other uninspired writer. . . . In him there was a remarkable translucence of the general in the particular, and of the particular through the general. . . . Bunyan's book has the likeness of this universality, and Christians of every sect may take what they please out of it, except their own sectarianism; they cannot find that. In this respect it bears remarkably the divine stamp. . . . It is a work so full of native good sense that no mind can read it without gaining in wisdom and vigor of judgment. . . . It is the charm of common sense and reality that constitutes in great measure the charm of Bunyan's book."—*G. B. Cheever.*

"The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is entirely catholic—that is, universal in its expression and in its thoughts. It may contain sentiments distasteful to this or to that section of Christians—may tinge of the Calvinist or of the Puritan; but what is remarkable is that this peculiar color is so slight."—*A. P. Stanley.*

"John Bunyan doubtless owed to John Gifford the peculiar type of his Christianity, its comprehensiveness, its sect-forgetting zeal for the things of Jesus Christ."—*James Hamilton.*

“John Bunyan dipped his pen in the catholicism of Catholicity. He had no sympathy with any ism, however novel or specious or popular, which corrupted or darkened the simplicity of the Gospel. With him charity was not a mere clap-trap sentiment for the platform, but a deep conviction, a strong principle, a fruit of the Holy Spirit.”—*W. Anderson.*

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“I saw then in my dream so far as this valley reached there was on the right hand a very deep ditch ; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his feet to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out.”—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

“Now I began to consider with myself that God hath a bigger mouth to speak with than I had a heart to conceive with ; I thought also with myself that He spoke not his words in haste or in an unadvised heat, but with infinite wisdom and judgment and in very truth and faithfulness.”—*Grace Abounding.*

“The Publican hath now new things, great things, and life-long things to concern himself about : his sins, the curse, with death and hell, began now to stare him in the face : wherefore it was no time now to let his heart or his eyes or his cogitations wander, but to be fixed, and to be vehemently applying himself as a sinner to the God of Heaven for mercy.”—*The Pharisee and the Publican.*

“My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the Gospel, that you must ‘through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of heaven ;’ and again, that ‘in every city bonds and afflictions await you ;’ and therefore you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow ; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and therefore you will soon come into a town that you will by and by see

before you ; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard but they will kill you ; and be sure that one or both of you must seal the testimony which you hold with your blood ; but be you faithful unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life. He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, and his pain, perhaps, great, he will yet have the better of his fellows ; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with the rest of the journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and quit yourselves like men, and commit the keeping of your souls to God in well-doing, as unto a faithful creator."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

7. Biblical Coloring — Spirituality.—"His genius pursued a path dictated by his piety, and one that no other being in the world ever pursued before him. . . . The very discipline of his intellect was a spiritual discipline ; the conflicts that his soul sustained with the powers of darkness were the very sources of his intellectual strength. . . . The light that first broke through his darkness was the light from Heaven. . . . Bunyan has given a powerful relation of his own religious experience in a little work entitled, 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' . . . Not only was his heart made new by the spirit of the Bible, but his whole intellectual being was penetrated and transfigured by its influence. . . . The spirit of his work is Hebrew : we may trace the mingled influence of David and of Isaiah in the character of his genius ; and as to the images of the sacred poets, he is lavish in the use of them in the most natural and unconscious manner possible ; his mind was imbued with them."—*G. B. Cheever*.

"There is scarce a circumstance or metaphor in the Old Testament which does not find a place, bodily and literally, in the story of the 'Pilgrim's Progress ;' and this peculiar arti-

fice has made his own imagination appear more creative than it really is."—*Hallam*.

"The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is not only one of the first and most beautiful English offsprings of the Scriptures, but it is so like them in style, language, imagery, and sustained fervor that it might be taken as an appendix to the Bible. The tale so glows from beginning to end with Eastern imagery and fervor of prophets and seers that it may be viewed as an English flower grown upon Jewish soil. . . . It is so full of their sublime images that it comes upon the reader as an apocalypse of the Apocalypse. . . . To the glad, pious ears of the Pilgrim the very birds, when they sing sweetly, sing aloud the Psalms of David."—*David Sime*.

"It was only its relation to religion that made any aspect of life interesting to him. . . . Bunyan knew no literature except that of the Bible; his imagination fed itself upon its grand forms of expression—its wondrous scenes. His allegories are found constructed upon such great outlines of imaginative incident and scenery as he had there learned to admire. All critics have been struck with the simplicity and faithfulness with which he reproduced scriptural circumstance and idea. . . . Nature is beheld by him only in the light of the sacred page and delineated by him only in the light of its descriptive language."—*John Tulloch*.

"It is the English of the Bible. His images are images of prophet and evangelist. So completely had the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He lived in the Bible till its words became his own."—*J. R. Green*.

"Bunyan had occasion to mention an entertainment. Every dish which he placed on the table is in itself a scriptural parable; and the precise nature of the refreshment . . . is found, on referring to the texts indicated, to have an explicit connection with some striking particular of the Holy Writ."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

“ ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ seems to be a complete reflection of scripture with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it.”—*Thomas Arnold*.

“ ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ has been called ‘the creed of Calvin, illustrated by the genius of Shakespeare.’ ”

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“ But at last I began to consider, that ‘that which is highly esteemed among men, is had in abomination with God.’ And I thought again, this shame tells me what men are ; but he tells me nothing what God or the Word of God is ; and I thought, moreover, that at the day of doom we shall not be doomed to death or life according to the hectoring spirits of the world, but according to the wisdom and law of the Highest. Therefore, thought I, what God says is best, indeed is best, though all the men in the world are against it.”—*Pilgrim’s Progress*.

“ Then said my lord mayor, ‘We have sinned indeed, but that shall be no help to thee, for our Immanuel hath said it, and that in great faithfulness, ‘and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.’ He hath also told us (O our enemy) that ‘all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven to the sons of men.’ Therefore we dare not despair, but will look for and wait for mercy.”—*The Holy War*.

“ Look to the heavens, and behold and consider the stars, how high are they ! Can you stop the sun from running his course, and hinder the moon from giving her light ? Can you count the number of the stars, or stop the bottles of heaven ? Can you call for the waters of the sea, and cause them to cover the face of the ground ? Can you behold everyone that is proud and abase him and bend their faces in secret ? Yet these are some of the works of our King, in whose name, this day, we come up unto you, that you may be brought under his authority. In his name, therefore, I summon you again to yield up yourselves to his captains.”—*The Holy War*.

8. Sympathy—Tenderness.—“ Religion has scarcely ever worn a form so calm and soothing as in his allegory. The feeling which predominates throughout the book is a

feeling of tenderness for weak, timid, and harassed minds. The character of Mr. Fearing, of Mr. Feeblemind, and Mr. Despondency and his daughter Miss Muchafraid ; the account of poor Littlefaith, who was robbed by three thieves of his spending money ; the description of Christian's terror in the dungeon of Giant Despair and in his passage through the river—all show how strong a sympathy Bunyan felt, after his own mind had become clear and cheerful, for persons afflicted with religious melancholy."—*Macaulay*.

"He had in himself all these ingredients of full-formed humanity. . . . How sorry he is for Mr. Badman ! and how he makes you sympathize with Christian and Mr. Ready-to-halt and Mr. Feeblemind ! . . . In his sermons how piteously he pleads with sinners for their own souls ! And how expressive is the undisguised vehemency of his yearning affections !"—*James Hamilton*.

"Throughout the 'Pilgrim's Progress' are evidences of strong human sympathy and a kindly indulgence for the weak and erring among his fellow-men. . . . Bunyan himself was distinguished by a general sympathy with his fellow-men which the narrowness of Puritanism had failed to impair."—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

"That man knew his Bible well, and he knew that other book well—the human heart."—*George Dawson*.

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"If, therefore, any of them should at any time be sick or weak, and so not able to perform that office of love, which, with all their hearts they are willing to do (and will do also when well and in health), slight them not, nor despise them, but rather strengthen them, and encourage them, though weak and ready to die, for they are your fence and your guard, your wall, your gate, your locks, and your bars. And although, when they are weak, they can do but little, but rather need to be helped by you than that you should then expect great things from them, yet, when well, you know what exploits, what feats and warlike

achievements they are able to do and will perform for you.”—*The Holy War*.

“Now, when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, ‘Peace be to thee.’ He also wiped mine eyes with his handkerchief, and clad me in silver and gold. He put a chain about my neck, and ear-rings in mine ears, and a beautiful crown upon my head. Then he took me by the hand, and said, ‘Mercy, come after me.’ So he went up, and I followed, till we came at a golden gate. Then he knocked; and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne, upon which one sat, and he said to me, ‘Welcome, daughter.’—*Pilgrim’s Progress*.

“But alas! who knows the many straits, and as I may say, the stress of weather (I mean the cold blasts of hell) with which the poor soul is assaulted betwixt its receiving of grace and its sensible closing with Jesus Christ? None, I dare say, but it and its fellows. . . . Oh, what mists, what mountains, what clouds, what darkness, what objections, what false apprehensions of God, of Christ, of grace, of the Word, and of the soul’s condition, doth Satan now lay before it, and haunt it with; whereby he dejecteth, casteth down, daunteth, distresseth, and almost driveth it into despair!”—*The Pharisee and the Publican*.

9. Dramatic Instinct.—“Its [‘Pilgrim’s Progress’] dramatic power is wonderful. Every character is distinct and real. Every person introduced is a man or a woman and not a shadow, an abstraction to which names are given. . . . His persons all have human hearts, and the red blood of life flows through their veins, and they talk and feel and slip and get on, even as the people we meet.”—*Langford*.

“In the works of many celebrated authors men are merely personifications. . . . The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications became men. A dialogue between two qualities in his dream has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.”—*Macaulay*.

"Its ['Pilgrim's Progress'] dramatic skill is of the highest order. The characters are never confused, inconsistent, or mechanical. On the contrary, they are vivid, life-like, and always full of supreme interest. So intensely dramatic is the work that probably only its religious character has prevented it from long ago having been put upon the stage. But, in point of fact, it requires no stage to bring out its dramatic effects. Even the tiny boy with the book before him can construct such a stage for himself. . . . For sheer, strong, human interest, it stands only beside the very best dramas and romances in our language."—*David Sime*.

"The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is marked by a dramatic unity not always possessed by even greater books. . . . The unity of the story is kept up from point to point. . . . The episodes by the way never draw us so far aside that we forget the main story, but rather contribute to its effect. . . . Bunyan's characters never linger, never tire us. As soon as they step on to the scene we feel their personality so vividly that we are sure that we should know them again. They proceed at once to instruct or amuse or interest, having done which they disappear, leaving us regretful they have vanished so soon. . . . By a few strokes only, sometimes by the mere giving of a name, an abstraction rises up clothed in flesh and blood."—*John Brown*.

"Honest John Bunyan is the first man I know of who has mingled narrative and dialogue together; a mode of writing very engaging to the reader, who, in the most interesting passages, finds himself admitted as it were to the company and present at the conversation."—*Benjamin Franklin*.

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"The captains, therefore, being fled into the castle, the enemy, without much resistance, possess themselves of the rest of the town, and spreading themselves as they went into every corner, they cried out as they marched, according to the com-

mand of the tyrant, 'Hell-fire! Hell-fire! Hell-fire!' so that nothing for a while throughout the town of Mansoul could be heard but the direful noise of 'Hell-fire!' together with the roaring of Diabolus's drum. And now did the clouds hang black over Mansoul, nor to reason did anything but ruin seem to attend it." —*The Holy War*.

"One thing I would not let slip; I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice. And thus I perceived it: just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stept up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind." —*Pilgrim's Progress*.

10. Conscious Inspiration — Earnestness. — "In recommending his own religious experience to the readers of his romance, Bunyan was impressed with a sense of the sacred importance of the task for which he had lived through poverty and captivity. . . . To gain the favor of Charles and all his court he would not, we are confident, have guided Christian one step off the straight and narrow path." —*Sir Walter Scott*.

"Not more abandoned to the power of supernatural influence was Ezekiel . . . than was the tinker of Elstow when following the footsteps of Christian in that immortal pilgrimage, or when beleaguering Mansoul with those multitudinous hosts of darkness." —*George Gilfillan*.

"To attempt this [stepping into a higher style] would be, to one of his intense earnestness, to degrade his calling. He dared not do it. . . . God had not played with him, and he dared not play with others. His errand was much too serious, and their need and danger too urgent to waste time in tricking out his words with human skill. . . . Every sentence breathes the most tremendous earnestness. . . . It is just this, which, with all their rudeness, their occasional bad grammar, and their homely colloquialisms, gives to Bunyan's writings the power of riveting the attention and

stirring the affections which few authors have attained to."—*E. Venables.*

"It ['Pilgrim's Progress'] has the one supreme quality of all true inspiration, that it is not so much the man taking possession, deliberately, of the subject, as it is the subject coming down and bearing away the man."—*John Brown.*

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"I dared not, when I came before the Lord, go off my knees until I had entreated him for help and mercy against the temptations that are to come; and I beseech thee, reader, that thou learn to beware of my negligence by the afflictions that for this thing I did for days and months and years with sorrow undergo."—*Grace Abounding.*

"Whoso believes and understands it cannot live without confession of sin and a coming to him for mercy. . . . The terror of the Lord, how will it appear, when his wrath shall burn and flame out like an oven or a fiery furnace before him, while the wicked stand in his sight! . . . Who can conceive this terror! much more unable are men to express it with tongue or pen; yet the truly penitent and sin-confessing publican hath apprehension so far thereof by the word of the testimony that it driveth him to God with a confession of sin for an interest in God's mercy."—*The Pharisee and the Publican.*

"That which made me fear was this: lest Christ should have no liking to me, for he called whom he would. But oh! the glory that I saw in that condition did still so engage my heart that I could seldom read of any that Christ did call but I presently wished, 'Would I had been in their clothes, would I had been born Peter; would I had been born John; or, would I had been by and had heard him when he called them, how would I have cried, O Lord, call me also! But oh! I feared he would not call me.'"—*Grace Abounding.*

ADDISON, 1672-1719

Biographical Outline.—Joseph Addison, born May 1, 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, Wilts; father a clergyman, afterward Dean of Lichfield; Addison attends school, successively, at Amesbury, Salisbury, Lichfield, and the Charterhouse; forms a life-friendship with Steele at the Charterhouse; in 1687 he enters Queen's College, Oxford, where his classical attainments attract attention, and soon gain for him a demyship (a half-fellowship) at Magdalen College; he takes A.M. in 1693, gains a probationary fellowship in 1697 and in 1698 a regular fellowship, which he holds till 1711; takes several pupils, and rapidly acquires a reputation for elegant scholarship, especially in Latin poetry, in which he excels all Englishmen except Milton and Buchanan; among the subjects of his Latin poems are the Peace of Ryswick, an altarpiece of the Resurrection at Magdalen, a description of the bowling green, a barometer, a puppet-show, addresses to Dr. Hannes and Dr. Burnet, of the Charterhouse, and a mock-heroic war between the cranes and the pygmies, in which Swift's Lilliputians are foreshadowed; Addison's literary reputation reaches London, and he writes a congratulatory poetical address to Dryden, which Dryden inserts in the third part of his "Miscellany Poems," published in 1693; to the fourth part of Dryden's "Miscellany," published in 1694, Addison contributes a translation of parts of Virgil's Fourth Georgic and a didactic account of "The Greatest English Poets;" in 1697 he contributes an anonymous essay on the Georgics to Dryden's translation of Virgil, and in a postscript to his "*Æneis*" Dryden refers to him as "the ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford;" Addison at one time intended to take

holy orders, but was deterred (Tickell says) by his diffidence ; he engages to make a translation of Herodotus ; is introduced to Charles Montague (later Earl of Halifax) by Congreve, of whom Montague (then Chancellor of the Exchequer) was already a patron ; in 1695 Addison publishes a poem to the king, with a dedicatory address to Lord Somers, both expressing orthodox conservative political opinions ; in 1697 he publishes his Latin poem on the Peace of Ryswick, with a dedication to Montague, who obtains for Addison, through Somers, a pension of £300 a year, and declares that he will keep him out of the Church ; the alleged object of the pension was to enable Addison to qualify himself for diplomatic employment ; he leaves England in the autumn of 1699, visits Paris, and settles in Blois, where he lives for a year in great seclusion, assiduously mastering the French language ; he returns to Paris in 1700, and converses with Malebranche and Boileau ; Boileau is impressed with Addison's Latin scholarship and exerts a strong influence on him thereafter ; Addison leaves France in December, 1700, for a tour through Italy ; he visits Genoa, Milan, Venice, San Marino, Rome, Naples, and Capri ; spends the early autumn of 1701 in Rome, and reaches Geneva in November, going *via* Florence and Mont Cenis ; throughout his tour he studies the scenery of Italy as illustrating the writings of Virgil, Juvenal, Ovid, Manlius, and Seneca ; in a " Letter from Italy " addressed to Halifax, he expresses himself forcibly against fabled Christian antiquities, popery, and tyrannical political power ; while at Geneva he learns of Halifax's expulsion from office, of the death of William III., and of the consequent loss of his pension, which had then been paid but one year, so that he is left with only his Oxford fellowship for support ; he remains on the Continent till September, 1703, spending the summer of 1702 in Vienna, where he writes his dialogues on " Medals ; " later he visits Hamburg and Holland ; Swift's assertion that, while abroad, Addison became " travelling tutor to a squire " is not corrob-

orated, as he refused to become tutor to the son of the Duke of Somerset because he considered a salary of one hundred guineas a year, with expenses, insufficient pay ; returning to London in the autumn of 1703, he remains for a year without employment ; continues his intimacy with prominent Whigs, and becomes a member of the famous Kitcat Club ; after the battle of Blenheim, in August, 1704, Godolphin seeks a poet to commemorate the English victory ; Halifax suggests Addison, who is found in poor lodgings and who is made Commissioner of Appeals as a retainer for his services in writing the poem ; he writes " The Campaign," and is rewarded by being made Under Secretary of State, in 1706, an office that he retains, though under different superiors, till 1709, when he becomes secretary to Wharton, then just made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland ; Addison is made also Keeper of the Records, at a salary of £400 a year ; while holding these political offices he published (1705) " Remarks on Several Parts of Italy " (which became very popular and was republished in 1718) and " Fair Rosamond," an opera in three acts, published anonymously (1707), which failed at first, but afterward succeeded when set to new music by Arne ; during this period Addison also aided Steele in writing his play " The Tender Husband," and formed a close friendship with Swift, whom he calls, in 1705, " the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age ; " Addison spends much of his time at Will's and later at Button's Coffee House, with Pope, Tickell, Davenant, Ambrose Phillips, and other literary friends ; though not intemperate, according to the standards of the time, he sometimes used wine to excess, generally taking it to overcome his natural diffidence and to stimulate his conversational powers, which Swift, Steele, and Lady Mary Montague declare to have been remarkable ; he enters Parliament for Lostwithiel in 1708, is unseated in December, 1709, and through the influence of Wharton is at once reëlected for Malmesbury ; he holds this office during life,

but his modesty prevents him from speaking in Parliament ; he defends the Whig ministry vigorously in the *Whig Examiner* (five numbers) in the autumn of 1710 ; with the fall of the Whigs, early in 1711, Addison loses his secretaryship (then worth £2,000 a year), and in the same year loses an estate in India valued at £14,000, left him by a brother ; but he soon afterward buys an estate in Bilton, Warwickshire, paying £10,000 ; other indications of his comfortable financial condition are the resignation of his fellowship in 1711 and the abandonment of half the profits of his play, "Cato" in 1713 ; Steele had started the *Tatler* on April 12, 1709, and Addison, then in Ireland, contributed one or two papers, but his frequent and important contributions do not begin till October 15, 1709 (No. 81 of the *Tatler*) ; he contributes frequently during 1710, and his papers have great influence in making the periodical popular ; of the *Tatler* papers, forty-one are attributed solely to Addison and thirty-four to Addison and Steele in conjunction ; Addison's contributions are in the form of essays rather than statements of news, and contain some of the finest specimens of his humor ; the *Tatler* ceases January 2, 1711 ; the *Spectator* begins March 1, 1711, and continues through 555 daily numbers, till December 6, 1712, when it is killed by the new stamp duty ; its daily sales sometimes reached 20,000 copies ; of the 555 numbers, Addison wrote 274, his contributions being signed by one of the letters C L I O ; his *Spectator* essays, especially the Roger de Coverley papers, established his style as a model for the century following ; in seventeen *Spectator* papers on "Paradise Lost," he establishes the orthodox estimate of Milton's genius ; Addison's "divine poems" are also published in the *Spectator* during the autumn of 1712 ; he finishes his play of "Cato" (most of it written as early as 1703), and it is put on the stage April 14, 1713, with great success, although its dramatic weakness and its excessive declamation are admitted ; Pope wrote a prologue for the play, Swift overcame his recent

hostility to Addison and attended a rehearsal, and both Whigs and Tories vied with each other in patronizing both the author and the actors; eight editions of "Cato" were published during 1713, and it was translated into French, Italian, German, and Latin; Voltaire called it "the first reasonable English tragedy;" John Dennis made a severe attack on Addison because of its awkward dramatic construction, and was answered by Pope; later, Pope became offended at Addison, unjustly charging him with abetting Tickell in Tickell's supposed attempt to rival Pope's "Homer," and so Pope wrote his famous satire on "Atticus;" evidence since discovered has proved Pope guilty of despicable conduct in his treatment of the case, and has shown Addison to have been entirely innocent of Pope's charges; Addison contributes fifty-one papers to the *Guardian* during 1713 and twenty-four papers to a new *Spectator* (probably conducted by Budgell) in 1714; during the same year he furnishes two papers to Steele's *Lover*, and writes a prose comedy, "The Drummer," which is represented unsuccessfully in 1715, and is afterward published by Steele; on the death of Queen Anne (August 1, 1714) Addison is made secretary to the Lords Justices, and soon afterward becomes secretary to Sunderland, then newly appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; ten months later, on Sutherland's retirement, Addison is made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade; from December 23, 1715, to June 9, 1716, he publishes the *Freeholder*—fifty-five papers—in defence of Whig principles; on August 3, 1716, he marries the Countess of Warwick, his long-time friend and neighbor; gossip says that the alliance was an unhappy one, but his marriage doubtless aided Addison's political advancement; in the spring of 1717 he is made fellow Secretary of State with Townshend; he retires from office in March 1718, with a pension of £1,500 a year, and begins, but does not complete, several literary undertakings; meantime he has become estranged from Steele because of Steele's failure to

pay loans made him by Addison ; Addison's last writing consists of two papers in the *Old Whig*, in March and April, 1719, severely replying to articles by Steele, published in the *Plebeian* ; he dies peacefully at Holland House, June 17, 1719, leaving his widow and one daughter, the latter said to have been of feeble mind.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Urbanity—Elegance.—To the familiar ease of Steele Addison added a polish never surpassed and rarely equalled. "He represents," says one critic, "the amenities and not the heroism of literature." Bascom calls him "a polished shaft in the temple of letters." For two hundred years the literary world accepted Johnson's famous dictum: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse and elegant

but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." He is "eminent for his humanity." "Elegance," says Minto, "is the ruling quality of his style. . . . We might go the round of our great writers for such another example of superficial smoothness. The wit and polish are exquisite." "Were I left to myself," says Addison, in one of his papers, "I should rather aim at instructing than diverting, but if we will be useful to the world, we must take it as we find it." And so he diverts by the elegance of his diction as well as by the brightness of his wit. While, in the opinion of some critics, Macaulay and Hawthorne have supplanted Addison as models for the writers of the present day, he must still be regarded as one of the greatest masters of elegant yet idiomatic prose. Macaulay calls Addison's "Cato" "a play the whole merit of which consists in its stately rhetoric, a rhetoric sometimes not unworthy of Lucan."

"His writings are the pure source of classical style. Men never spoke in England better. Ornaments abound, and rhetoric has no part in them. There are happy expressions, easily discovered, which give things a new and ingenious turn; harmonious periods in which the sounds flow into one another with the diversity and sweetness of a quiet stream; a fertile vein of invention and images, through which runs the most amiable irony. . . . His writings are conversations, masterpieces of English urbanity and reason; nearly all the details of his character and life have contributed to nourish this urbanity and reasonableness."—*Taine*.

"I have often reflected, after a night spent with him [Addison], apart from all the world, that I had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature heightened with humor more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed."—*Steele*.

"His conversation had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man."—*Pope*.

"Many of his moral essays are exquisitely beautiful and happy. They are the perfection of elegant sermonizing."—*Haslitt*.

"The great Boileau, upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation."—*Thackeray*.

"The first English writer who composed a regular tragedy and infused a spirit of elegance through every part of it was the illustrious Mr. Addison. His 'Cato' is a masterpiece both with regard to the diction and the harmony and beauty of the numbers."—*Voltaire*.

"He wrote English with the simplicity, directness, and grace which still render the *Spectator* a model of prose composition. . . . If we have remained true to the fountain of 'English undefiled,' amid the glaring and spasmodic allurements of later authors, the tranquil tone, the clear diction, and the harmonized expression of Addison will affect us like the permanent effulgence of a star when the flashing curve of a rocket has gone out in darkness. . . . His censorship was tempered with good-feeling, his expression untainted with vulgarity; he was familiar without losing refinement of tone; he used language as a crystal medium to enshrine sense and not as a grotesque costume to hide the want of it; he was above the conceits of false wit and too much of a Christian to profane his gifts; in a word, he wrote like a gentleman and a scholar, and yet without the fine airs of the one or the pedantry of the other. . . . He lacked emphasis and fire; but their absence is fully compensated by grace, truth, and serenity. It is not only among the mountains and by the sea-shore that Nature hoards her beauty but also on meadow-slopes and around sequestered lakes; and in like manner human life and thought have their phases of tranquil attraction and genial repose as well as of sublime and impassioned development."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"His style, with its free, unaffected movement, its clear

distinctness, its graceful transitions, its delicate harmonies, its appropriateness of tone ; the temperance and moderation of his treatment, the effortless self-mastery, the sense of quiet power, the absence of exaggeration or extravagance, the perfect keeping with which he deals with his subjects ; or again the exquisite reserve, the subtle tenderness, the geniality, the pathos of his humor—what are these but the reflection of Addison himself, of that temper so pure and lofty yet so sympathetic, so strong yet so lovable ? ”—*J. R. Green.*

“ As a writer he is urbane, cheerful, charming, and well-mannered to a degree which has scarcely been surpassed in the history of the world. His irony prepossesses a little circle of the best and most cultivated listeners. . . . Addison was excessively fastidious in choice of words, laboriously polishing and balancing his phrases until they represented the finest literary art at his disposal.”—*Edmund Gosse.*

“ His elegance of language and variegation of prose and verse gain upon the reader. . . . Before the profound observers of the present race repose too securely on the consciousness of their own superiority to Addison, let them consider his remarks on Ovid, in which may be found criticisms sufficiently subtle and refined ; let them peruse likewise his essays on ‘ Wit ’ and on the ‘ Pleasures of the Imagination,’ in which he founds art on the base of nature, and draws the principles of invention from dispositions inherent in the mind of man with skill and elegance such as his contemners will not easily attain.”—*Samuel Johnson.*

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“ There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan ; there is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan ; inasmuch that, if I only see the fan of a disciplined

lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes."
—*The Spectator*.

"The club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind : by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions not only of this great city but of the whole kingdom."—*The Spectator*.

"These obvious speculations made me at length conclude that there is a sort of vegetable principle in the mind of every man when he comes into the world. In infants the seeds lie buried and undiscovered till after awhile they sprout forth in a kind of rational leaves, which are words, and in due season the flowers begin to appear in a variety of beautiful colors, and all the gay pictures of youthful fancy and imagination."—*The Spectator*.

"A man of polite imagination is led into a great many pleasures that the vulgar are not capable of receiving. He can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue. He meets with a secret refreshment in a description, and often feels a greater satisfaction in the prospects of fields and meadows than another does in the possession. It gives him, indeed, a kind of property in everything he sees, and makes the most rude and uncultivated parts of nature administer to his pleasures : so that he looks upon the world, as it were, in another light, and discovers in it a multitude of charms that conceal themselves from the generality of mankind."—*The Spectator*.

2. Keen Satire.—Until Addison's day English satire had been comparatively gross. His satire is more polite than that of Butler and Swift, but perhaps not quite so kindly as that of Steele. Minto alone, of all his critics, sees an element of malevolence in Addison's satire. He calls him "the great English example of polite ridicule," and declares that not a single paper of Addison's can be pointed out that does not contain "a stroke of gay malevolence." On the other hand, Thackeray calls him "the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow ; the kind judge, who castigated only in smiling," and

Macaulay declares that Addison revolutionized society without writing one personal lampoon. His satire is usually pointed at classes, but it is at classes under imaginary individual types. In one of his earliest papers, Addison says: "I must entreat every person who reads this paper [the *Spectator*] never to think himself or any of his friends aimed at in what is said, for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence."

"As a moral satirist he stands unrivalled. . . . Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. . . . He was gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule. . . . There are certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. . . . As a satirist, he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match. . . . The great satirist, who, alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it."—*Macaulay*.

"Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule during the eighteenth century were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite of this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment; while the dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own—a look of demure severity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison.”—*Macaulay*.

“His delicate satire . . . gives his sketches a precision, a neatness, an epigrammatic point which are wanting in Steele’s more clumsy and more good-humored delineations.”—*H. J. Nicoll*.

“Addison gave the first example of the proper use of wit. It was his practice, when he found any man invincibly wrong, to flatter his opinions by acquiescence and sink them yet deeper into absurdity.”—*Swift*.

“The first paper sent by Addison to the *Tatler* was No. 18, wherein is displayed that inimitable art which makes a man appear infinitely ridiculous by the ironical commendation of his offences against right, reason, and good taste. . . . His power of ridiculing keenly without malignity is, of course, best shown in the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, whose delightful simplicity of mind is made the medium of much good-natured satire on the manners of the Tory country gentleman of the period. . . . On other occasions he ridicules some fashion of taste by a perfectly grave and simple description of its object. Perhaps the most admirable specimen of the oblique manner of his satire is that on the Italian Opera, in the number of the *Spectator* describing the various lions who had fought on the stage with Nicolini.”—*W. J. Courthope*.

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"The next step to our refinement was the introducing of Italian actors into our opera; who sang their parts in their own language, at the same time that our country performed theirs in our native tongue. At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera; and to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. I have heard the word *And* pursued through the whole gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions, bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal honor of our English particles."—*The Spectator*.

"A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word Gossips. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this kind of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighborhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy before he is able to speak."—*The Spectator*.

"He is therefore to teach them the art of finding flaws, loopholes, and evasions in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical secret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article may both of them be true and valid. . . . In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles."—*The Spectator*.

3. Moral Elevation—High Purpose.—Addison is the great lay-preacher of our literature. He spoke to a people still steeped in the vices that followed the Restoration—a people who would not have heeded for a moment the reproofs of a regularly ordained clergyman—and by his winsome skill he even "made morality fashionable." Taine unjustly ridicules "the sticky plaster of his morality," but he justly

adds, "Formerly honest men were not polished and polished men were not honest; piety was fanatical and urbanity depraved." It was Addison's glory that, as he said, he "brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses." "We put as the supreme point in the man," says Bascom, "the purity of his spirit, the generosity of his temper, and rejoice that his excellent work stands fast by the altar of worship."

"Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be expounded only in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig. . . . His sense of religion stirs through his whole being."—*Thackeray*.

"Of the services which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. . . . He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool."—*Macaulay*."

"No whiter page than Addison's remains;
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue through the heart."—*Pope*.

"The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance as that with which they had been ridiculed for half a century."—*Tickell*.

"It is justly observed by Tickell, that he employed wit on

the side of virtue and religion ; he not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others ; and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. He has dissipated the prejudice that has long connected gayety and vice, and easiness of manner with laxity of principles. He has restored virtue to its dignity, and taught innocence not to be ashamed. This is an elevation of literary character above all Greek, above all Roman fame. . . . If any judgment be made from his books of his moral character, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. . . . As a teacher of wisdom he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious ; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical ; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor impracticably rigid. All enchantment of fancy and all cogency of argument are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing."—*Johnson*.

"What has given its superior reputation to the *Spectator* [over the *Tatler*] is the greater gravity of its pretensions, its moral dissertations, and critical reasonings."—*Haslitt*.

"The work of Addison consisted in building up a public opinion, which, in the way of durable solidity, seems, like the great Gothic cathedrals, to absorb into itself the individuality of the architect. A vigorous effort of thought is required to perceive how strong this individuality must have been. We have to reflect on the ease with which, even in these days when the foundations of all authority are called in question, we form judgments on questions of morals, breeding, and taste, and then to dwell in imagination on the state of conflict in all matters—religious, moral, and artistic—which prevailed

in the period between the Restoration and the succession of the house of Hanover. To whom do we owe the comparative harmony we enjoy? Undoubtedly to the authors of the *Spectator*, and first of all these, by universal consent, to Addison. . . . The aim of the *Spectator* was to establish a natural standard of conduct in morals, manners, art, and literature. . . . He showed the courtiers, in a form of light literature which pleased their imagination, and with a grace and charm of manner that they were well qualified to appreciate, that true religion was not opposed to good-breeding. On the other hand, he brought his raillery to bear on the super-solemnity of the trading and professional classes, in whom the spirit of Puritanism was most prevalent. . . . His design was to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, so that the conscience of society might recognize in a dramatic form the nature of its lapses from virtue and reason. . . . His moralizing is natural, for the age required it; but it is free from the censoriousness of the preacher."—*W. J. Courthope*.

"Addison corrects failings by showing their absurdity; he does not smite the erring with a flail; he takes them cordially by the hand, puts them in the straight path of morals, and sends them on their way with a compliment. . . . Addison has more pity for than wrath against great offenders. . . . He gleams out with playful summer lightning, and while offenders admire, they yet look up. Their eye is not yet on the earth, their gaze is on heaven; and when the moral philosopher has got them there, he leaves them to the chance of finding a Christian missionary who may do what he was unequal to—lead them to something more profitable than gazing. . . . He was better qualified perhaps than most men for being the censor of abuses and the corrector of manners. He could afford to be indulgent while he was most severe; he condones even while he condemns. His pen is not dipped in gall. He has not the scowl of the cynic or the grin of the satyr. He does not wield the lash of the execu-

tioner nor the birch of the pedagogue. He looks with kindly eye upon the very follies which he chastises, while his moral instincts lead him to recoil from all that is base in purpose and unworthy in conduct."—*W. Lyall*.

"Addison gave to literature a respectability which it seldom possessed before. He became the ideal of an author. He helped to dig the channel which connects the stream of private knowledge with the popular mind, across the isthmus of an aristocracy of birth, of education, and of society."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Without inflicting a wound he effected a great social reform, and reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism. . . . That which chiefly distinguished Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. . . . Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. . . . No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous ; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find, in all the volumes that he has left us, a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind."—*Macaulay*.

"And out of that [Sir Roger de Coverley's] laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. . . .

When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighting up with a more serene rapture—a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. . . . When he turns to heaven a Sabbath comes over that man's mind ; and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayers. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the field, in the town ; looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the street ; in the morning or in the moonlight ; over his books in his own room, in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face."—*Thackeray*.

" He acquired the art of rendering morality visible and truth expressive. . . . Such a man might judge and counsel his fellows ; his judgments were not amplifications arranged by a process of the brain but observations controlled by experience ; he might be listened to on moral subjects as a natural philosopher was upon subjects of physics ; we feel that he spoke with authority and that we are instructed. . . . He employed all his talent and all his writings in giving to us the notion of what we are worth and of what we ought to be. . . . [He once wrote] 'The great and only end of these, my speculations, is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain.' And he kept his word. . . . It is no small thing to make morality fashionable. Addison did it, and it has remained in fashion. For the first time, Addison reconciled virtue with elegance, taught duty in an accomplished style, and made pleasure subservient to reason. . . . His papers are wholly moral—advice to families, reprimands to thoughtless women, a portrait of an honest man, remedies for the passions, reflections on God, on the future life. . . . He

is full of epigrams written against flirtations, extravagant toilets, useless visits. He writes a satirical journal of a man who goes to his club, learns the news, yawns, studies the barometer, and thinks his time well spent. He considers that our time is a capital, our business a duty, and our life a task."—*Taine*.

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"Were I conscious of anything in my writings that is not innocent, at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance and support the interest of true wisdom and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be."—*The Spectator*.

"And now, who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigors of piety and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience, as at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turn its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul, and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"—*The Spectator*.

"There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable being ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under a habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends."—*The Spectator*.

4. Delicate Humor.—Addison appeared in an age of literary affectation, an age when scurrility and licentious literary buffoonery had depraved the public taste. "It was," says T. W. Hunt, "the golden age of the anagram, the acrostic, and the far-fetched simile." Addison at first defined true humor

and then continually exemplified it. Thackeray well calls him "a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy," and adds, "He came in that artificial age and began to speak with his noble, natural voice." His papers fairly overflow with good-humor. He abounds in what Hallam aptly calls "some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies."

"In the constellation of men of genius which shed lustre upon English literature during the early part of the eighteenth century, the palm is given to Addison for that delicate kind of humor which, for the purpose either of correction or amusement, attaches a gentle and good-natured ridicule to delineations of manners and customs. This award of criticism seems never to have been disputed; and if we include in the competition all the attempts in this walk that have appeared from his age to the present time, the claim of Addison to superiority will probably still remain unshaken. His humor is most effectual for correcting the follies and foibles of mankind, which he seems to have had much at heart. . . . The *Tatler*, in its later portions, is enriched with some exquisite specimens of that delicate and graceful wit, that original vein of humor, and that sportiveness of fancy, in the union of which he had no predecessor or rival and has had no successor."—*Aiken*.

"The gentle graces of Mr. Addison never forsake him in a paper of humor; the bent of his genius lying so strongly that way."—*J. R. Green*.

"The brilliant Mary Montagu said that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite and the most mirthful that could be imagined. If, as Jenyns oddly imagined, if the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison—a mirth consistent with tender compassion

for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. But what shall we say of Addison's humor—of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents that occur every day and from little peculiarities of temper and manner such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm; we give ourselves up to it; but we strive in vain to analyze it."—*Macaulay*.

Dr. Kippis summarily describes the character of Addison's humorous productions in these words: "There are none of his works in which his merit as a graceful writer more distinguishingly appears than in his humorous pieces. His humor is so natural, so easy, so unaffected, that we never grow weary of it; and we shall find upon a diligent examination of the papers of this kind that it is prodigiously various and extensive. He scarcely ever descends to personal satire, and his ridicule of certain characters in life, while it is remarkably striking, is so gentle that persons who answer to the characters must read him with pleasure. A wit that was so copious and inexhaustible, without trespassing against good-nature or offending against decency, is entitled to the highest admiration and applause."

Gosse says, "His wit is as penetrating as a perfume," and Thackeray declares that "Addison wrote his papers as gayly as though he were going out for a holiday."

"I have the good fortune to be intimate with a gentleman remarkable for this temper [bashfulness] who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolicsome. . . . You discern the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. He was above all other men in that talent called humor."—*Steele*.

"The finest critic, the finest gentleman, the most ten-

der humorist of his age. . . . He throws a delightful gleam of love and laughter upon the eccentricities and characteristic follies of individual nature."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"The essence of Addison's humor is irony. . . . He ridicules some fashion or taste by a perfectly grave and simple description of its object. . . . Charles Lamb, again, has passages which, for mere delicacy of humor, are equal to anything in Addison's writings. But the superiority of Addison consists in this, that he expresses the humor of the life about him, while Lamb is driven to look at its oddities from outside."—*W. J. Courthope*.

"His humor is so happily diffused as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never outsteps the modesty of nature, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion nor amuse by aggravation. . . . In argument he had many equals; but his humor was singular and matchless. Bigotry itself must be delighted with the Tory fox-hunter."—*Johnson*.

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"As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will allow nobody to sleep in it [the church] besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovery out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them."—*The Spectator*.

"He [Sir Roger de Coverley] has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze-coat and to every woman a black riding-hood."—*The Spectator*.

"When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure that she would never marry him; to which he added, with a more

than ordinary vehemence : ' You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterward to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself : ' Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination that, at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear : ' These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, ' you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them ? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood ? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'—*Sir Roger at the Theatre.*

" As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just mentioned ; and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understands a little of backgammon. . . . ' At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.'"—*The Spectator.*

5. Skill in Portraiture.—In the ability to seize upon " the fugitive traits of some popular habit, vice, or caprice, and so to combine these in an imaginary personage that we seem to be reading of an actual living being of like feelings and passions with ourselves," Addison is surpassed only by Shakespeare. " That delectable creation," Sir Roger de Coverley, is compared by Walpole to Falstaff. Addison is never weary, says J. R. Green, " of tracking out human character into its shyest recesses." Sir Roger is aptly called by one critic " the legitimate precursor of Squire Weston, Parson Adams, the Man of Feeling, and Pickwick," and by

another "a perfectly finished picture worthy of Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott." In one line of portraiture, however, Addison failed; his portrayal of female character is neither just nor discriminating. Thackeray best tells the reason for this lack: "He was a man's man, remember. The only woman whom he *did* know he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humor in that story."

"Addison has gained himself immortal honor by his manner of filling up this last character [Sir Roger de Coverley]. Who is there that can forget, or be insensible to, the inimitable nameless traits of nature and of old English character in it? to his unpretending virtues and amiable weaknesses; to his modesty, generosity, hospitality, and eccentric whims; to his respect of his neighbors and the affection of his domestics; to his wayward, hopeless, secret passion for his fair enemy, the widow, in which there is more of real romance and true delicacy than in a thousand tales of knight-errantry (we perceive the hectic flush of his cheek, the faltering of his tongue in speaking of her bewitching airs and 'the whiteness of her hand'); to the havoc he makes among the game in his neighborhood; to his speech from the bench, to show the *Spectator* what is thought of him in the country; to his unwillingness to be put up as a sign-post and his having his own likeness turned into the Saracen's head; to his gentle reproof of the baggage of a gypsy that tells him he has a widow in his line of life; to his doubts as to the existence of witchcraft and protection of a reputed witch; to his account of the family pictures and his choice of a chaplain; to his falling asleep at church and his reproof of John Williams, as soon as he recovered from his nap, for talking in sermon-time? . . . The characters of Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb are not a whit behind their friend Sir Roger de Coverley in delicacy and felicity. The delightful simplicity and good-humored officiousness in the one are set off by the graceful affectation and courtly pretension in the other. How

long since I first became acquainted with these two characters in the *Spectator* ! What old-fashioned friends they seem, and yet I am not tired of them, like so many other friends, nor they of me ! How airy these abstractions of the poet's pen streaming over the dawn of our acquaintance with human life ! How they glance their fairest colors on the prospect before us ! How pure they remain in it to the last, like the rainbow in the evening cloud, which the rude hand of time can neither soil nor dissipate ! What a pity that we cannot find the reality, and yet if we did, the dream would be over."

—*Haslitt*.

"The abundance of his own mind left him little in need of adventitious sentiments ; his wit always could suggest what the occasion demanded. He had read with critical eyes the important volume of human life, and knew the heart of man, from the depth of stratagem to the surface of affectation. As a describer of life and manners, he must be allowed to stand perhaps the first of the first rank. . . . His figures neither divest by distortion nor amaze by aggravation. . . . He copies life with so much fidelity that he can be hardly said to invent. . . . His exhibitions have an air so much original that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination."—*Johnson*.

"What he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims as well as Clarendon. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or Cervantes. As an observer of life, of manners, of all shades of human character, he stands in the first class."—*Macaulay*.

"The figure of Sir Roger de Coverley, though it belongs to a by-gone stage of society, is as durable as human nature itself, and, while language lasts, the exquisite beauty of the

colors in which it is preserved will excite the same kind of pleasure. Scarcely below the portrait of the good knight will be ranked the character of his friend and biographer, the silent spectator of men. Addison rescued the lineaments of the original English country gentleman and kept them bright and genuine for the delight of posterity, ere their individuality was lost in the uniformity of the locomotive age. It is surprising that features so delicately pictured, incidents so unromantic, and sentiments so free from extravagance should thus survive intact. It is the nicety of the execution and the humor of the character that preserves it. . . . Addison's delicate and true hand gave the character of Sir Roger color and expression and therefore unity of effect."—*W. J. Court-hope*.

"Addison's greatest achievement is universally admitted to be the character of Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Roger is the incarnation of Addison's kindly tenderness, showing through a vein of delicate persiflage."—*Leslie Stephen*.

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"Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his older brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed on account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved or a setting dog

that he has made [trained] himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them, 'how they wear!' These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country."—*The Spectator*.

"My friend Will Honeycomb values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for Will reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women and every rencounter among the men as parts of his education; and fancies he should never have been the man he is had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature Will calls the studying of mankind, and terms his knowledge of the town the knowledge of the world. Will ingenuously confesses that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men overnight; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with the gallantries of the age. This Will looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man, or a philosopher."—*The Spectator*.

"I had, some years ago, an aunt of my own, by name, Mrs. Martha Ironside, who would never marry beneath herself, and is supposed to have died a maid in the fourscoreth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and passed away the greater part of the last forty years of her life in recounting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironsides. Mrs. Martha conversed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewise of good families. My aunt Martha used to chide me very frequently for not sufficiently valuing myself. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if, at an invitation, she found she had been seated below herself; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if she saw me give place to any man under a baronet. . . . A little before her death she was reciting to me the history of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironsides, I gave an un-

fortunate pish, and asked, 'What was all that to me?' Upon which she retired to her closet, and fell a-scribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterward found, she struck me out of her will."—*The Spectator*.

6. Conventionality — Formalism.—"His morality, thoroughly English, always crawls among commonplaces, discovering no principles, making no deductions. The fine and lofty aspects of the mind are wanting. He gives inimitable advice, a clear watchword, justified by what happened yesterday, useful for to-morrow. . . . There is nothing sublime or chimerical in the end which he sets before us; all is practical, that is, business-like and sensible: the question is, 'How to be easy here and happy afterward.' . . . The continuous period is like the shears of the Quintinie, which crop all the trees round, under the pretence of beautifying. This is why there is a coldness and monotony in Addison's style. He seems to be listening to himself. He is too measured and correct. . . . He has his rules in his pocket, and brings them out for everything. . . . His *Spectator* is only an honest man's manual, and is often like 'The Complete Lawyer.' It is practical, its aim being not to amuse but to instruct us. . . . He thinks of the future life, but does not forget the present; he rests virtue on interest rightly understood. He strains no principle to its limits; he accepts them all, as they are to be met with everywhere. . . . What a store he has of resolutions and maxims! All rapture, instinct, inspiration, and caprice are abolished or disciplined. No case surprises him or carries him away. He is always ready and protected; so much so that he is like an automaton. Argument has frozen and veiled him. . . . To put calculation at every stage; such is the morality of Addison and of England. . . . Underneath his morality is a pair of scales, which weighs quantities of happiness. He stirs himself by mathematical computations to prefer the future to the present. Thus arises this religion, a product of melancholic

temperament and acquired logic, in which man, a sort of calculating Hamlet, aspires to the ideal by making a good business of it, and maintains his poetical sentiments by financial calculations. . . . There is an element of coarseness in this fashion of treating divine things, and we like still less the exactness with which he explains God, reducing him to a mere magnified man. . . . The sincerity of his emotions makes us respect even his catechetical prescriptions." —*Taine*.

"Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out-of-doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wire-drawn the hints which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature, to the utmost. . . . 'The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose sketches or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments or ingenious paraphrases on the genuine text.'" —*Hazlitt*.

"Addison shrank from every bold and every profound expression as from an offence against good-taste. . . . He durst as soon have danced a hornpipe on the top of the 'Monument' as have talked of a 'rapturous emotion.' What would he have said? Why, 'Sentiments that were of a nature to prove agreeable after an unusual rate.'" —*De Quincey*.

"The judicious Mr. Addison had the effeminate complaisance to soften the severity of his dramatic characters so as to adapt it to the manners of the age; and from an endeavor to please, quite ruined a masterpiece of its kind." —*Voltaire*.

"Its ['Cato's'] pompous monotony was taken for dignity, and its strict adherence to the critical rules then accepted was preferred by Addison's contemporaries to the truth and nature of Shakespeare. In it the dramatic unities—unity of place, unity of time, and unity of action—are observed with a completeness that leads to some rather ridiculous results; all the characters go through their actions and their speeches with the utmost conventional correctness." —*H. J. Nicoll*.

"In all those parts of the poem ['Cato'] where action and not ornament is demanded, we seem to perceive the work of a poet who was constantly thinking what his characters ought to say in the situation rather than of one who was actually living with them in the situation itself."—*W. J. Courthope.*

"Mr. Addison could not give out a common order in writing from his endeavoring always to word it too finely."—*Pope.*

"In 'Remarks on Italy' the comparative absence of earnest poetical feeling is manifest throughout. At Venice he was not haunted by 'the gentle lady wedded to the Moor,' nor does the noble Portia rise to view."—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

"We delight in his company so greatly that we do not pause to reflect that the inventor of Sir Roger de Coverley and of Will Honeycomb had not half of the real comic force of Farquhar or Van Brugh, nor so much as that of the flashing wit of Congreve. Human nature, however, is superior to the rules, and Addison stands higher than those more original writers by merit of the reasonableness, the good sense, the wholesome humanity, that animates his work. He is classic while they are always a little way over on the barbaric side of perfection. . . . The air of good breeding at which he always aimed, . . . the excessive and meticulous civility of Addison."—*Edmund Gosse.*

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"The story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom does, at the same time, take the most proper method for gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom."—*The Guardian.*

"It is the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our actions to the best advantage and direct them in such a manner that everything we do may turn to

account at that great day when everything we have done will be set before us."—*The Spectator*.

"There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts and examine all those dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice."—*The Spectator*.

"I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of Augustus's Palace so long as I could see the Vatican."—*Of Ancient Medals*.

"Upon laying together all particulars and examining all the moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him whom he had given up for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages."—*Sir Roger and the Gypsies*.

7. Verbal Precision — Fastidiousness. — Addison has been generally criticised for carrying this quality to excess—for "confounding correctness with mechanism." Hazlitt prefers "Steele's occasional selection of beautiful poetical passages, without any affectation of analyzing their beauties, to Addison's fine-spun theories." The one great lack in Addison's style is the element of deep feeling. All is clear, correct, and elegant, but there is an absence of that element, so noticeable in Steele, that takes hold of the heart of the reader. Addison addresses, almost without exception, the purely intellectual side of our natures. He abounds, says Taine, in "commercial common-sense and business-like resolutions and maxims. He explains God and describes Heaven." He comes "with weights and figures into the thick of human passions, to ticket them and classify them like bales;

to tell the public that the inventory is complete, and to lead them by the mere virtue of statistics to honor and duty."

"The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility."
—*Macaulay*.

"He had accepted the public as his judges; and he writes as if some critical representative of the public were at his elbow, putting to the test of reason every sentiment and every expression. Wharton tells us, in his 'Essay on Pope,' that Addison was so fastidious in composition that he would often stop the press to alter a preposition or conjunction; and this evidence is corroborated in a very curious and interesting manner by the MS. of some of Addison's essays, discovered by Mr. Sykes Campbell in 1858. A sentence in one of the papers on the 'Pleasures of the Imagination' shows, by the various stages through which it passed before its form seemed satisfactory to the writer, what nice attention he gave to the balance, rhythm, and lucidity of his periods."—*W. J. Courthope*.

"The select world refines language. It does not suffer the risks and approximations of extempore and inexperienced speaking. It requires a knowledge of style, like a knowledge of external forms. It will have exact words to express the fine shades of thought and measured words to preclude offensive or extreme impressions. It wishes for developed phrases, which, presenting the same idea under several aspects, impress it easily upon the desultory mind. It demands harmonious words, which, presenting a known idea in a smart form, may introduce it in a lively manner to its desultory imagination. Addison gives it all that it desires; his writings are the pure source of classic style; men never spoke better in England. . . . Throughout we have precise contrasts, which serve only for clearness, and are not too pro-

ionged— . . . harmonious periods, in which the sounds flow into one another with the diversity and sweetness of a quiet stream.”—*Taine*.

“ There is a studied absence of all such features of style as redundance, inversion, and circumlocution. There is very little verbal tinsel for the sake of effect and no desire to conceal under a veil of words. It is in point here to note that verbal precision was carried to an unhealthful extreme by Addison and his school. He was as fastidious in prose as Pope and Dryden were in poetry. . . . Verbal precision overreaches itself in Addison. . . . It was indeed the error of the age. . . . He was careful to a fault.”—*T. W. Hunt*.

“ Addison was excessively fastidious in his choice of words, laboriously polishing and balancing his phrases until they represented the first literary art at his disposal, until the rhythm was perfect, the sentence as light and bright as possible, and the air of good breeding, at which he always aimed, successfully caught. He was probably the earliest English author of prose, except, perhaps, Sir Thomas Browne, who aimed deliberately at beauty of execution and treated the pedestrian form with as much respect as though it had been verse. . . . Addison’s share in completing the development of our language was very considerable—he smoothed down English phraseology to an almost perilous extent; and Swift, who admitted that the *Spectator* was very pretty, thought that Addison’s tendency was too feminine.”—*Edmund Gosse*.

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“ True happiness is of a retired nature and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from the enjoyment of one’s self and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addi-

tion from multitudes of witnesses and spectators."—*The Spectator*.

"A good intuition joined to a good action gives it its proper force and efficacy ; joined to an evil action, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take it wholly away ; and joined to an indifferent action, turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human actions can be so."—*The Spectator*.

"Since I have just mentioned the word enemies, I must explain myself so far as to acquaint my reader that I mean only the insignificant party zealots on both sides ; men of such poor narrow souls that they are not capable of thinking on anything but with an eye to Whig or Tory. During the course of this paper I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret hate, and the like."—*The Spectator*.

STEELE, 1675-1729

Biographical Outline.—Richard Steele, born of English parents in Dublin, March 12, 1675; father secretary to the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Steele is placed in the Charterhouse School, London, through the influence of Ormond; he forms there a close friendship with Addison; enters Merton College, Oxford, in 1692, and remains three years; becomes enamored of a military life, fails to secure a commission, and enlists as a private in the Horse-Guards; is disinherited by a rich relative for this step; is soon promoted to a captaincy; plunges into a life of fashionable dissipation and extravagance; as "a check on his irregularities—a self-monitor"—he writes "The Christian Hero," published in 1701; turns his talent toward comedy, and produces, successively, from 1701 to 1704, "The Funeral," "The Tender Husband," "The Lying Lovers;" is appointed Gazetteer in 1705, through Addison's influence; obtains an estate in Barbadoes at the death of his first wife, and adds to his fortune by marrying "Molly Scurlock;" lives extravagantly, and is always familiar with "duns and bailiffs, misery, folly, and repentance;" establishes *The Tatler*, April 12, 1709; is aided by Addison; the *Tatler* is discontinued January 2, 1710-11, and the *Spectator* is established March 1, 1710-11; the *Spectator* is discontinued in December, 1712, and the *Guardian* is established in March, 1713, and is continued through 175 numbers; later Steele establishes the *Englishman* (57 numbers), the *Lover*, the *Reader*, the *Plebeian*, and the *Theatre*; of 271 *Tatlers*, Steele wrote 188; of 635 *Spectators*, 240; of 175 *Guardians*, 82; he is assailed by Swift; enters Parliament, writes a pamphlet, "The Crisis," reflect-

ing on the Protestantism of the government, and is expelled from Parliament therefor in 1714; he holds several minor offices under George I., and is again elected to Parliament; in 1718 he publishes "The Fishpool," and in 1719 opposes the Peerage Bill, and thus incurs the anger of Addison, who dies before they become reconciled; Steele opposes the South-Sea scheme in 1720, publishes "The Conscious Lovers" (a comedy) in 1722, and dies in Wales, September 1, 1729.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Colloquial Ease — Companionship.—"Montaigne, whom I have proposed to consider as the father of this kind of personal authorship among the moderns, in which the reader is admitted behind the curtain, and sits down with the writer in his gown and slippers, was a most magnanimous and undisguised egotist; but Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. was the more

disinterested gossip of the two. The English journalist good-naturedly lets you into the secret both of his own affairs and those of his neighbors. A young lady, on the other side of Temple Bar, cannot be seen at her glass for half a day together, but Mr. Bickerstaff takes due notice of it; and he has the first intelligence of the symptoms of the *belle passion* appearing in any young gentleman at the west end of town. . . . Steele's papers in the *Tatler* are more like the remarks which occur in sensible conversation and less like a lecture. . . . Steele seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out of doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study."—*Hazlitt*.

"The originator of the social element in English literature," says Montgomery, "was Richard Steele. The idea of a colloquial critic and censor first found adequate illustration in his pen." Another critic calls him "more human and less bookish than any other writer of the eighteenth century," and adds: . . . "His essays are more like the gossip of a friend than formal literature. He is a man who puts us into good humor with ourselves." Since Steele's day this element of "personal authorship" has been a well-defined feature of the style of nearly every famous English essayist. Steele, like Montaigne, really, therefore, inaugurated a new method of composition.

"The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant and had not time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen Ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion, with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging-houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you liked to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a box-

ful of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any other man who ever wrote; and, full of hearty applause and sympathy, he wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good humor. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes."—*Thackeray*.

" . . . If we have read Steele much, and turn to him yet again, every new reading seems more like an act of meditation or memory than receiving another's thoughts. We do not say a word to ourselves about its merits. All that we are conscious of is a succession of familiar, agreeable images which we begin to value as part of ourselves . . . [He is] an early companion, who is so visible and intelligible in every word that he is at our side and talking with us. Happily, Steele never writes as if he had a literary character to support, or indeed any character but that of the good old gentleman who has taken our morals into keeping . . . —an easy, natural humor which never quite runs over and never loses its charm. . . . There is, however, something better than grace and polish to denote his common manner; we mean his familiar colloquial ease and directness. . . . He has a method of stating things which the reader would pronounce the same in which they would occur to himself, and which at once makes him a party in the matter, and puts the writer quite out of consideration for the time."—*W. E. Channing*.

"He was, indeed, far more of a companion than a scholar. . . . It was by virtue not so much of the finish as the freedom of his style that Steele won the town. . . . The most felicitous of Steele's essays are colloquial without any loss of dignity. Writing became more conversational and talking more finished. . . . Sir Richard's easy temper

and frank companionship lowered his class-Mentor from stilts, and promoted his access to common readers."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

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"At fifteen I was sent to the university and stayed there for some time ; but a drum passing by, being a lover of music, I listed myself for a soldier."—*The Tatler*.

"After this my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed."—*The Tatler*.

"But I must turn my present discourse to what is of yet greater regard to me than the care of my writings ; that is to say, the preservation of a lady's heart. Little did I think I should ever have business of this kind on my hands more ; but, as little as anyone who knows me would believe it, there is a lady at this time who professes to love me."—*The Tatler*.

"Nay, I have known a young fellow who was regularly bred an attorney, and was a very expert one till he had an estate fallen to him. The moment that happened, he who could before prove the next land he cast his eye upon his own, and was so sharp that a man at first sight would give him a small sum for a general receipt whether he owed him anything or not ; such a one, I say, have I seen, coming upon an estate, forget all his diffidence of mankind and become the most manageable thing breathing."—*The Tatler*.

2. Minuteness—Realism.—"The social sketches of the *Tatler* must always retain a certain interest. The whole of the time is mirrored in its pages. We see the theatre with Betterton and Bracegirdle on the stage ; we see the side-box bowing from its inmost rows at the advent of the radiant Cynthia of the minute ; we see the church, with its high pews and its hour-glass by the pulpit ; we hear, above the rustle of the fans and the coughing of open-breasted beaux, the sonorous periods of Burnett or Atterbury ; we scent the fragrance of bergamot and lavender and Hungary-water. We

follow the gilded chariots moving slowly round the ring in Hyde Park ; we take the air in the Mall with the bucks and pretty fellows ; we trudge after the fine lady bound in her glass chair upon her interminable ' how-dees ; ' we listen to the politicians at White's or the Cocoa-Tree ; . . . we call for the latest *Tatler* at Morpew's by Stationer's Hall. It is not true that Queen Anne is dead ; we are living in her very reign ; and the Victorian Era, with its steam and its socialism, its electric lights and its local option, has floated away from us like a dream. . . . Steele, with his eye on the object, sketches what he sees among his fellows. He is sensitive about his claim to scholarship ; but his range of reading is restricted, and his real book is human nature."—*Andrew Lang*.

" In reading the pages of the *Tatler*, we seem as if suddenly transported to the age of Queen Anne, of toupees and full-bottomed periwigs. . . . We distinguish the dappers, the smarts, and the pretty fellows, as they pass by Mr. Lilly's shop windows in the Strand ; we are introduced to Betterton and Mrs. Oldfield behind the scenes ; are made familiar with the persons and performances of Will Estcourt or Tom Durfey. . . . We are surprised with the rustling of hoops and the glittering of paste buckles."—*Haslitt*.

" As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revived. The May-pole rises in the Strand again in London ; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers ; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses, the gentry are going to the Drawing-room, the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops, the chair-men are jostling in the streets, the footmen are running with links before the chariots or fighting around the theatre doors. In the country, I see the young Squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe."—*Thackeray*.

"There are many points of view in which these 'essays' have an interest at the present day. . . . They are not so properly a history as a set of pictures of the times. . . . They raise the veil of a hundred years and, by a kind of magic, show us the whole of daily English city life at that period; the men and their costumes, the professions, the theatres, the trades, the interior of private houses, the prevailing notions respecting education and criticism. We have every condition of life, every pursuit, and almost every kind of an opinion, conversation, tastes, fashions, follies, vices. Till we think a little of the subject, we shall have no conception of the minuteness and extent of information which these papers give us. . . . Here is illusion produced by realities, and not an idea of reality created, as in fine romances, by animating descriptions and actions, and where our warmed imaginations are made to do half the work for the author. Steele's characters are not sketches. They are genuine living men and women. We know them and their manner of life. We are prepared for all they have to say.'"—*W. E. Channing.*

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"Upon the mantle-tree stood a pot of lambative electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rose-water and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax-candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange."—*Two Old Ladies.*

"Whereas Bridget Howd'ye, late servant to the Lady Fardingale, a short, thick, lively, hard-favoured wench of about twenty-nine years of age, her eyes small and bleared, her nose very broad at bottom and turning up at the end, her mouth wide and lips of an unusual thickness, two teeth out before, the rest black and uneven, the tip of her left ear being of a mouse-color, her voice loud and shrill, quick of speech, and something of a Welsh accent, withdrew herself on Wednesday last from her lady's dwelling-house, and with the help of her consorts, carried off the following goods of her said lady, viz: [here follow two pages of the names of articles stolen]."—*The Tatler.*

"When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom."—*The Tatler*.

3. Humanity—Sympathy.—"There may have been wiser, stronger, greater men. But many a strong man would have been stronger for a touch of Steele's indulgent sympathy; many a great man has wanted his genuine largeness of heart; many a wise man might learn something from his deep and wide humanity. His virtues revealed his frailties. . . . For words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white-heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with a manly pity or courageous indignation, we must turn to the essays of Steele."—*Andrew Lang*.

"It is obvious that the social tone of the *Spectator* is as much owing to Steele as its grace and humor are to Addison. If the one was a fine scholar, the other was a most agreeable gentleman; if the one was correct, the other was genial; if the one had reliable tastes, the other had noble impulses—so that between them there was a beautiful representative humanity."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"When Addison was so delicately weighing and polishing his sentences, Steele was pouring out what he saw or what he felt. When he preaches, as he is very apt to do, we fall to 'nodding in his face.' But we wake again when he returns to the subject he knows best—the shifting pictures of human life, with its hopes and disappointments, its laughter and its tears. . . . His style takes fire, 'the motion doth dilate the flame,' and Steele becomes a great writer."—*Edmund Gosse*.

"Steele's papers are easily distinguished to this day by

their pure humanity, springing from the kindness and the gentleness of his heart."—*Coleridge*.

"It may be that he was a more negligent writer than Addison; but the genuineness of his feelings frequently carries him farther."—*Austin Dobson*.

"He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakespeare affectionately, and more than any other man of his time, and, according to his generous, expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise; he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity. . . . Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means; and, as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions toward his friends, the most tender gallantry toward his wife, and with this only drawback, that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when quarter-day came—so, in his life, he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his own and the national religion; but when he had to pay for these articles—so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain—poor Dick's money was not forthcoming; and when Virtue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy overnight; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern; or had some particular business (of somebody's else) at the ordinary; or he was in hiding, or worse than in hiding, at the lock-up house. What a situation for a man!—for a philanthropist—for a lover of right and truth—for a magnificent designer and schemer!—not to dare to look in the face the Religion which he adored and which he had offended; to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who

had trusted him ; to have the house which he had intended for his wife, whom he loved, and for her ladyship's company, which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man ; with a crowd of little creditors—grocers, butchers, and small-coal men—lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him ! Alas for poor Dick Steele ! For nobody else, of course. . . . There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of *our* promises to reform, hovering at our steps or knocking at our door. Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century ; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and got out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died scores of years ago. Peace be with him. Let us think gently of one who was so gentle ; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.”—*Thackeray*.

“ His large heart seems to rush out in sympathy with any tale of sorrow or exhibition of magnanimity.”—*Courthope*.

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“ A poor fellow at the end of the passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and soft voice, desired them ‘ to look upon a man not used to beg.’ The latter received the charity of almost everyone that went by. The strings of the heart, which are to be touched to give us compassion, are not so played on but by the finest hand.”—*The Tatler*.

“ To enquire into men's faults and weaknesses has something in it so unwelcome that I have often seen people in pain to act before me, whose modesty only makes them think themselves liable to censure. This and a thousand other nameless things have made it an irksome task to me to personate Mr. Bickerstaff any longer ; and I believe it does not often happen that the reader is delighted where the author is displeased.”—*The Tatler*.

“ If we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contra-

dictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakespeare reckons among other evils under the sun)

‘The proud man’s contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes’

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life would be the universal practice of such an ingenuous complaisance as I have been here describing.”—*The Guardian*.

4. Kindly Satire.—Of all English writers who have satirized human foibles and frailties, Steele is the kindest. Himself “ever sinning and repenting,” he had the warmest sympathy with his erring fellow-mortals. It is this quality that makes him always more beloved, though less respected, than his more pious and sometimes more malevolent friend, Addison. “Steele exemplified,” says Bascom, “the strong, heedless, generous impulses of his Irish nationality.” His satire is certainly generous, and all his acts and expressions were impulsive.

“He is a writer of genuinely amiable humor. . . . Steele was a kindly observer of human frailties. Against what he considered to be heartlessness and vice he was openly indignant. Minor faults he ridiculed with good-humor, with a certain fellow-feeling for the objects of his ridicule.”—*Minto*.

“We can forgive his tippling in taverns in consideration of the loving touch with which he handles the foibles of his neighbors and the mirth without bitterness that flows from his gentle pen.”—*W. F. Collier*.

“This native vein is the study of humanity, and upon this he delights to exhaust the resources of his genial humor, his art, his raillery, and his playfulness. The world about him, not always a very reputable world, but one of considerable

extent and variety, this is what he shows us, this is what he laughs with and at, this is what he strives to conquer by the light artillery of ridicule."—*Andrew Lang*.

"His humor is uniformly kindly, genial, indulgent, recognizing always that to 'step aside is human.' An object is never so ludicrous but he has somewhere a subordinate stroke to show that, though he is laughing, there is nothing malicious in his mirth. He often seems to be satirizing himself more than others, and smiling—a little ruefully perhaps—at his own weaknesses rather than theirs. . . . He rallied the follies of society with unfailing tact and good-humor; he rebuked its vices with admirable courage and dignity."—*Austin Dobson*.

"A universality of aim took away the special intent of his hits at folly; and self-love was not wounded by the judicious advice of a kindly man of the world, anonymously tendered. The satire had too much of pleasantry to embitter its object."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

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"Some men are born at twenty years of age, some at thirty, some at three-score, and some not above an hour before they die; nay, we may observe multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead persons that fill up the bulk of mankind and make a better figure, in the eyes of the ignorant, than those who are alive and in their proper and full state of health."—*Dead Folk*.

"But, being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me, very pertly, that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. 'It is well known,' says he, 'we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.'"—*Bickerstaff, Censor*.

"But we must bear with this false modesty in our young nobility and gentry till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence."—*Bickerstaff*.

"There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success."—*Quack Advertisements*.

"It is very remarkable that these brothers of the blade began to appear upon the first suspension of arms; and that since the conclusion of the peace the order is very much increased, both as to the number of the men and the size of their weapons."—*The Tatler*.

5. Intense Pathos.—Steele was a man of deep, emotional nature. He has less polish than Addison, but he has more human sympathy. He frequently portrays what Hazlitt calls "the heart-rending pathos of private distress." His pathos is too intense to be artistic. It is not a "sweet sorrow," but rather a scene from which we turn away in pain. "If he describes a death-bed scene, or tells a pathetic story," says one critic, "it is not with the trickery of an author striving for effect, but with the simple unconscious pathos of a man who has witnessed the scene, and is still under its saddening influences." Even Steele himself was often overcome by the painfulness of his own creations, and he often sought relief by indulgence in wine or by very abruptly changing the current of his thought. He said of himself, "Pity is the weakness of my heart."

"As might be expected from his emotional nature, his pathetic side is especially strong; but it is strong with all the defects of that nature—that is to say, it is rather poignant and intense than fine or suggestive. He is not in the least ashamed of his tears; and when, with Master Stephen, he mounts his stool to be melancholy, he is for no half-measures in grief."—*Andrew Lang*. •

"Steele is one of the most touching of our writers. The incidents that he recalled or imagined were of the most heart-rending character. . . . Most of those [papers] that do appeal to our tender sensibilities lay before us situations of extreme anguish."—*Minto*.

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"O Death, thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty ; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless ? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week I saw her dressed for a ball and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler ! I still behold the smiling earth——. A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's coffee-house."—*Recollections*.

"Sir, I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. . . . Him I have murdered for it. Such is my wedding-day. I will immediately follow my wife to her grave ; but before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man ! Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me."—*Love and Sorrow*.

"My heart was torn to pieces, to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments ; and the wife even at that time concealing the pains she endured for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them forever. In the moment of her departure, my friend, who had thus far com-

manded himself, gave a deep groan and fell into a swoon by her bedside."—*The Wife Dead*.

6. Good Sense—Sound Judgment.—Steele manifested peculiar skill in his method of applying truths and principles to the social problems with which he was dealing. He had a clear perception of character and "a clear, strong, practical distinction of what was true, useful, and becoming in the matter before him." "The general purpose of the whole," wrote Steele of the *Spectator*, "has been to recommend truth, honor, and virtue as the chief ornaments of life; but I considered severity of manners was absolutely essential to him who would censure others, and for that reason, and that only, chose to wear a mask." In his expressions concerning the manners, morals, and politics of the time, there appear constantly statements that impress one with their hard, practical common-sense. This can better be illustrated than defined.

"The cardinal quality of these papers [Steele's 'Essays'] is their good sense; this never forsakes them. Their philosophy presents it in a penetrative, their humor in a pungent, form. This good sense was most effective in securing uniform success. Whatever the object of satire—the pedantry of learning, the conceit of rank, the foppishness of dress, the frivolity of etiquette, the prejudice of partisanship—the same sober, sound opinion underlay and sustained the attack."—*Bascom*.

Steele says of himself: "It was my aim, in any intelligible manner as I could, to rally all those singularities of human life, through the different professions and characters in it, which obstruct anything that is truly good and great."

Minto speaks of Steele's "mingling good sense and earnestness with merriment and burlesque," and Drake says, "He was uniformly the friend of virtue, propriety, and good sense."

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"Any doctrine on the subject of dying other than that of living well is the most insignificant and most empty of all labors of men."—*The Tatler*.

"Learning does but improve in us what nature has endowed us with, for not to have good sense with learning is only to have more ways of exposing one's self."—*The Tatler*.

"He who thinks no man his superior but for virtue and no man his inferior but for vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will be as ready frequently to emulate men in rank below him as to avoid and pity those above."—*The Tatler*.

"It is a mistaken sense of superiority to believe a figure or equipage gives men precedence to their neighbors. Nothing can create respect from mankind but laying obligations upon them; and it may very reasonably be concluded that if it were put into a due balance, according to the true state of the account, many who believe themselves in possession of a large share of dignity in the world must give place to their inferiors. The greatest of all distinctions in civil life is that of debtor and creditor; and there needs no great progress in logic to know which, in that case, is the advantageous side."—*Men Not Their Own Masters*.

"Familiarity, among the truly well-bred, never gives authority to trespass upon one another in the most minute circumstance; but it allows us to be kinder than we ought otherwise to presume to be."—*The Tatler*.

7. Reverence for Womanhood.—"Steele's wife preserved every scrap of his written communications to her. . . . It is remarkable what a key is thus furnished to the knowledge of his heart and habits. Above all, these little notes, in every phrase and tone, evidence Steele's warm, wise, and chivalric appreciation of woman—a sentiment rare in his day. . . . For him it were needless to plead for woman's rights; he recognized them, not indeed as external civil privileges, but as social authorities, in her very nature. . . .

His recognition of woman's needs as a rational creature, and his respect and tenderness for her, as evinced in his writings, are confirmed by, or rather originated in, his private experience. . . . Women, especially, owe Steele no small obligation for advocating the mental capabilities, recognizing the social mission, and exposing the baneful follies of their sex."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"All women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. . . . It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding as well as to their tenderness and beauty. . . . Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty with an ardor and strength which should earn the good-will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. He said, 'To have loved her was a liberal education.' . . . His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. . . . A gallant tenderness for the sex [female] shines through good-natured Dick's mock-heroic humor. Addison politely holds the sex up to ridicule; Steele sympathizes with their little artifices, and even insinuates a piece of genuine good advice as to the best means of success. . . . Steele's 'Sir Roger' is quite a different person from Addison's 'Sir Roger.' All that is amiable in the conception belongs to Steele."—*Thackeray*.

"He wrote of women and children as, in his day, no writer had hitherto dared to do. As the first painter of domesticity the modern novel owes him much. . . . Of women Steele wrote with an insight, an admiration, an honesty, and a chivalry which should forever entitle him to the gratitude of the sex."—*Austin Dobson*.

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"You see in no place of conversation the perfection of speech so much as in an accomplished woman, whether it be that there is a partiality irresistible when we judge of that sex, or whatever it is, you may observe a wonderful freedom in their utterance and an easy flow of words, without being distracted, as we often are who read much, in the choice of dictions and phrases."—*The Tatler*.

"You will therefore forgive me that I strive to conceal every wrong step made by any who have the honor to wear petticoats, and shall at all times do what is in my power to make all mankind as much their slaves as myself."—*The Tatler*.

"In short, I must tell my female readers, and they may take an old man's word for it, that there is nothing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex."—*The Tatler*.

8. Power of Portraiture.—"The lesson is generally instilled unostentatiously by a vivid sketch of some individual, so full of life that a very few words suffice to make the character remain fixed in our memories. In the number and variety of such portraits Steele is unrivalled."—*Aitken*.

"The Portraits of Bickerstaff and Cynthio in the *Tatler*, of Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Spectator*, and of Nestor Ironsides in the *Guardian*, are drawn and finished in a manner which not only indicates a perfect insight into the passions and feelings of the human frame, but demonstrates likewise the possession of that creative energy which, from the numerous shades and gradations of manner, can select and associate such features as shall designate a character altogether original, though founded on the usual acknowledged motives and actions of mankind."—*N. Drake*.

"By what other power is it that Steele assembles his little groups at the coffee-houses, or in private families, or in his own apartment, and sets people before us in such a manner

that we at once become acquainted with them, as if they had fallen in our way, and makes them talk, not as in books, but as if every word had been taken down from real conversation? . . . This familiar every-day acquaintance with characters of every variety and without number, is not and could not be obtained from mere delineation. They are not sketches; they are genuine living men and women. We know them and their manner of life. We are prepared for all they have to say. We can account for their motives, anticipate their doubts, answer their objections, advise them what to do, and predict their destiny."—*W. E. Channing.*

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"That animal whom we call a pretty fellow; who, being just able to find out that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behavior, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward; Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had but just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour, until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness."—*The Tatler.*

"I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance or under the least disorder. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him; and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it

with an air of so much goodness and sweetness that the confession, which she uttered so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent and yet so sublime that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters have anything like the spirit which appeared in her countenance at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of the divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy."—*The Spectator*.

"But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk, writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country."—*Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*.

9. Spontaneity—Vivacity.—"Addison, with all his amazing genius, could not get on without Steele. There was an amount of nerve and, if we may be allowed a vulgarity, 'go' about Steele which Addison never had."—*Charles Kingsley*.

"His humor, in short, has the prevailing characteristic of his genius—it is spontaneous and genuine, but often loose and ill-considered in expression. Still, it is so cheerful and good-natured, so frank and manly, that one is often tempted to echo the declaration of Leigh Hunt—"I prefer open-hearted Steele with all his faults to Addison with all his essays."—*Andrew Lang*.

"The first sprightly runnings are there—[in the *Tatler*]

it has more of the original spirit, more of the freshness and stamp of nature."—*Hazlitt*.

"While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home, in rather a dismal way, to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school-days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked overnight at the 'Devil' or the 'Garter!' Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold gray eyes following Dick for an instant as he struts down the Mall to dine with the Guard at St. James, before *he* turns, with his sober pace and threadbare suit, to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs?"—*Thackeray*.

"We have already called Steele's wit fresh and natural. It came with no stinted flow. He wrote as he lived, freely and carelessly, scattering the coinage of his brain, as he did his guineas, with an unsparing hand. All who read his papers or his letters to Prue cannot help seeing the good heart of the rattle-brain shining out in every line."—*W. F. Collier*.

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"Two sisters in Essex Street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time. . . . Upon which I writ the following line: 'Dear Creatures, on the receipt of this, shut your casement.' But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case but go on and wrap himself up in his own integrity?"—*The Tatler*.

"Since this body must be earth, I shall commit it to the dust in a manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute whether there is any such real person as Isaac Bickerstaff or not, I shall excuse all persons who appear what they really are from coming to my funeral. But all those who are, in their way of life, *persona*, as the Latins have it, persons assumed, and who appear what they really are not, are hereby invited to that solemnity."—*The Tatler*.

"The last letter I shall insert is as follows: This is written by a very inquisitive lady; and I think such interrogative gentlewomen are to be answered no other way than by interrogation. Her billet is this:

'Dear Mr. Bickerstaff:

'Are you quite as good as you seem to be?

'CHLOE.'

To which I can only answer:

'Dear Chloe:

'Are you quite as ignorant as you seem to be?

'I. B.'"—*The Tatler*.

10. High Moral Aim.—"In his ever-lovable writings he always kept before him the highest aims, endeavoring to reform manners and help in raising mankind to a higher level; whatever the method, the aim was always the same, and in no field were his efforts without success."—*Aitken*.

"It was no part of Steele's object or habits to make brilliant sentences on any subject. He was deliberately occupied with making men better. . . . The utmost sweetness and love breathe through his moral speculations. How tender his remembrance of affecting scenes in his childhood! How lively his sense of the beauty of a sound, honest heart; of the dignity and benign power of women; of the claims, confidence, and reward of friendship; of the deference we owe to others in the smallest things! We are drawn near to him, and breathe the air of benevolence and courtesy, and love him the more that he is not perfect, if only for sympathy; . . . Though in the great variety of his topics he says many things frivolous and exceptionable, yet the inculcation of re-

ligious truth, motives, and obligations is, in his lateres says at least, steadily, perseveringly pursued. It is postponed for nothing else. It is introduced at any moment and in any connection where it can be with prudence and decency ; and for the most part in a strictly practical manner."—*W. E. Channing.*

" He brought his daily observations of life, his gleanings in society, his early studies, his critical estimate of authors and actors, and his reflections on the destiny and duty of his fellows to bear on his essays, . . . now entering a satirical protest, advocating amelioration in manners, suggesting improved standards, winning to more wise pastimes and more gracious intercourse."—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

" His utterances on Charity, Benevolence, Praise, Flattery, Distinction, and the like, are admirable lay-sermons, full of a noble and earnest sincerity."—*Andrew Lang.*

" Without any fear of scoffing and deistical critics before their eyes, they [Addison and Steele] tried to uphold common sense, decency, order, virtue, and religion, and on the other hand to show the folly of vice and to laugh at the senseless profligacy of the rake, the fop, and the fool."—*J. H. Friswell.*

" The papers which originated with Steele . . . were a social evangel. . . . They aimed at what they did much to accomplish, a social regeneration."—*J. Bascom.*

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" As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard of all vicious persons the most vicious. . . . If a man consider that he cannot, under the oppression of drink, be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject ; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him ; he would even then think of a debauch with horror."—*The Tatler.*

" The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity till men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor, and credit are all in one interest ; and that without the concurrence of the

former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others."
—*The Tatler*.

"Now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labors for the good of this kingdom."—*The Tatler*.

"Of all the evils under the sun, that of making vice commendable is the greatest; for it seems to be the basis of society that applause and contempt should be always given to proper objects. But in this age we behold things for which we ought to have an abhorrence not only received without disdain but even valued as motives of emulation. This is naturally the destruction of simplicity of manner, openness of heart, and generosity of temper. When one gives one's self the liberty to range and run over in one's thoughts the different geniuses of men which one meets in the world, one cannot but observe that most of the indirection and artifice which is used among men does not proceed so much from a degeneracy in nature as [from] an affectation of appearing men of consequence by such practices."—*The Tatler*.

II. Grave Intentional Exaggeration.—This has always been a common form of humor, but few writers have equalled the founder of the *Tatler* in the profound gravity and deliberation with which he sets down the most astounding hyperbole.

"He knows very well how to exaggerate in a quiet, grave style, which looks like truth, and throws the whole force of the manner upon the point he aims at."—*W. E. Channing*.

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"Being informed that several dead men in and about this city do keep out of the way and abscond, for fear of being buried; and being willing to respite their interment, in consideration of their families and in hopes of their amendment, I shall allow them certain privileged places, where they may appear to one another, without causing any let or molestation to the living, or

receiving any, in their own persons, from the company of Upholders."—*Bickerstaff*.

"The stratagem had so good an effect upon him that he grew immediately a new man, and is learning to speak without an oath ; which makes him extremely short in his phrases ; for, as I observed before, a common swearer has a brain without any idea on the swearing side ; therefore my ward has yet mighty little to say, and is forced to substitute some other vehicle of nonsense to supply the defect of his unusual expletives."—*Pacolet*.

"Whereas, a commission of interment has been awarded against Doctor John Partridge, philomath, professor of physic and astrology, and whereas the said Partridge hath not surrendered himself, nor shown cause to the contrary : These are to certify that the Company of Upholders will proceed to bury him from Cordwainer's Hall, on Tuesday the twenty-ninth instant, where any six of his surviving friends, who still believe him to be alive, are desired to come prepared to hold up the pall."—*Pacolet*.

"I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman ; . . . who, as the town very well knows, was a woman that practised physic in a man's clothes, and, after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since."—*The Tatler*.

DEFOE, 1661 (?)–1731

Biographical Outline.—Daniel Defoe, born in 1660 or 1661 in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London; father a well-to-do nonconformist butcher named Foe; Defoe changes his name to Defoe about 1703, for reasons variously assigned; he enters the academy at Newington Green at the age of fourteen; he afterward declared that he “understood” Latin, Spanish, and Italian, that he “could read” Greek, and that he spoke French “fluently;” he also obtained some knowledge of mathematics, a wide acquaintance with geography, modern history, and the existing commercial conditions of his day, and took the theological and philosophical courses necessary to fit him for the dissenting ministry; he goes into business as a hose factor about 1685; participates in the “No-popery” riots of 1685; joins William’s army on its approach to London, in 1688; in 1701 he publishes a pamphlet on the succession, proposing to investigate the claims of Monmouth; he engages in foreign trade, visiting France, Germany, and Spain, and becomes bankrupt about 1692; by 1705 he has reduced his debts from £17,000 to £5,000, discharging in full obligations for which composition had been accepted; he philosophizes on his financial experience in an “Essay on Projects,” published in 1698; in this essay he shows himself to be a most intelligent observer, and foreshadows several commercial institutions that were not developed till a century later; in 1694 he refuses the offer of a commercial agency in Spain, in order to give his services toward solving the financial problems of the government; in 1695 he is made accountant to the Commissioners of the Glass

Duty, an office that he held till the commission was suppressed in 1699; he is also secretary and a partner in a company engaged in making pantiles [curved roof-tiles] at Tilbury—a business that proves remunerative; in the later years of William's reign Defoe becomes prominent as a pamphleteer in support of the king's character and policy; he argues in favor of a standing army in 1697; in 1700 he publishes *The Two Great Questions*, a pamphlet vigorously defending the expected war, of which a French translation, with a reply, appeared in 1701; in 1701 he also writes "The True-Born Englishman, a Satyr," being a reply to a poem by one Tutchin, in which William had been called a Dutchman; by 1705 nine genuine and twelve pirated editions of this poem had been printed, and 80,000 copies sold in the streets; Defoe is presented to William, who treats him with confidence; in 1701 he writes *Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man*, denouncing stock-jobbers and calling attention to the serious political questions of the day; in the same year, on the imprisonment of the Whig presenters of the "Kentish Petition," he publishes the "Legion Memorial," and presents it to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with the result of liberating the petitioners; in December, 1701, he publishes "The Original Power of the Collective Body of the English People," his most noteworthy discussion of political theories; in his "Reasons against a War with France" (1701) he urges that England should secure the colonial empire of Spain; on William's death, March 8, 1702, he publishes a poem, "Mock Mourners," ridiculing the official lamentations, and a pamphlet, *New Test of the Church of England's Loyalty*, attacking the high church party; in 1702 he joins in the controversy over the bill suppressing "occasional nonconformity," though he admits the necessity of the Established Church as a barrier against popery and infidelity, and does not object to limited tests; in his *Dissenters' Answer to High Church Challenge* he asserts that the dissenters would conform if ob-

noxious ceremonies were not insisted on, and argues that it is an injustice to require military and naval service from dissenters while excluding them from preferment; he is charged with desertion by the more narrow dissenters, and, in self-defence, publishes *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, a satirical pamphlet ostensibly written by a high churchman, in which it is proposed to extirpate the dissenters as the French king had extirpated the Protestants; the more vehement Tories approve the pamphlet in earnest, and one clergyman places it next to the Bible in his estimation; but the reaction soon comes, and Defoe is prosecuted for libelling the Church by misrepresenting its principles; the House of Commons orders the pamphlet to be burned, and a reward is offered for Defoe's apprehension; he is indicted February 24, 1703, is tried in the following July, acknowledges the authorship, and is sentenced to pay a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to give security for his good behavior during the succeeding seven years; he publishes several other pamphlets on the subject of conformity, all advocating toleration; he stands in the pillory July 29, 30, and 31, 1703; the populace form a guard, cover the pillory with flowers, and drink to his health; Defoe publishes his "Hymn to the Pillory," which sells in great numbers; afterward he is imprisoned in Newgate, and is thus compelled to abandon his business at Tilbury, thereby losing £3,500; he obtains a precarious support for his wife and six children by writing pamphlets on the questions of the day, besides *A Layman's Sermon* on the great storm (November 27, 1703); his notoriety leads to a spurious publication of his writings, and, in 1703, he publishes the first volume of a "true collection," followed, in 1705, by a second volume; during his imprisonment he begins his *Review*, at first a weekly paper and afterward issued two and three times a week, of which the full title was "A Review of the Affairs of France and of All Europe, as Influ-

enced by the Nation ;" an imaginary "Scandal Club" contributes to its pages, and fills five monthly supplements in 1704 with its "Advices ;" during half of 1705 the "Advices" appear twice a week as a separate publication called *The Little Review* ; in July, 1712, the *Review* ceases in its old form, but a new series, called simply *The Review*, is issued twice a week till June, 1713 ; during the ten years of the publication Defoe writes all its contents, never missing a number ; during the same period he also publishes eighty other books equalling the *Review* in bulk ; the *Review* marks the beginning of English periodical literature, and suggested, later, the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* ; the expulsion of Nottingham, Defoe's special enemy, and the admission of Harley to the ministry in the spring of 1704, result in the relief of Defoe's family by a sum sent from the treasury, and, four months later, in his release from prison ; his bond for good behavior is still in force, and some conditions are imposed on his liberation ; he retires for a time to St. Edmund's Bury, returns to London in October, 1704, and in November publishes a pamphlet entitled *Giving Alms no Charity* ; during 1705 he publishes *The Consolidato*, or "Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon," and enters into a correspondence with Lord Halifax, which shows that Defoe was then receiving, through one of the Whig junto, financial aid from some "unknown benefactor ;" he is employed by Harley, then Secretary of State, "in several honorable though secret services ;" takes part in the political campaign of 1705, writing a satire *The Dyet of Poland*, attacking the high church party ; in 1706 he publishes "The True Relation of the Apparition of One Mrs. Veal" and a political satire in twelve books of verse, entitled "*Jure Divino* ;" the common story that "Mrs. Veal" was written to help advertise Drelincourt's book on the 'Fear of Death' has been proved false ; in the autumn of 1706 Defoe is sent by the ministry as a secret agent to Scotland to aid in negotiations

looking to the Union, and kisses the Queen's hand on his appointment; he publishes six essays "Toward Removing National Prejudices" against the measure in both countries; he remains in Scotland through 1707, is consulted on questions of trade, is once threatened by a mob, and defends himself against the charge of dependence on the ministry with some equivocation; he is still persecuted by his creditors, though he had surrendered to the commissioners appointed for the relief of debtors; upon Harley's ejection from the ministry, Defoe offers his services to Godolphin, Harley's bitter enemy, is accepted, and again is sent to Scotland in 1708; for a time he prints the *Review* in both Edinburgh and London, and makes a pretence of intending to settle in Scotland; he supports Godolphin through the *Review* in the elections of 1708, and attacks Sacheverell so vehemently that Defoe is threatened with assassination; on Godolphin's dismissal Defoe is "providentially cast back upon his original benefactor" (Harley), as he puts it; the *Review* suddenly changes its spirit to correspond with Defoe's partial political somersault; in October, 1710, he publishes two essays, "Public Credit" and "Loans," both so clearly in Harley's interest that they are attributed to Harley; Defoe now so strongly urges acquiescence in the peace (condemned by the Whigs) that Mesnager, the French agent, translates one of Defoe's pamphlets into French and sends him one hundred pistoles; the *Review* is injured by the new tax, imposed in 1712, but Defoe continues its publication through one more volume, eloquently asserting his independence and his suffering in the cause of truth, and then discontinues the *Review*, to become the principal contributor to the *Mercator*, issued in Harley's (then Lord Oxford's) interest; he is again sent to Scotland in the latter part of 1712, where he writes several anti-Jacobite pamphlets under ostensibly Jacobite titles, such as *Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover*, *What if the Pretender Should Come*, etc.; these pamphlets offend the Whigs, who now

regard Defoe as a hireling renegade ; he is prosecuted for libel, the pamphlets are declared treasonable, and he is imprisoned, April 22, 1713, but immediately secures a pardon under the great seal ; he continues to write pamphlets and to contribute to the *Mercator* in Oxford's interest ; in a " Letter to the Dissenters " (December, 1713) he exhorts them to neutrality ; in April, 1714, he replies in " The Public Spirit of the Whigs," to Swift's attack on the Scots, and defends Oxford in a tract ; Defoe is engaged by one Hunt, a bookseller, to issue a periodical called *The Flying Sheet*, in opposition to one already published under that title ; in its pages Defoe attacks Lord Annesley, and is again prosecuted for libel ; while his trial is pending he writes (September, 1714) his " Appeal to Honour and Justice," his " Advice to the People of Great Britain," and " A Secret History of One Year " (the first year of William's reign) ; he is severely ill early in 1715, but in March he publishes his " Family Instructor," a book of 450 pages, presumably written earlier ; in July, 1715, he publishes " A History of the Wars of His Present Majesty, Charles XII., King of Sweden," and in the same month is convicted of libel on Lord Annesley ; *A Hymn to the Mob* and other pamphlets appear soon afterward ; in November, 1715, when his fellow-convicts are imprisoned, Defoe escapes punishment by proposing, through Judge Parker, to enter the employ of the government under Townshend, then Secretary of State ; his proposal is accepted, and from May, 1716, till September, 1720, he publishes a monthly paper called *Mercurius Politicus*, at the same time contributing to the *News Letter*, a high church journal, circulated only in manuscript, of which Defoe owned a part ; he also aids, during the same period, in managing *Mist's Journal*, a Jacobite organ, started in 1716 ; Defoe appears in *Mist's Journal* as a translator of foreign news, but his authorship is suspected because of " his art in forging a story and imposing it on the world for truth ; " he also starts the

Whitehall Evening Post, a tri-weekly journal, in 1718, and writes for it till June, 1720; in October, 1719, he starts the *Daily Post*, for which he writes till 1725; he contributes also to *Applebee's Journal* from 1720 to 1726; all these contributions and pamphlets, after 1709, were anonymous, as Defoe was regarded as a renegade; he practically allowed himself to pass for a traitor or, more properly, a spy; he displayed wonderful versatility, writing on the widest variety of topics, but generally avoiding political themes during the later years of his journalism; he publishes the first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" April 25, 1719, and sells it to one Taylor, who sells four editions in five months; Defoe publishes the second volume August 8, 1719; in 1720 he publishes "Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe;" "Robinson Crusoe" becomes marvellously popular, is ten times pirated and imitated, is translated into many languages, and is "bought by every old woman and left to her family as a legacy with 'Pilgrim's Progress;'" between the first and second editions of "Robinson Crusoe" Defoe publishes "The Anatomy of Exchange Alley," an attack on stock-jobbers, and "The Chimera," an attack on John Law's financial schemes; he writes several short fictitious stories of criminals in 1719, and, in 1720, publishes "The Adventures of Captain Singleton" and "Memoirs of a Cavalier;" "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jacque," and "The Journal of the Plague" all appear in 1722, "Roxana" in 1724, and "A New Voyage Round the World" in 1725; in his own view, Defoe was, in his stories of harlots and vagabonds, a sincere and zealous moralist; in 1725 and 1727 he published two volumes of "The Complete English Tradesman" and "The Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed;" during 1726 appeared "The Political History of the Devil," "A System of Logic," "An Essay on the Reality of Apparitions," and several other books; after 1725 Defoe wrote under the pseudonym of "Andrew Moreton;" he appears at this period to have been fairly

prosperous, for he had "a very handsome house" at Stoke Newington, and he invested a thousand pounds for an estate for his daughter Hannah in 1722; he appears to have been commercially engaged in 1726; during 1729 some catastrophe of unknown character befell Defoe, compelling him to make over all his property to his son, to go into hiding, and to fear violence; it is surmised that his "wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy" was *Mist*, the editor of *Mist's Journal*, who had discovered Defoe's former duplicity, had escaped from imprisonment to France, and had, perhaps, informed the English Government of Defoe's double-dealing; Defoe's last writing was "An Effectual Scheme for the Immediate Preventing of Street Robberies," published in 1731; he died "of a lethargy" in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, London, April 26, 1731, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, where an obelisk was erected to his memory in 1870; he is known to have written at least 254 books, besides countless pamphlets and contributions to journals.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Minuteness.—Defoe is the master-narrator. In his most purely fictitious productions he notes so minutely every circumstance that it has all the preciseness of history. Leslie Stephen calls his novels "simple history minus the facts." His "Memoirs of a Cavalier," the pretended journal of a soldier in the English Revolution, deceived so acute a critic as Lord Chatham, while his "Journal of the Plague" and certain of his ironical writings were taken for earnest by some of the ablest men of the day. He is really the inventor of the realistic novel. He throws such an air of reality over the creations of his fancy that the reader is involuntarily surprised into a persuasion of their truth. He has a rare power of putting himself thoroughly in the place of the fictitious persons whom he invents. Concerning his "unflinching realism," Minto declares that "none of our writers, not even Shakespeare, shows half such a knowledge of the circumstances of life among different ranks and conditions of men: none of them has realized with fidelity how so many different persons lived and moved."

"His labor has been expended on making his narrative minutely circumstantial — his reflection of life a picture of unparalleled fidelity and detail. He is incomparably graphic and impressive. He produces his effects not by ponderous epithets or impressive reflections, but by the accumulation of striking details in homely language."—*Minto*.

"If Swift, in his fictions, is the satirist of the age, Defoe, in most of his, is its chronicler or newspaper reporter. . . . Minuteness of imagined circumstance and filling up the power of fiction in fac-simile of nature is Defoe's unfailing characteristic."—*Masson*.

"Defoe had the kind of mind suitable to such a hard service, solid, exact, entirely destitute of refinement, enthusiasm,

agreeableness. . . . Even in fiction his information is as precise as in history. He gives dates, year, month, and day; notes the wind, northeast, southwest, northwest; he writes a log-book, an invoice, attorney's and shopkeeper's bills, the number of moidores, interest, specie payments, payments in kind, cost and sale prices, the share of the king, of religious houses, partners, brokers, net totals, statistics. . . . It seems as if our author had performed all Crusoe's labors, so exactly does he describe them, with numbers, quantities, dimensions, like a carpenter, potter, or an old tar. The geography and hydrography of the island are so given 'that the reader is tempted to take an atlas and draw for himself a map of the place, to enter into all the details of the history, and to see the objects as clearly and fully as the author.' "—*Taine*.

"There is all the minute detail of a log-book in it ['Crusoe']. . . . It is like reading evidence in a court of justice."—*Lamb*.

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"My brother's house had a little court before it and a brick wall and a gate in it, and within that several warehouses, where his goods of several sorts lay. It happened that in one of these warehouses were several packs of women's high-crowned hats, which came out of the country, and were, as I suppose, for exportation, whither I know not."—*Journal of the Plague*.

"While I was at Chester we had some small skirmishes with Sir William Brereton. One morning in particular Sir William drew up and faced us; and one of our colonels of horse observing the enemy to be not, as he thought, above two hundred, desired leave of Prince Rupert to attack them with a like number, and accordingly he sallied out with two hundred horse. I stood drawn up without the city with eight hundred more, ready to bring him off if he should be put to the worst, which happened accordingly."—*Memoirs of a Cavalier*.

"Before I set up my tent, I drew a half-circle before the hollow place, which took in about ten yards in its semi-diameter from the rock and twenty yards in its diameter from its beginning and ending. . . . In this half-circle I pitched two rows of strong stakes, driving them into the ground till they stood very firm like pikes, the biggest end being out of the ground above five feet and a half and sharpened on the top. The two rows did not stand above six inches from one another."—*Robinson Crusoe*.

2. Homeliness.—By this we mean something more than simplicity. Defoe continually uses old-fashioned phrases and the homely idioms of the street. He writes like a man of business rather than an artist. Tuckerman well calls him "a man of the people, a writer of plain, vigorous, unembellished English." His independence of artistic rules appears also in the whimsical coinages found here and there.

"The use of homely language is one of the most remarkable features of Defoe's style. It is one of the secrets of the continued popularity of 'Robinson Crusoe.' . . . His humor consists in the application of very homely language to affairs usually treated with stiff dignity. . . . As suited to the vigorous popular style, his preference was for the homely and even the coarse. His allusions are sometimes learned, but always easily understood from the homeliness of the expression. . . . Defoe describes his own style as his 'natural infirmity of homely plain writing.' "—*Minto*.

"Defoe's one great aim in all his works is to destroy the illusion of romance and to write as though he were telling in homely language a narrative of ordinary life. . . . There have been greater novelists, but not one who has shown more skill in the management of his materials or produced so fine an effect from the accumulation of prosaic details."—*Dennis*.

"The style of Defoe is plain and homely, but expressive, di-

rect, and manly. It may be described as thoroughly English. It reflected the character of his mind, and bespoke the man of firm resolve and unshaken integrity. . . . His language is always that of the plain, unlettered person he professes himself: homely in phraseology, in expression rude and artificial, yet forcible, happy, and strongly descriptive. . . . Even Defoe's deficiencies in style, his homeliness of language, his rusticity of thought, expressive of what is called the Crassa Minerva, seem to claim credit for him as one who speaks the truth."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"In his works of imagination his almost constant characteristic is a simplicity and plainness, which, if there be any affectation about it at all, is chargeable only with that of a homeliness sometimes approaching to that of rusticity."—*G. L. Craik*.

"He drew upon his knowledge of low English life, framing imaginary histories of thieves, courtesans, buccaneers, and the like of the kind to suit a coarse popular taste."—*David Masson*.

"His imagination was that of a man of business, not of an artist, crammed and, as it were, jammed down with facts. He tells them as they come to him, without arrangement or style, like a conversation, without dreaming of producing an effect or composing a phrase, employing technical terms and vulgar forms, repeating himself at need, using the same thing two or three times, not seeming to suspect that there are methods of amusing, touching, engrossing, or pleasing, with no desire but to pour out on paper the fulness of the information with which he is charged."—*Taine*.

"His style is everywhere beautiful, but plain and homely. 'Robinson Crusoe' is delightful to all ranks and classes; but it is easy to see that it is written in a phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower conditions of readers."—*Lamb*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"We have been huffed and bullied with your Act of Toleration ; you have told us that you are the Church established by law, as well as others ; have set up your canting synagogues at our church doors, and the church and members have been loaded with reproaches, with oaths, associations, abjurations, and what not."—*The Shortest Way with Dissenters*.

"The girl has scarce been a week, nay, a day in her service, but a committee of servant-wenchs are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her wages or give warning ; to encourage to which the herb-woman or chandler-woman or some other old intelligencer provides her a place of four or five pounds a year ; this sets Madam cock-a-hoop, and she thinks of nothing now but veils and high wages, and so gives warning from place to place till she had got her wages up to the tip-top."—*Everybody's Business*.

"But the greatest abuse of all is, that these creatures are become their own law-givers ; nay, I think they are ours too, though nobody would imagine that such a set of slatterns should bamboozle a whole nation."—*Everybody's Business*.

3. Realism—Verisimilitude.—"He was, perhaps, the greatest liar that ever lived. . . . He has absolute command over the scaffolding and carpentry of realism. . . . The realism, the unvarnished attention to minute fact, is just what preserves their [his novels'] interest."—*Edmund Gosse*.

"To Defoe was given a tongue to which no one could listen without believing every word he uttered. His unrivalled skill in mystification has made it difficult to distinguish the purely fictitious from the authentic part of his admitted narratives, and in some places to separate genuine histories from stories composed by him. . . . He had the most marvellous power ever known of giving verisimilitude to fiction. In other words, he had the most amazing talent on record for telling lies."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"The subject [of 'Robinson Crusoe'] was one admirably

adapted for Defoe's genius. The patient ingenuity with which he piles detail on detail, his thorough identification of himself with his hero, even the wearisome and commonplace religious meditations interspersed through the book, combine to give it such a reality that in reading it the insight and genius necessary to produce such a result fall out of view, and we imagine ourselves attending to the wonderful adventures of a veritable English sailor, and possessing more than the average proportion of the ordinary English faculty of adapting himself with as good a grace as possible to any situation. . . . His 'Journal of the Plague' is so minute, so circumstantial, so exactly like reality, that it was believed by Dr. Mead to be the work of a medical man."—*H. J. Nicoll.*

"On the whole, however, it was his own robust sense of reality that led him to his style. . . . In his representations of English ragamuffin life there is nothing of allegory, poetry, or even of didactic purpose; all is hard, prosaic, and matter-of-fact, as in newspaper paragraphs. . . . It is in the true spirit of a realist, also, that Defoe, though he is usually plain and prosaic, yet, when the facts to be reported are striking or horrible, rises easily to their level. . . . It is evident that no man ever possessed a stronger imagination of that kind which, a situation being once conceived, teems with circumstances in exact keeping with it. . . . Defoe's matchless power of inventing circumstantial incidents made him more a master even of its poetic capabilities than the rarest poet then living could have been."—*David Masson.*

"Never was such a sense of the real, before or since. Our realists of to-day, painters, anatomists, who enter deliberately on their business, are very far from this naturalness; art and calculation crop out amidst their too minute descriptions. Defoe creates illusion; for it is not the eye which deceives us but the mind, and that literally. His account of the great plague has more than once passed for true; and Lord Chatham mistook his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' for an authentic nar-

rative. This was his aim. In the preface to the old edition of 'Robinson Crusoe' it is said: 'The story is told, . . . to the instruction of others by this example, and to justify and honor the wisdom of Providence. The editor believes the thing to be a just history of facts; neither is there any appearance of fiction in it.' All his talents lie in this, and thus even his imperfections aid him; his lack of art becomes a profound art; his negligence, repetition, prolixity, contribute to the illusion; we cannot imagine that such and such a detail, so minute, so dull, is invented; an inventor would have suppressed it; it is too tedious to have been put in on purpose; art, therefore, cannot have piled up this heap of dull and vulgar accidents; it is the truth."—*Taine*.

"No writer of fictitious narrative has ever excelled him in at least one prime excellence—the air of reality which he throws over the creations of his fancy; an effect proceeding from the strength of conception with which he enters into the scenes, adventures, and characters he undertakes to describe."—*G. L. Craik*.

"Defoe has a power of circumstantial invention, an unrivalled genius for dyeing like truth. . . . He has often been quoted as a first-hand authority in matters of history. . . . He was a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived."—*Minto*.

"The general charm attached to the romance of Defoe is chiefly to be ascribed to the unequalled dexterity with which he has given an appearance of reality to the incidents which he narrates."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"Verisimilitude is the great merit of Defoe as a novelist. The seeming authenticity of his stories is also greatly enhanced by the autobiographic form in which they are cast. He is a model narrator; passages of his fiction read like testimony elicited in a court of justice; and incidental and apparently trifling circumstances are so naturally interwoven as to give a singular air of truth to the whole."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

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"I could dwell a great while on the calamities of this dreadful time, and go on to describe the objects that appeared among us every day, the dreadful extravagances which the distraction of sick people drove them into ; how the streets began now to be fuller of frightful objects and families to be made even a terror to themselves ; but after I have told you, as I have above, that one man being tied in his bed and finding no other way to deliver himself, set the bed on fire with his candle, which unhappily stood within his reach, and burnt himself in bed ; and how another, by the insufferable torment he bore, danced and sung naked in the streets, not knowing one ecstasy from another ; I say, after I have mentioned these things, what can be added more ?"—*The Plague in London.*

"We had but little time to consult ; but being in one of the principal inns of the town, we presently ordered the gates of the inn to be shut, and sent to all the inns where our men were quartered to do the like, with orders if they had any back-doors or ways to get out, to come to us. By this means, however, we got so much time as to get on horseback, and so many of our men came to us by back-ways that we had near three hundred horse in the yards and places behind the house ; and now we began to think of breaking out by a lane which led from the back part of the inn ; but a new accident determined us another though a worse way."—*Memoirs of a Cavalier.*

"I cannot here omit one very remarkable instance of the Catholic zeal of that Prince, which I was soon after an eye-witness of. I was at that time in the fruit-market, when the King passing by in his coach, the host, whether by accident or contrivance, I cannot say, was brought at that very juncture out of the great church, in order, as I after understood, to a poor sick woman's receiving the sacrament. On sight of the host, the king came out of his coach, kneeled down in the street, which at that time proved to be very dirty, till the host passed by ; then rose up, and taking the lighted flambeau from him who bore it, he followed the priest up a straight nasty alley, and then up a dark ordinary pair of stairs, where the poor sick woman lay. There he stayed till the whole ceremony was over, when, return-

ing to the door of the church, he very faithfully returned the lighted flambeau to the fellow he had taken it from, the people all the while crying out, ' Viva, Viva ! ' an acclamation, we may imagine, intended to his zeal as well as his person."—*Memoirs of Captain Carleton.*

4. Undisguised Sarcasm.—"No one can doubt for a moment that Defoe was a decided master of ridicule, and that, however his adversaries might affect to despise, they were as little able to endure his wit as to cope with his arguments. . . . He possessed a large share of that dry, caustic wit which gave a peculiar force to his language and told more significantly than whole pages of sentiment. . . . When his opponents argue fairly, he reasons with acuteness, vigor, and judgment ; but when they lose their temper, he laughs at their weakness, and answers their railings by sarcasm. . . . This satire [*'Speculum Crape-Gawnorum'*] gave an earnest of those sarcastic powers that were unfolded by Defoe in his subsequent writings. . . . The keenness of our author's satire brought upon him a host of enemies."—*Walter Wilson.*

"He is a great master of the language of sarcasm and abuse. He deals in the same kind of undisguised banter as Macaulay ; only he is more exuberant, stands less upon his dignity, hits fearlessly at greater antagonists, and altogether has a more magnanimous air. . . . He is more openly derisive and less bitter than Addison, having no mastery of the polite sneer ; he is not a loving humorist like Steele, but sarcastically and derisively humorous ; and he is more magnanimous and less personal than Swift, dealing with public not with private conduct, and carrying into the warfare a spirit less savagely ferocious."—*Minto.*

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"And then it comes out, with a great many grieving aggravations to a parent, to find himself tricked and defeated in the

expectations of his son's marrying handsomely and to his advantage, instead of which he is obliged, perhaps, to receive a dish-clout for a daughter-in-law, and see his name and family propagated by the descendants of a race of beggars."—*The Complete English Tradesman*.

"Now they find that they are in danger of the Church of England's just resentments; now they cry out peace, union, forbearance, and charity, as if the Church had not too long harboured her enemies under her wing, and nourished the viperous brood, till they hiss and fly in the face of the mother that cherished them."—*The Shortest Way with Dissenters*.

"But once set the Pretender upon the throne, and let the funds be but happily stopped and paid into his hands, that he may be in no more need of a Parliament, and all these distempers will be cured as effectually as a fever is cured by cutting off the head, or the halter cures a bleeding at the nose."—*What If the Pretender Should Come?*

5. Didacticism—Moral Aim.—"Defoe professes to write always with a moral and even with a religious purpose."—*Dennis*.

"It must be admitted that Defoe tacks some kind of moral to stories which show no great delicacy of moral feeling."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"However we regard his life, we see only prolonged efforts and persecutions. Joy seems to be wanting; the idea of the beautiful never enters. When he comes to fiction, it is like a Presbyterian and a plebeian, with low subjects and moral aims, to treat of the adventures and reform the conduct of thieves and prostitutes, workmen and sailors. His whole delight was to think that he had a service to perform and that he was performing it."—*Taine*.

"Another universal feature of his fiction is the pure and pleasing morality constantly exhibited in the incident and reinforced by the reflections of the author."—*Walter Wilson*.

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"By this we may see what share fortune has in the greatest events. In all probability the Earl of Peterborough had never engaged in such a dangerous affair, in cold blood and unprovoked ; and if such an enterprise had been resolved on in a regular way, it is very likely he might have given the command to some of the general officers : since it is not usual nor hardly allowable for one that commands in chief to go in person on such kind of services."

—*Memoirs of Captain Carleton.*

"As I knew nothing, that night, of the supply I was to receive by the providential driving of the ship nearer the land by the storms and tide, by which I have since been so long nourished and supported, so these three poor desolate men knew nothing how certain of deliverance and supply they were, how near it was to them, and how effectually and really they were in a condition of safety, at the same time that they thought themselves lost and their case desperate. So little do we see before us in the world, and so much reason have we to depend cheerfully upon the great Maker of the world that He does not leave His creatures so absolutely destitute but that, in the worst circumstances, they have always something to be thankful for and sometimes are nearer deliverance than they imagine ; nay, are even brought to their deliverance by the means by which they seem to be brought to their destruction."—*Robinson Crusoe.*

"I must testify, from my experience, that a temper of peace, thankfulness, love, and affection, is much the more proper frame for prayer than that of terror and discomposure ; and that under the dread of mischief impending a man is no more fit for a comforting performance of the duty of praying to God than he is for a repentance on a sick bed ; for these discomposures affect the mind, as the others do the body : and the discomposure of the mind must necessarily be as great a disability as that of the body, and much greater ; praying to God being properly an act of the mind, not of the body."—*Robinson Crusoe.*

6. Worldly Wisdom—Sagacity.—"Sound common sense and shrewd observation dressed in a lively and a fascinating style are the characteristics of his work."—*British Quarterly*.

"This ['A Serious Inquiry into the Question of Conformity of Dissenters'] evinces much good sense, couched in forcible yet becoming language. As a piece of serious argument it is irresistible; and the adroitness with which he manages it shows that he was a master of human nature no less than of his subject. . . . His sentiments upon most subjects are distinguished by good sense and a profound acquaintance with human nature."—*Walter Wilson*.

"He displays especial subtlety in tracing the gradual growth of an opinion, or a purpose, from its first suggestion to its full development. This power meets us in all his work."—*Minto*.

"In all his books we find a knowledge of different types of society, especially among the lower classes, such as has, perhaps, never been attained by any [other] writer."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"His intense love for facts and his very accurate and comprehensive knowledge and wide experience of the world of men, made him of all writers the one most able to give a true picture."—*National Review*.

"The great peculiarity of the work ['Robinson Crusoe'] is its immense display of worldly wisdom, and its wide and varied representation of the interests, motives, rewards, and considerations whereby men are actuated to their welfare or their sorrow."—*Chambers's Papers for the People*.—See *Littell's Living Age*.

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"Here we may observe, and I hope it will not be amiss to take notice of it, that a near view of death would soon reconcile men of good principles one to another, and that it is chiefly owing to our easy situation in life and our putting these things far from us that our breaches are fomented, ill blood continued,

prejudices, breach of charity, and of Christian union so much kept and so far carried on among us as it is : another plague year would reconcile all these differences ; a close conversing with death, or with diseases that threaten death, would scum off the gaul from our tempers, remove the animosities among us, and bring us to see with differing eyes than those which we looked on things with before."—*The Plague in London.*

"Nay, so eager was the prince for fighting that when, from the top of Edgehill, the enemy's army was descried in the bottom between them and the village of Keynton, and that the enemy had bid us defiance by discharging three cannons, we accepted the challenge, and answering with two shots from our army, we must needs forsake the advantage of the hills, which they must have mounted under the command of our cannon, and march down to them into the plain. I confess I thought here was a great deal more gallantry than discretion ; for it was plain taking an advantage out of our hands and putting it into the hands of the enemy. An enemy that must fight may always be fought with to advantage. My old hero, the glorious Gustavus Adolphus, was as forward to fight as any man of true valour, mixt with any policy, need to be or ought to be ; but he used to say an enemy reduced to a necessity of fighting is half beaten."—*Memoirs of a Cavalier.*

"A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment ; he must never be angry—no, not so much as seem to be so, if a customer troubles him five hundred pounds' worth of goods, and scarce bids money for anything ; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased than they are at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one ; the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling that 'tis his business to be ill used and resent nothing ; and so must answer as obligingly to those who give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing as he does to those who, in half the time, lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain ; and if some do give him trouble, and do not buy, others make amends, and do buy ; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop."—*The Complete English Tradesman.*

7. Sincerity — Independence. — “There were few braver men in England ; and hardly any were less in bondage to the opinions of their neighbors, for he passed a life of danger and hardship solely in consequence of his determination to think and act for himself on every possible occasion ; nor has any writer thought for himself with more persistency or stamped his own character more vigorously on every one of his own productions.”—Chambers’s *Papers for the People*. —See *Littell’s Living Age*.

“All of them [his works] bear the traces of a sincere, earnest, manly character and of an understanding unusually active, penetrating, and well-informed.”—*G. L. Craik*.

“There is evidence from his writings that he early discovered that spirit of independence which terminated in an unconquerable love of liberty. His was a soul of iron in a casement of adamant. His principles were of the sternest character, and the mind which formed them was not to be deterred from avowing them by suffering or reproach.”—*Walter Wilson*.

“A spirit of integrity and candor, a desire to see fair play and to do justice to all parties—in a word, the spirit of common sense and common honesty runs through all Defoe’s writings.”—*Hazlitt*.

“He was a brave, active man, who saw things as they were and said what he thought ; a man battling for liberty, who fought with a wrong-doer, whether friend or foe ; the Ishmael of political writing.”—*George Dawson*.

“He worked for causes of which he really approved ; he never sacrificed the opinion to which he was most deeply attached.”—*Leslie Stephen*.

“The great charm of his fiction is its truth. His convictions were grave, his observation minute, and his experience of life painful, but conscience and intelligence were profoundly active. . . . He was too independent and too much in advance of his time not to be essentially apart from

those who were ostensibly near and around him. He was driven into the entrenchments of conscience. Like all bold and individual thinkers, he was often alone."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

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"The story of those three men, if the reader will be content to have me give it in their own persons, without taking upon me to either vouch the particulars or answer for any mistakes, I shall give as distinctly as I can; believing the history will be a very good pattern for any poor man to follow, in case the like public desolation should happen here; and if there may be no such occasion, which God in his infinite mercy grant us, still the story may have its uses so many ways as that it will, I hope, never be said that the relating has been unprofitable."—*The Plague in London*.

"The prodigious stupid bigotry of the people also was irksome to me; I thought there was something in it very sordid. The entire empire the priests have over both the souls and bodies of the people gave me a specimen of that meanness of spirit which is nowhere else to be seen in Italy, especially in the city of Rome. . . . It must forever be against them as a brand of infamy and as a reproach on their whole nation, that, purchased by the Parliament's money, they sold their honesty, and rebelled against their king for hire; and it was not many years before, as I have said already, they were fully paid the wages of their unrighteousness and chastised for their treachery by the very same people whom they thus basely assisted; then they would have retrieved it, if it had not been too late."—*Memoirs of a Cavalier*.

8. Graphic Description.—Defoe excels in single descriptive touches. This quality includes something more than that of minuteness, already discussed. It involves a conception of relations as well as of details; a feeling for the picturesque. Defoe carefully observes the cardinal principles of description as since formulated by Bain; that is, he presents, at the outset, a comprehensive view of the whole scene; he conveys definite ideas of size, shape, etc., by comparison

with well-known objects, and he often uses "the panoramic view" with great skill.

"It is worthy of remark that he observes the cardinal rule of description, the inaugural presentation of a comprehensive view. He fills in the picture by degrees, but he begins by drawing a comprehensive outline. . . . As is testified by every page of his writings, Defoe excelled in the graphic presentation both of concrete things and states of mind."—*Minto*.

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"You ascend the great staircase at the upper end of the hall, which is very large; at the foot of the staircase you have a Bacchus as large as life, done in Peloponnesian marble, carrying a young Bacchus on his arm, the young one eating grapes and letting you see by his countenance that he is pleased with the taste of them."—*From London to Land's End*.

"He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large; tall and well-shaped, and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance too, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes."—*Robinson Crusoe*.

"On Friday, the 26th of November, in the afternoon, about four of the clock, a country fellow came running to me in a great fright, and very earnestly entreated me to go and see a pillar, as he called it, in the air, in a field hard by. I went with the fellow: and when I came, found it to be a spout marching directly with the wind: and I can think of nothing I can compare it to better than the trunk of an elephant, which it resembled, only much bigger. It was extended to a great length, and swept the ground as it went, leaving a mark behind. It crossed a field; and what was very strange (and which I should scarce have been induced to believe had I not myself seen it, besides several country-men who were astonished at it) meeting with an oak that stood towards the middle of the field, snapped the body of it asunder."—*The Storm*.

SWIFT, 1667-1745

Biographical Outline. — Jonathan Swift, born November 30, 1667, at Dublin; his father, who died before Swift's birth, was steward of the King's Inns, and was descended from an old loyalist family; mother distantly related to Dryden; when one year old Swift was kidnapped by his nurse, out of affection, and was carried to her home at White Haven, England, where his mother allowed him to remain for three years; by his third year he could read any chapter in the Bible; soon after the child was brought back to Dublin, his mother removed to Leicester and left him in the hands of an uncle, who sent him, in his sixth year, to Kilkenny School, then called "the Eton of Ireland;" here Swift finds Congreve as a school-fellow; Swift enters Trinity College, Dublin, April 24, 1682; he manifests an aversion to the scholastic metaphysics, neglects the regular studies of the curriculum for history and poetry, and, though living regularly and obeying the university statutes, is refused a degree at the expiration of his regular four years' course; he seems to have obtained a fair knowledge of the classics; he continues in residence at the university for some time, and eventually receives his degree of A.B., but grows somewhat reckless and dissipated after the degree is first refused; he is frequently censured by the college authorities for neglecting to attend chapel services and for haunting the town; on November 20, 1688, he is suspended for inciting dissension and for insulting the dean; while at Trinity he receives much-needed financial aid from his brother, Willoughby Swift, and from his uncle, William Swift; he is deeply affected by his poverty and his sense of dependence, and this is doubtless one of the causes

of his life-long bitterness ; on the accession of King William in 1688, Swift flees from Ireland with other Jacobites and finds refuge in his mother's home at Leicester, where she was "rich and happy on twenty pounds a year ;" in spite of her neglect during his infancy, he was deeply devoted to his mother ; after seeking a means of livelihood for some time vainly, he is received into the family of Sir William Temple at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey, whither Temple had retired after his brilliant diplomatic career ; Temple had been a friend of Swift's grandfather, and was distantly related to Swift by marriage ; after acting for a year as Temple's amanuensis, during which time Swift is said to have been treated somewhat as a menial, he returns to Ireland for a short time, on the advice of a physician, "who weakly imagined that his native air might be of some use to recover his health ;" he bears a letter from Temple to the Secretary of State for Ireland, in Dublin, recommending Swift for a clerkship or a fellowship in Trinity College ; he soon returns to Moor Park, where Temple discovers his real ability and commends him to King William ; Swift visits Oxford in 1692, and receives A.M. *ad eundem* ; in 1693 he is employed by Temple to explain to William's ministers Temple's views on the Triennial Bill ; about 1693 he begins his earlier poems, which are marked by great satirical vigor ; he predicts his future in the couplet :

"My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed ;"

in May, 1694, Swift declines an offer of £120 a year to act as a clerk in the office of the Master of the Rolls in Ireland, and quarrels with Temple ; after swallowing his pride sufficiently to ask from Temple a needful letter of recommendation, he is ordained a deacon, October 28, 1694, and a priest, January 15, 1695 ; he at once receives the small prebend of Kilroot, worth £100 a year, but he soon tires of the obscure

life, returns to Moor Park in May, 1696, and resigns his prebend to a friend in March, 1698; before leaving Kilroot Swift declares love passionately to one Miss Waring ("Varina"), an Irish lady, sister of an old college chum, but his suit is not encouraged; he remains at Moor Park, acting as Temple's clerk, till Temple's death in 1699; he becomes a great walker, sometimes doing thirty-eight miles in a day and lodging at way-side inns, where, according to Orrery, Swift imbibed much of his coarseness of language from the discourse of the wagoners; while at Moor Park he reads diligently in the Latin classics, history, and philosophy; he also acts as tutor to Esther Johnson, a dependent of Temple's, unjustly suspected at the time of being Temple's natural daughter; on Temple's death he leaves to Swift £100, the privilege of editing Temple's posthumous works (worth perhaps £200), and a recommendation of preferment to King William; the recommendation proves of little value; Swift began his literary career by writing certain "Pindaric Odes," the last dated 1691, one of which caused Dryden to say to him, "You will never be a poet;" Swift also writes poetical epistles to Congreve and Temple; in 1696 he writes "The Tale of a Tub" and in 1697 "The Battle of the Books," but both remain unpublished till 1704; in 1708, to prove that in his "Tale of a Tub" he had not intended to express sympathy with the current infidelity, he publishes "An Argument in Favor of Abolishing Christianity in England," intensely satirical; in a similar strain was his "Mr. Collins's Discourse of Free-thinking," published in 1713; in 1698, failing to secure preferment from King William (perhaps because the courtier to whom Swift entrusted his petition failed to deliver it), he becomes chaplain and secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, then just made one of the Lords Justices of Ireland; on reaching Dublin the earl dismisses Swift in favor of another man; he applies for the vacant deanery of Derry, but is refused by the secretary except on the presentation of a bribe of £1,000,

the amount that had been offered by another candidate ; Swift is either unable or unwilling to pay the bribe ; in February, 1700, he receives the living of Laracor, a village near Trim, twenty miles from Dublin ; this, with two other small livings and a prebend in the Cathedral of St. Patrick, give him an income of about £230 a year ; at this time " Varina " (Miss Waring), whom Swift had frequently importuned to marry him, expresses a wish to have the marriage take place ; he refuses in a letter remarkable for its insulting brutality, in which he offers to marry the lady on conditions that her self-respect compel her to refuse ; on Temple's death in 1699, leaving Esther Johnson (then become an attractive girl of twenty) homeless and with an inheritance of an Irish farm, Swift suggests to her that, with her friend Mrs. Dingley, she settle in Ireland, where she could live more cheaply ; the ladies comply with the suggestion and settle in Dublin, in lodgings near those of Swift, sometimes occupying his apartments during his absence ; twice they accompany him on visits to London ; their relationship to him gives rise to numerous scandals, but there is good evidence that he never saw Miss Johnson except in the presence of a third person ; Swift's duties at Laracor were light, consisting of the reading of prayers twice a week to an audience averaging not over fifteen persons ; he becomes attached to Laracor, and greatly improves the living ; he is on friendly social terms with the successive Lord-Lieutenants Berkeley, Ormond, and Pembroke, conducting a long correspondence with Lady Berkeley and acting as chaplain to Ormond and Pembroke ; between 1700 and 1710 he seems to have passed at least four years in London, sometimes acting as agent for the Church of Ireland and meeting many great people through his acquaintance with the Irish viceroys and with Congreve ; in 1705 he becomes intimate with Addison, who greatly admires and publicly praises him ; Swift manifests a strange indifference to literary fame ; while in London, early in 1708, he writes the

famous Bickerstaff papers, ridiculing one Partridge, who had set up as an astrologer, and thus suggesting to Steele, who was just starting the *Tatler*, his pseudonym; though intimate with the great wits and great statesmen of the day, Swift gets "nothing but the good words and good wishes of a decayed ministry;" in 1701 he publishes his first political pamphlet, being a defence of Somers and other Whig ministers, recently impeached, under the title *A Discourse on the Dissensions in Athens and Rome*; the pamphlet becomes very popular, and secures for Swift the friendship of Halifax, Somers, Sunderland, and the other leading Whigs; in November, 1707, he goes to London and attempts to secure for the Irish Church a restoration of the "first fruits and tenths," taken from the whole Church by Henry VIII., and already returned to the English Church by Queen Anne; he remains in London till March, 1709; during 1708 Somers tries in vain to secure for Swift the vacant bishopric of Waterford; in October, 1708, Somers becomes President of the Council, and Wharton, a licentious infidel, is made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; about this time Swift shows his attachment to the Church by publishing his pamphlets, *A Project for the Advancement of Religion* and *The Sentiments of a Church of England Man*; in December, 1708, he publishes a pamphlet defending the Test Act; all these pamphlets displeased the Whigs, then in power, who were inclined to favor the dissenters; Swift is at last promised the "first fruits" that he sought for the Irish Church, but the promise is not fulfilled; in the spring of 1709, after visiting his mother at Leicester, he retires to Laracor, sick in mind and body; he remains for eighteen months in seclusion at Laracor, nourishing his indignation against the Whigs, and especially against Wharton; on the overthrow of the Whigs in September, 1709, he starts again for London to urge his "first fruits" appeal; he begins his famous "Journal to Stella" (letters written to Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley) in September, 1710, and con-

tinues it till April, 1713; it was evidently written with no thought of publication; he is received in London by the defeated Whig leaders with marked attentions, but he responds coldly; on October 10, 1710, he is introduced to Harley, one of the new Tory leaders, and is cordially received; within a week Harley promises to get the "first fruits" business settled at once, and all the Tory leaders express delight at securing Swift's support; the "first fruits" are granted November 14, 1710; Swift becomes intimate with Harley and St. John, and is consulted on the most important official affairs; he indignantly rejects an offer of money-payment for his services; from November 2, 1710, to June 14, 1711, he writes weekly articles for St. John's Tory paper, the *Examiner*; these papers contain some of his fiercest satire, and their influence is tremendous; during the election of 1711 he wages a fierce pamphlet war with the Whig pamphleteers; in November, 1711, he publishes *The Conduct of the Allies*, of which 11,000 copies are sold within two months; the Tories are victorious in December, 1711, and Swift reaches the height of his political power, but his health is seriously affected by his old complaint of dizziness; he secures many appointments for friends and other applicants, but refuses to ask for preferment for himself; at last he declares that he will write nothing more till something is done for him, and on April 23, 1713, he is appointed dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral at Dublin; he leaves London for Dublin in June, 1713, is ordained, and remains at his post till October, when, on the appeal of his Tory friends, he returns to London; he endeavors to save the Tory cause by reconciling the growing differences between the leaders Harley and St. John; late in 1713 he publishes a scathing pamphlet, attacking Bishop Burnet, and also his *Public Spirit of the Whigs*; in the latter he attacks Steele, who had entered Parliament and had opposed Swift's party in a pamphlet called the *Crisis*; meanwhile Swift had quarrelled with Addison because, after Steele had

lost his place as Gazetteer and after Swift had obtained a promise of reinstatement on condition of an apology by Steele to Harley for certain things in the *Crisis*, Addison advised Steele not to apologize; good feeling was afterward restored between Swift and Addison, but Swift never became reconciled to Steele; in 1714 Steele was expelled from the House for his authorship of the *Crisis*; in May, 1714, having failed to reconcile Harley and St. John, Swift retires to a parsonage at Upper Letcombe, in Berkshire; he refuses all appeals to return to London, but writes, without publishing, his pamphlet entitled *Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs*; although Oxford had not treated Swift well, Swift thrice writes to him, urging a course that would have saved Oxford; on the death of Queen Anne and the expulsion of Oxford, in August, 1714, Swift returns to Dublin and shuts himself up with his chagrin and political despair; in a letter to Oxford he offers to join him in the Tower; he continues to affect brutality, especially toward women, issuing regular edicts, commanding all ladies who seek his acquaintance to make the first advances; before the time of the "Journal to Stella" she had refused as a suitor one Tisdall, a Dublin clergyman, whom Swift did not regard with favor; certain passages in Swift's letters indicate that he was somewhat jealous of Tisdall's attentions to "Stella;" in 1708 he meets, in London, Mrs. Van Homrigh, a well-to-do widow, and her daughter Hester, then aged seventeen; in 1710 he takes lodgings with the Van Homrighs and becomes a member of the family; about the time of obtaining his deanery he begins to call Hester Van Homrigh "Vanessa" and to make a confidante of her; in his autobiographical poem "Cadenus (Decanus, or the Dean) and Vanessa" he asserts that he regarded her simply with fatherly affection, but she soon declared to him that he had won her heart; he replied that his age, etc., put love out of the question, but offered her unlimited friendship; on the death of Miss Van Homrigh's mother,

soon after the final retirement of Swift to Ireland, the young lady also retires to Ireland, with her sister, and eventually settles at Celbridge, near Dublin; Swift shuns the company of "Vanessa," who adores him passionately, and he begs her to leave him forever; it is believed by some of his biographers that his dilemma was due to the fact that he had been secretly married to "Stella" in 1716, but this remains neither proved nor disproved—at least, he was most anxious to prevent a meeting between "his two slaves;" in 1723 "Vanessa" is said to have written to "Stella," asking if she were Swift's wife, and "Stella" is said to have replied in the affirmative and to have shown "Vanessa's" letter to Swift; he rides to Celbridge, confronts "Vanessa" with the letter, and she dies soon afterward, first revoking her will, in which she had made him sole legatee, and after requesting her executors to publish both Swift's letters and his autobiographical poem "Cadenus and Vanessa;" he visits England in the summer of 1726, but is made wretched by the reports of "Stella's" declining health; he spends the winter in Dublin, and returns to London during the summer of 1727; "Stella" dies at Dublin January 28, 1728; the story, widely circulated, that on her death-bed she refused Swift's offer to make their marriage public, is not sustained, neither is the equally prevalent story that he discovered her to be his natural sister; Swift's apologists explain his refusal to marry on the ground of his natural coldness of temper, his extreme economy, practised with a view to becoming independent, his chronic malady of vertigo, and his frequent forebodings of insanity; after withdrawing from politics for ten years he publishes, in 1724, his "Drapier's Letters," combating a scheme of Walpole's for giving to one Wood a monopoly of copper coinage in Ireland; the effect of the "Letters" is tremendous, and the Privy Council modifies the terms of the monopoly; £300 are offered as a reward for the arrest of the author, and the printer is prosecuted; the monopoly soon fails entirely, and Swift be-

comes a popular idol ; on his return from England, in 1726, he is greeted with public honors such as are generally reserved for princes ; about 1727 he makes a long visit to Pope, meets Bolingbroke and Walpole, and receives some assurances of court favor, which are not fulfilled ; he now speaks of remaining in Dublin as " dying like a poisoned rat in a hole ; " he warmly defends the Church, and writes his fiercest satire, " The Legion Club," when Parliament proposes to invade Church privileges ; while writing this he is seized with a fit, and is soon incapable of extended mental effort ; in 1729 he writes *A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from Becoming a Burden to their Parents or the Country* ; as early as 1713-14 he had formed, with Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the Scriblerus Club, whose object was the production of a joint stock satire ; this seems to have been the origin of the idea of " Gulliver's Travels ; " Swift wrote a part of the " Travels " as early as 1722, completed it in 1726, and published it anonymously in 1727 ; its success was overwhelming ; after its publication he returns to his " wretched dirty dog-hole of a prison," becomes the centre of a little intellectual circle, practises the most generous charity, grows daily more sour and apparently avaricious, befriends Sheridan, and, by 1741, becomes so violently insane as to require restraint ; during his later years he amused himself with writing acrostics, riddles, etc. ; his last writings worth noting are " Polite Conversation," " Directions to Servants " (the latter published after Swift became imbecile), and three poems : " Verses on Dr. Swift's Death," " A Rhapsody on Poetry," and " Verses to a Lady ; " in 1735 he declared that he never had received a farthing for anything he wrote except that, through Pope's prudent management, he got £200 for " Gulliver ; " he gave the profits of his other writings to the publishers ; he died at Dublin, October 19, 1745, and left £12,000 to found St. Patrick's Hospital, which was opened in 1757 with fifty beds.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Caustic Satire—Impatience of Absurdity—Ferocious Sarcasm.—Sarcasm is Swift's favorite weapon, and in its use he is without a peer. T. W. Hunt calls him "the lord of irony;" Minto declares that "nobody can pretend to dispute his title of the prince of English satirists; his mastery of language for the purposes of ridicule is universally allowed to be unsurpassed. His similitudes never elevate a subject except in irony. He exempts from his ridicule no profession, no foible, hardly any institution, hardly any character." Dr. Johnson calls his "Argument against Abolishing Christianity" "a very happy and judicious irony." This is too mild a term to apply to most of Swift's works, but it must be said, in fairness, that his biting satire is generally without malice. He scourges with a whip of scorpions, but he generally scourges with a good end in view. He sometimes hated men, but he hated dishonesty and meanness and injustice more.

"He is the fiercest and, take him all in all, the greatest of all the satirists. . . . He is the greatest of the English satirists, I think, in all ways. . . . His satire goes very deep; it is not only a bitter satire against individuals, it is philosophical satire, which goes to the root of things."—*J. Hannay*.

"The ludicrous in Swift arises out of his keen sense of impropriety, his soreness and impatience of the least absurdity. . . . He sets a mark of reprobation on that which offends good sense and good manners, which cannot be mistaken and which holds it up to our ridicule and contempt ever after."—*Hazlitt*.

"'The Battle of the Books' strikes an entirely different chord. Its object is satire, not criticism. . . . Like

all the satire that Swift ever wrote, it goes directly to the point by its personal reference. . . . No weapon of sarcasm is neglected [in the 'Tale of a Tub'] and, after the ground has been mapped out and the general positions assigned, each new illustration, each subordinate metaphor, seems to give some new point to the ridicule. . . . Satire such as this reaches far beyond the accidents of ecclesiastical controversies, beyond the realm even of literary cliques; it pursues human nature, and routs it out from all its subterfuges and disguises. . . . In 'Brobdingnag' the satire never allows itself to be forgotten long. . . . His sarcasm was too fierce to allow him to become a theoretical reformer. What strikes us most in the political tracts is the deliberate incisiveness of their irony, the despairing bitterness that gives them finish and completeness."—*G. L. Craik*.

"He moves laughter but never joins it. He appears in his works as he appears in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies with the air of a man reading the Commination Service."—*Macaulay*.

"Each of these treatises ['The Battle of the Books' and the 'Mechanical Operation of the Spirit'] shows a great freedom from prejudice, a boundless impatience of humbug and pretension, and a savage touch which is all the more brutal because of the delicacy, keenness, and power of sympathy of which the author shows himself inherently capable upon every page. . . . Dean Swift could write finely on a broomstick, and not finely merely, but with the most caustic and fatal pungency."—*Edmund Gosse*.

"Swift, in his fictions, as in the rest of his writings, is the British satirist of his age. . . . In all that he said and did there was a vein of ferocious irony. . . . In the 'Battle of the Books' we have a satire directed partly against

individuals and partly against a prevailing tone of opinion and criticism. In the 'Tale of a Tub' he appears as a satirist of the existing Christian churches. . . . The author of these books could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist of the age."—*David Masson*.

"He was, without exception, the greatest and most efficient libeller that ever exercised the trade, and possessed in an eminent degree all the qualifications which it requires—a clear head, a cold heart, a vindictive temper, no admiration of noble qualities, no sympathy with suffering, not much conscience, not much consistency, a ready wit, a sarcastic humor, a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature, and a complete familiarity with everything that is low, homely, and familiar in language. These were his gifts, and he soon felt for what ends they were given. Almost all his works are libels—generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse—direct, vehement, unsparing invective—is his means. It is his sword and his shield, his panoply and his chariot of war. In all his writings, accordingly, there is nothing to raise or exalt our notions of human nature, but everything to vilify and degrade."—*Jeffrey*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"What they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not, we are told expressly, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage."—*Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

"It may be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings."—*The Abolishment of Christianity*.

"Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death."—*Thoughts on Various Subjects*.

"I have been sometimes thinking, if a man had the art of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buzz about the heads of some people like flies about a horse's ears in summer."—*The Examiner*.

"I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled ; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout. . . . I grant this food will be somewhat dear and therefore very proper for [Irish] landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children."—*A Modest Proposal, etc.*

2. Directness—Sincerity—Terseness.—Like Milton, Swift seldom, if ever, wrote merely for the purpose of making literature. He was intensely in earnest. Most of his prose is aggressive, and he attacks boldly and directly ; he makes no feints and no pretences. "He does not address men in general," says Taine, "but certain men ; he does not care to teach a truth but to make an impression."

"The merits of his prose are condensation, pith, always with the effect, generally the reality, of sincere purpose and, with few exceptions, simplicity and directness."—*F. Nichol*.

"In these poems [written for the *Tatler*] Swift is splendidly direct, vivid, and vigorous ; his lines fall like well-directed blows of the flail. . . . He is a writer of the first order because he moulded language to be the vehicle of a sincerity that has never been surpassed. . . . The polemical and humorous parts [of 'The Tale of a Tub'] are direct and terse beyond anything that preceded them in English."—*Edmund Gosse*.

“ He separates with a severe and caustic air truth from falsehood, folly from wisdom, ‘ shows vice her own image, scorn her own feature ; ’ and it is the force, the precision, and the honest abruptness with which the separation is made that excites our surprise and our admiration.”—*Hazlitt*.

“ It is not only by its flashes of wit, by its bursts of eloquence, by the steady and relentless heat of its satire, that it [Swift’s style] is redeemed : but still more by the marvellous strength and grasp with which the whole of human nature is seized, bound to the dissecting-table, and made to yield to his pitiless scalpel the tale of its subterfuges and pretences and tricks. Other satires have their special application. Who is it that can limit the range of the satire in ‘ The Tale of a Tub ? ’ ”—*G. L. Craik*.

“ They [‘ The Tale of a Tub ’ and ‘ Gulliver ’] are written with great plainness, force, and intrepidity—advance at once to the matter in dispute—give battle to the strength of the enemy, and never seek any kind of advantage from darkness or obscurity. . . . There is a force and terror about it [‘ The Legion Club ’] which redeems it from ridicule and makes us shudder at the sort of demoniacal inspiration with which the malison is vented. . . . On the subjects to which he confines himself he is unquestionably a strong, masculine, and perspicuous writer. He is never finical, fantastic, or absurd—takes advantage of no equivocations in argument—and puts on no tawdriness for ornaments. . . . Though a great polemic, he makes no use of general principles, nor ever enlarges his views to a wide or comprehensive conclusion. Everything is particular with him and, for the most part, strictly personal. To make amends, however, we do think him quite without a competitor in personalities. With a quick and sagacious spirit and a bold and popular manner, he joins an exact knowledge of all the strong and the weak parts of every cause he has to manage.”—*Jeffrey*.

"No English is so pointed and so direct as Swift's. Every sentence is a keen knife that cuts straight to the core; there is no hesitation or swerving; there is never a word wasted."—*Stanley Lane-Poole*.

"Swift wrote with a tact, a force, and a clearness that almost ensured a satisfactory issue. He selected the best weapon and used it with rare judgment. . . . For perspicuity, directness, and freedom from involution or bombast, his style is a model."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"For my own part, who am but a man of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death rather than to submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to these objections, until they be forced upon me by a law of my own country; and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land and eat the bread of poverty among a free people."—*The Drapier's Letters*.

"Let them [the allies] therefore lay aside all clumsy pretence to address; tell us no more of former sieges, battles, and glories; nor make love to us in prose, and extol our beauty, our fortune, and their own passion for us up to the stars; but let them come roundly to the business, and in plain terms give us to understand that they will not recognize any other government in Great Britain but Whiggarchy only."—*The Conduct of the Allies*.

"I have never known this great town without one or more dunces of figure who had credit enough to give rise to some new word and propagate it in most conversation, though it had neither humor nor significance."—*The Examiner*.

"If a rebellion should prove so successful as to fix the Pretender on the throne of England, I would venture to transgress that statute so far as to lose every drop of my blood to hinder him from being king of Ireland."—*The Drapier's Letters*.

3. **Intensity.**—If qualities of style are to be measured by the results accomplished through their agency, then Swift must be considered one of the most forcible writers that ever held a

pen. By his pamphlets he became almost the political dictator of his day. His "Drapier's Letters" revolutionized the financial policy of the government. His "Conduct of the Allies" really caused the cessation of the Spanish War. Dr. Smith calls it the most successful pamphlet ever issued. Eleven thousand copies were sold within two months. Taine declares that his *Examiner* "in one year transformed the opinion of three kingdoms." These marvellous results must be attributed largely to Swift's forcible way of putting things. His arguments and his invective were unanswerable, and his language was as forcible as his thought. Swift had nothing but contempt for the false refinements and meretricious ornaments of language from which his age was not free. On the other hand, the force of his style often degenerated into coarseness, even indecency.

"If a single word were to be employed in describing it ['The Battle of the Books'], applicable alike to its wit and to its extravagance, intensity should be chosen."—*John Forster*.

"The two qualities whose union marks Swift's genius are intensity and lucidity. . . . The anger [in 'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures'] comes out in short pithy, telling sentences, which are abruptly closed, and leave a sense of power in reserve. . . . It is rigidly characteristic in its simple force, wasting no word by redundancy, marring the effect by no overwrought effort."—*G. L. Craik*.

"In vigor and poignancy of satire, in grave irony, in masculine force and intensity, 'The Tale of a Tub' has never been surpassed."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"In certain fine and deep qualities Addison and Steele, and perhaps Farquhar, excelled, . . . but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy, force, and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all."—*David Masson*.

"The power of Swift's prose was the terror of his own and remains the wonder of after-times."—*F. Nichol*.

"He is careful to make his words fit close to his ideas, and often brings out his meaning sharply by contrasting it with what he does not mean. . . . His action is emphatic and copious, and the intense force of his satire is unsurpassed."

—*Minto*.

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"I know your Lordship means those long-since exploded doctrines of obedience and submission to princes, which were only calculated to make a free and happy people slaves and miserable. Who but asses and pack-horses and beasts of burden can entertain such servile notions?"—*A Pretended Letter, etc.*

"Cromwell was dead; his son Richard, a weak ignorant wretch, who gave up his monarchy much in the same manner with the two usurping kings of Brentford [in the 'Rehearsal']"—*The Plea of Merit*.

"I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting; half a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should require; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year; for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends."—*Letter to a Young Lady on her Marriage*.

"It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall, which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great."—*The Conduct of the Allies*.

4. Plainness — Simplicity — Homeliness — Baldness.—This means something more than mere simplicity of style. Swift laid down and followed the principle that "the divine should have nothing to say to the wisest of men that the most uneducated could not understand." "In respect to plainness," says Hunt, "he has no superior in English prose. He called things by their right names. He had no faith in Talleyrand's theory 'that language is the art of concealing

thought.' His style has a downright practical bluntness that marked it as superior, and makes it still representative." Craik calls Swift's style "so idiomatic, so English, so true and appropriate in all its varieties." "Every sentence," says Shaw, "is homely and rugged and strong." He seems to have hated foreign words as he hated men. Sometimes Swift carries this quality of plainness to such an extreme that, as Taine declares, "he has the style of a surgeon and a judge—cold, grave, solid, unadorned. He imports into literature the positive spirit of men of business, degrading everything to the level of vulgar events."

"Dean Swift may be placed at the head of those who have employed a plain style. Few writers have discovered more capacity. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or ludicrous, in a masterly manner. He knew, almost beyond any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language."—*Blair*.

"He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him. The peruser of Swift wants little previous knowledge, and it is sufficient that he is acquainted with common words and common things. He is neither required to mount elevations nor to explore profundities. His passage is always on a level or on solid ground, without asperities, without obstruction. . . . He studied purity, . . . and whoever depends upon his authority may generally conclude himself safe. His sentences are never too much dilated or contracted, and it would not be easy to find any embarrassment in the complication of his clauses, any inconsequence in his connections or abruptness in his transitions. . . . They [his works] are written with great plainness, force, and intrepidity—advance at once to the matter in dispute—give battle to the strength of the enemy, and never seek any kind of advantage from darkness or obscurity. . . . Its ['The Tale of a Tub's'] great merit seems to consist in the author's familiarity with all sorts of common and idiomatic expres-

sions. . . . To deliver absurd notions or incredible tales in the most authentic, honest, and direct terms, . . . and to luxuriate in all the variations of that grave, plain, and perspicuous phraseology which dull men use to express their homely opinions, seems to be the great art of this extraordinary humorist. . . . His is radically a low and homely style—without grace and without affectation—and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of common words and expressions.”—*Samuel Johnson*.

“The brevity, the homeliness, the minuteness, the unbroken seriousness of the narrative [‘Gulliver’], all give a character of truth and simplicity to the work. . . . His style is chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of common words and expressions. . . . Other writers who have used a plain and direct style have been for the most part jejeune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as of the tameness of their language. Swift, without ever trespassing into figures or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess.”
—*Jeffrey*.

“Swift’s prose is never ungainly; it is simple and clear and direct, absolutely free from affectation or ‘curious care,’ never seeking mere rhetorical effects; but it is not the less polished to a smooth and brilliant surface—not the polish of elaboration, but the fine chiselled surface of a mind that thought clearly and exactly.”—*Stanley Lane-Poole*.

“His writings exhibit no tendency to exaggeration or bombast; no fallacious images or far-fetched analogies; no timid phrases in which the expression hangs loosely and inaccurately around the meaning. . . . His arguments are so plain that the weakest mind can grasp them, yet so logical

that it is seldom possible to evade their force. . . . His style is always clear, keen, nervous, and exact. He delights in the most homely Saxon, in the simplest and most unadorned sentences."—*Lecky*.

"Nothing shows Swift's genius in these Irish tracts more conclusively than the marvellously simple materials with which he maintains their force. . . . So vivid is the imaginative power [in 'The Legion Club'] of his descriptions, that, as we read, we seem to see the gibbering of the madmen, twisting their straws, tugging at their chains, and making the place hideous with their foul and loathsome bestialities. . . . His style is free from all tricks and peculiarities; it holds to its purpose with absolute directness and lucidity. It has no balanced periods, no ornaments; even grammatical regularity is sometimes wanting. But with dramatic nicety it suits the character in which he speaks, and he bends it to his purpose with the unconscious skill with which a well-trained fencer turns his foil. . . . His power was to be shown by the lucidity and the skill of expression. . . . He sought to make himself, above all, simple, clear, and logical in his method. . . . The strength of Swift's prose lies in its clearness and in its flexibility rather than in its technical correctness."—*G. L. Craik*.

"He says what he means in the homeliest native English that can be conceived. . . . His sentences are self-sufficient, and fit the occasion as a glove the hand."—*T. H. Ward*.

"He is explicit in referring to what has been said, what is to come, and what is the connection of one theory with another. . . . When he writes seriously, his language is simple, unadorned, and designed above everything to convey his meaning directly."—*Minto*.

"At a time when elegance was thought to be all in all in writing, he showed what power lay in a simple, virile style, and what plain, homely words could do when managed by a master's hand."—*Lowell*.

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"I have been frequently assured by great ministers that politics were nothing but common sense ; which, as it was the only true thing they spoke, so it was the only thing they could have wished I should not believe."—*Some Free Thoughts, etc.*

"It is great fault among you that when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices. One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing apiece."—*The Drapier's Letters.*

"A great minister puts you a case and asks your opinion, but conceals an essential circumstance, upon which the whole weight of the matter turns ; then he despises your understanding for counselling him no better, and concludes he ought to trust entirely to his own wisdom."—*Some Free Thoughts, etc.*

"And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law, either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience, omnipresence, ubiquity, attribute, beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric, idiosyncrasy, entity*, and the like."—*Letter to a Young Clergyman.*

5. Vehement Invective—Insolence.—While satire is Swift's favorite weapon, he frequently descends to use a bludgeon where Addison would wield a stiletto. Says Taine, "He knows life as a banker knows accounts ; and, his total once made up, he scorns or knocks the babblers who dispute it in his presence." He is given to the use of such terms as *bully, sharper, rake*, and the like. In the words of Thackeray: "It is Samson with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them."

"Their ['Tale of a Tub' and 'Gulliver'] distinguishing feature, however, is the force and vehemence of the invective in which they abound—the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance, and the dexterity with which abuse and ridicule

are showered upon the adversary. This, we think, was beyond all doubt Swift's great talent and the weapon by which he made himself formidable. . . . Almost all his works are libels; generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse, direct, vehement, unsparing invective, is his means. . . . There is no spirit, indeed, of love or of honor in any part of them, but an unvaried and harassing display of insolence and animosity in the writer and villany and folly in those of whom he is writing. . . . He seems always to think the most effectual blows the most advisable and no advantage unlawful that is likely to be successful for the moment. Disregarding all the laws of polished hostility, he uses at one and the same moment his sword and his poisoned dagger, his hands and his teeth and his envenomed breath. . . . The invective of Swift appears in this ['The Legion Club'] and some other pieces like the infernal fire of Milton's rebel angels, which

'Scorch'd and blasted and o'erthrew——'

and was launched even against the righteous with such impetuous fury,

'That whom it hit none on their feet might stand,
Though standing else as rocks—but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel rolled.'

It is scarcely necessary to remark, however, that there is never the least approach to dignity or nobleness in the style of these terrible invectives. . . . They are honest, coarse, and violent effusions of furious rage and rancorous hatred."—*Jeffrey*.

"Its ['A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures'] power lies in its variety. Indignant earnestness is subtly varied by sarcasm, straight blows of invective by delicate irony. . . . The most withering of all his poetic

satires is 'The Legion Club.' His fury bursts all bounds in the storm of abuse and ridicule and utter scorn that he pours upon the august assembly."—*G. L. Craik*.

"He delighted in a strain of ribald abuse. . . . He possessed powers of satire perhaps as terrible as have ever been granted to a human being."—*Lecky*.

"They ['The Drapier's Letters'] are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective. . . . The assault is wonderful for its terrible rage."—*Thackeray*.

"The personal satire of Swift is often not only merciless but wholly unjustifiable."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"His ordinary style is grave irony. . . . Swift has the genius of insult; he is the inventor of irony, as Shakespeare of poetry, and, as befits an extreme force, he goes to extremes in his thought and art."—*Taine*.

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"He humbly gave the modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues and fools and d——d cowards and confounded loggerheads and illiterate whelps and nonsensical scoundrels."—*The Battle of the Books*.

"'Not to disparage myself,' said he, 'by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance, born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe? Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet.'"—*The Battle of the Books*.

"When I reflect on this I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them."—*Letter to a Young Lady on her Marriage*.

"I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers,

and rakes to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law has not been able to find an expedient."—*On Good Manners.*

6. Wit—Power of Ludicrous Combination.—"His most grave themes were blended with ironical pleasantry; and, in those of a lighter nature, deep and bitter satire is often concealed under the most trifling levity."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"In his various works we find one quality almost always predominant—an imperturbable humor; and from this lambent spirit of pleasantry nothing human or divine was safe. . . . The magnificence of Swift's anger, scintillating with wit, glowing with passion, throws its cometary splendor right across the Augustan heavens."—*Edmund Gosse.*

"As all know, it is in his character as a humorist, an inventor of the preposterous, as a medium for the reflective, and above all as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature."—*David Masson.*

"He never attempted any species of composition in which either the sublime or the pathetic was required of him; but in every department of poetry where wit is necessary he displayed, as the subject chanced to require, either the blasting lightning of satire or the lambent, meteor-like coruscations of frolicsome humor."—*Leslie Stephen.*

"For the qualities of sheer wit and humor Swift had no superior, ancient or modern; . . . his wit was perfect, as such—a sheer meeting of the extremes of difference and likeness."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"In 'Lilliput' the humor is on the surface: the satire is only occasional. . . . By nothing did he affect men more than by his marvellous combination of the grimmest earnestness with the most mocking humor. In its latter and more matured form, his wit itself became earnest and passionate, and has a severity, a fierceness, a *sæva indignatio*, that

are all his own, and that have never been blended in any other writer with so keen a perception of the ludicrous and so much general comic power. The breadth of his rich, pungent, original jocularly is at the same time cutting as a sword and consuming as fire."—*G. L. Craik*.

"His wit was perfectly unbridled. His unrivalled power of ludicrous combination seldom failed to get the better of his prudence ; and he found it impossible to resist a jest. . . . His wit is a species of argument."—*Lecky*.

"He had more humor in him than Pope, who had it not in him to produce a downright side-shaking bit of rollicking fun. There is more laughter altogether about Swift's satire. . . . The Dean had a real humorous side."—*J. Hannay*.

"His humor, though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be easily defined. The nearest description we can give of it would make it consist in expressing sentiments the most absurd and ridiculous, the most shocking and atrocious, or sometimes the most energetic and original, in a sort of composed, calm, and unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commonplace truths, which no person could dispute or gain credit by announcing, and in maintaining them always in the gravest and most familiar language, with a consistency which somewhat palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted ingenuity which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The secret, in short, seems to consist in employing the language of humble good sense and simple, undoubting conviction to express in their honest nakedness sentiments which it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretences, or truths which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies."—*Jeffrey*.

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"These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dextrous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters ; for instance, they can discover a flock of geese to signify a senate ; a lame dog, an invader ; the plague, a standing army ;

a buzzard, a prime minister ; the gout, a high priest ; a gibbet, a secretary of state ; a sieve, a court lady ; a broom, a revolution ; a mousetrap, an employment ; a bottomless pit, a treasury ; a sink, a court ; a cap and bells, a favorite ; a broken reed, a court of justice ; an empty tun, a general."—*Gulliver's Travels*.

"They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again ; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall, at their resurrection, be found ready standing on their feet."—*Gulliver's Travels*.

"What is man himself but a microcoat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings ? As to his body there can be no dispute ; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing an exact dress ; to instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a *surtout*, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches ?"—*Tale of a Tub*.

7. Coarseness.—"His intensity of loathing leads him to besmear his antagonists with filth. He becomes disgusting in the effort to express disgust. . . . He tears aside the veil of decency to show the bestial elements of human nature."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"[He is] a monster gibbering shrieks [in the fourth part of 'Gulliver's Travels'] and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame ; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene !" — *Thackeray*.

"He seems to delight in low metaphors and gross allusions. His coarseness is gratuitous and his smut deliberate. Indeed, the vulgarity of Swift is sometimes unendurable." — *H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Persons of delicate and refined taste have been hurt by its ['Gulliver's Travels'] grossness, and those of more severe and religious feelings have marked it with that moral dis-

approbation which rejects a work so wide in its temper and feeling from the spirit of Christianity."—*John Mitford*.

"All his jests have the same character and insolence and coarseness. He does not even scruple, upon occasion, to imitate his own Yahoos, by discharging upon his unhappy victims a shower of filth, from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford any protection. . . . The greater part of the wisdom and satire [of 'Gulliver's Travels'] appears to us to be extremely vulgar and commonplace. . . . If he can make his victim writhe . . . he is contented, provided he can make him sufficiently disgusting, that a good share of the filth that he throws should stick to his own fingers. . . . In humor and in irony, and in the talent for debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the Dean of Saint Patrick's without a rival."—*Jeffrey*.

"In the process of 'debasing and defiling' he sometimes condescends to use the language of the brothel. . . . His allusions are often extremely gross."—*Minto*.

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"This honest, civil, ingenious gentleman knows in his conscience that there are not ten clergymen in England except non-jurors who do not abhor the thought of the Pretender reigning over us much more than himself. Yet this is the spittle of the bishop of Sarum, which our author licks up and swallows, and then coughs out again with an addition of his own phlegm."—*The Public Spirit of the Whigs*.

"Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails, the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten or neglected or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison, which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is

improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age."—*The Battle of the Books*.

In "The Battle of the Books" and in Swift's "Directions to Servants" will be found abundant illustrations of this characteristic—some of them so extreme as not to bear repetition here.

8. Misanthropy.—"Among the 'Houyhnhnms' probability is ruthlessly sacrificed to the wild pleasure the author takes in trampling human pride in the mire of his sarcasm."
—*Edmund Gosse*.

"In 'Gulliver' we have a satire on the various classes of men and their occupations . . . and satires on human nature and human society down to their very foundations."
—*David Masson*.

"In parts of his work there is a sort of heartiness of abuse and contempt of mankind which produces a greater sympathy and animation in the reader than the most elaborate sarcasms that have since come into fashion. . . ."—*Jeffrey*.

"The satires proceeding from his later, most disappointed years are almost fiendish in the calm malignity of their exposure of the weakness and follies of mankind. . . . 'Gulliver's Travels' . . . is the most ferocious satire on entire humanity ever written. It is a mockery of the spectacle of life such as has never proceeded from any other unbelieving and misbelieving soul. Its author rejoices to degrade whatever in us is worthy and to set on high all the foulness and sin of which human nature is capable."—*N. P. Gilman*.

"Of all the creations of his fancy it ['The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms'] is the most improbable; it is filled with such a fierce indignation against the frailties and vices to which our nature is so prone; . . . it indulges in such a fiendish mockery of the degraded species, and holds up such hideous representations of the loathsome depravity of our sins, while it renders its satire more effective by drawing

through it the richest vein of ridicule and the most pointed wit."—*John Mitford*.

"Swift exempts from his ridicule no profession, no faith, hardly any institution, hardly any character. . . . All come in for a cut of his stinging lash."—*Minto*.

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"The daughters of great and rich families, computed after the same manner, will hardly amount to half the number of the male ; because the care of their education is either entirely left to their mothers or they are sent to boarding schools or put into the hands of English or French governesses, and generally the worst that can be gotten for the money. So that, after the reduction I was compelled to, from two thousand to one, half the number of well-educated nobility and gentry must either continue in a single life, or be forced to couple themselves with women for whom they can possibly have no esteem ; I mean fools, prudes, coquettes, gamesters, saunterers, endless talkers of nonsense, splenetic idlers, intriguers, given to scandal and censure."—*On the Education of Ladies*.

"I have ever hated all societies, professions, and communities ; and all my love is toward individuals. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man—although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so on."—*Letter to Mr. Pope*.

"But instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity or disposition to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilizing Europe by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity."—*A Voyage to the Houyhnhnms*.

"And pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth ! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances ; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away."—*The Tale of a Tub*.

GOLDSMITH, 1728-1744

Biographical Outline. — Oliver Goldsmith, born at Pallas, near Ballymahon, Ireland, November 10, 1728 ; father then a curate and small farmer, mother the daughter of a clergyman ; Goldsmith's father becomes rector of Kilkenny West in 1730, and the family settle at Lissoy ; Goldsmith learns his letters from a Mrs. Delap, who thought him " impenetrably stupid ; " later he attends the village school of Lissoy, kept by an old soldier named Thomas Byrne ; Goldsmith is a dull pupil, but reads chap-books, learns ballads, and makes juvenile rhymes ; his school-life is interrupted by a severe attack of small-pox, which leaves his face badly marked ; later he studies under a Mr. Griffin at Elphin School ; between 1739 and 1741 he is in a school at Athlone, and goes thence to a school at Edgeworthstown, where his cleverness attracts attention ; on June 11, 1744, he enters Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, being forced to take that menial position because of the economy necessary that his father may provide Goldsmith's sister with an extravagant marriage-portion ; his tutor at Trinity, one Wilder, is harsh and brutal ; Goldsmith is humiliated by his position as sizar, and rebels against the mathematics and logic that he is compelled to study ; he receives some aid from an uncle by marriage, but often has to pawn his books and to earn his living by writing street-ballads, which he sells for five shillings each ; in May, 1747, he narrowly escapes expulsion for conspiring with other students to duck certain bailiffs in the college cistern ; in the following June he tries in vain to secure a scholarship given on examination, but wins an " exhibition " worth thirty shillings a year ; he gives a supper and a dance to celebrate his good fortune, is inter-

rupted by his tutor, is "chastised," and straightway sells his books and runs away to Cork; a reconciliation with the tutor is effected by Goldsmith's brother, who had been a pensioner at Trinity, and who held a scholarship there; Goldsmith's father dies early in 1747; Goldsmith takes A.B. at Dublin in February, 1749; after leaving the university he occasionally assists in his brother's school at Pallas, loafs about the town of Ballymahon (where his mother lived in poverty), declines to take holy orders, plays the flute, and throws the hammer; through his uncle he obtains a tutorship with one Mr. Flinn, but soon resigns, obtains a good horse and thirty pounds, and starts for Cork, intending to sail thence for America; he misses his ship, and soon returns to Ballymahon with a poor horse and no money; he then borrows £50 from his Uncle Contarine, starts for London to study law, and soon returns to Ballymahon, after losing the money in gambling at Dublin; he is again aided by his uncle, his brother, and his sister, and goes to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1752 to study medicine; joins a students' club called "The Medical Society," tells stories, sings songs, and is generally popular; he makes a tour of the Highlands early in 1753; he determines to finish his medical studies abroad, pays his debts by means of a loan from two college friends, sails for Bordeaux, is driven into Newcastle by rough weather, and, with other passengers, is imprisoned for two weeks on the false charge of having enlisted in the French service in Scotland; on his release he sails for Rotterdam and goes thence to Leyden, where a fellow-countryman lends him money, which he forthwith expends in bulbs for his Uncle Contarine; early in 1755 he starts on his famous pilgrimage, "with one clean shirt and next to no money;" his exact itinerary is unknown, but he probably visited Louvain, Paris, Strasburg, several points in Germany and Switzerland, Venice, Padua (where he is supposed to have studied six months), Carinthia, and thence back through France to Dover, landing February 1, 1756; he trav-

elled principally on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute, except in Italy, where he engaged in disputations at the universities and convents; he is said to have taken a medical degree at Louvain, but all the alleged details of his tour are doubtful; he reaches London in great destitution, probably tries acting and school-teaching, soon becomes assistant to a chemist on Fish Street Hill, and later, through the aid of his friend Dr. Sleigh, sets up as a physician in Bankside, Southwark; he is unsuccessful as a physician, writes tragedy (?), proposes to travel to Sinai to decipher "the written mountains," reads proof, and, late in 1756, becomes an usher in a school at Peckham kept by Dr. Milner, a dissenting minister, whose son Goldsmith had known at Edinburgh; at Milner's house he meets Griffiths, proprietor of the *Monthly Review*, and agrees to write for the *Review*, receiving in return his lodging and "an adequate salary;" he is engaged on the *Review* from April till September, 1757; he writes also for other periodicals, and translates "Memoirs of Jean Marteilhe," published in 1758; he leaves Griffiths's employ because he is disgusted with the way in which his manuscript is "edited" by that worthy and his wife; he returns for a while to Dr. Milner, and then "makes shift to live by a very little practice as a physician;" during 1758 he publishes an essay on "The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe," and solicits subscribers for the same; he obtains, through Milner, an appointment as physician to a factory on the coast of Coromandel promising an income of £1,100; tries the requisite preliminary examination December 1, 1758, and fails; he borrowed from Griffiths the suit of clothes in which he appeared at the examination, and wrote four articles for the *Monthly Review* in payment; during 1759 he writes for Griffiths a superficial life of Voltaire, and receives twenty pounds for his work; the "Life" is published in the *Lady's Magazine* (then published by Griffiths), in 1761; about 1759 Goldsmith takes a lodging at 12 Green Arbour Court, near the Old

Bailey, and begins to acquire some reputation and social standing; his essay on "Polite Learning" attracts Thomas (afterward Bishop) Percy, who was then collecting materials for his "Reliques," and Percy calls on Goldsmith, whom he finds living in squalor; Goldsmith also meets Smollett, then editor of the *Critical Review*, to which Goldsmith contributes during 1757-59; during 1759-60 he also writes for the *British Magazine* (started by Smollett), *The Lady's Magazine*, the *Bee*, and the *Busybody*; in 1760 he enters into an agreement with John Newbery, a "philanthropic bookseller" of St. Paul's Churchyard, by which Goldsmith is to contribute two papers a week to the *Public Ledger* (started by Newbery, January 12, 1760) and is to receive therefor the stated sum of £100 a year; here appeared his "Chinese Letters," ninety-eight papers in all, which were reprinted in book form in 1762 under the title "A Citizen of the World;" the "Letters" add to his reputation and his social standing, and in 1760 he removes to better lodgings at 6 Wine Office Court, Fleet Street; here he is visited by Johnson (whom Goldsmith had previously complimented in the *Bee*) on May 31, 1761, and thus begins a friendship that serves greatly to aid Goldsmith; about this time he applies in vain to Garrick for aid in securing the secretaryship of the Society of Arts, then vacant; during 1762 Goldsmith does hack-work for Newbery, writing some seven volumes, including the paper on "The Cock Lane Ghost," his "History of Mecklenburgh," "A Compendium of Biography," etc.; Prior estimates Goldsmith's income during 1762 at below £120; he removes to Islington late in 1762, and continues to do hack-work for Newbery, from whom he borrows money in 1763; he probably writes "A History of England in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to His Son," published in 1764; about this time, in company with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and others, he aids in forming the famous Turk's Head Club; he is still considered

"a mere literary drudge," though Johnson calls him "one of the first men we now have as an author;" on the publication of "The Traveller," Dec. 19, 1764, Johnson's opinion is suddenly and generally adopted; "The Traveller" passed through four editions in 1765, and reached a ninth edition by 1774; Goldsmith received twenty guineas for the manuscript of the poem and probably twenty more on its success; his new fame brings him to the notice of Robert Nugent (afterward Viscount Clare) and through Nugent to that of the Earl of Northumberland, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; the Earl offers to aid Goldsmith, but he unwisely declines and recommends his brother Henry instead; later he writes his ballad "Edwin and Angelina" for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland; a collection of his essays is published in 1765, and he again tries in vain to set up as a physician; on March 26, 1766, he publishes "The Vicar of Wakefield," written before "The Traveller" was published; through Johnson's agency he obtains £60 for the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and thus secures release from his landlady, who had just arrested him for non-payment of rent; "The Vicar of Wakefield" establishes Goldsmith's reputation; he removes to Temple Court and resides there, at 2 Bench Court, till his death, except for frequent short sojourns in the country; during 1771-74 he writes "She Stoops to Conquer," and works on his "Animated Nature" at a farm near Hyde; he is devoted to society, masquerading, and gaming, but continues to do hack-work for booksellers; in December, 1766, he publishes "Poems for Young Ladies," for which he receives ten guineas, and in April, 1767, "The Beauties of English Poesy," for which he receives probably fifty guineas; in 1769 Dennis pays him two hundred and fifty guineas for the manuscript of "A History of Rome;" in 1770 appeared his lives of Parnell and Bolingbroke, in 1771 his "English History," for which he was to receive five hundred guineas, and in 1773 his "Greek History,"

for which Dennis paid him £250; his "Animated Nature," which he had agreed in 1769 to write for Griffin—eight volumes at one hundred guineas a volume—was not published till after Goldsmith's death, though he received full payment; early in 1767 he offers his "Good-Natured Man" to Garrick, who refuses it, probably because of some personal resentment against Goldsmith; it is soon afterward accepted by Colman, but is not played till January 28, 1768; at first the play is not very successful, and the scene at the bailiff's is hissed; but after this scene is omitted the play succeeds, and eventually brings to Goldsmith £500; on May 26, 1770, he publishes "The Deserted Village," begun two years before; it passes at once through five editions; "She Stoops to Conquer" is received with hesitation by Colman in 1772, but he is finally induced by Johnson to stage it, and on March 15, 1773, it scores a great success, running twelve nights and bringing to Goldsmith £500; he is widely known and esteemed in his later years; in 1770 he visits Paris in company with Mrs. Horneck and her daughters, one of whom was "the Jessamy bride;" in 1771 Goldsmith's old enemy, Kenrick, wrote a letter to the *London Packet*, insinuating that Goldsmith's relations with the Hornecks were not proper; Goldsmith gave him a caning, and escaped prosecution for the deed by promising £50 to a Welsh charity; he visits Lord Clare at Bath in the winter of 1770-71, and writes "A Haunch of Venison" in the lord's honor; in 1773 he projects "A Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences," and is promised articles by Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others; one article is written by Burney, but the plan falls through; Goldsmith writes his last poem, "Retaliation," probably in February, 1774, but it was not published till after his death, which occurred at his lodgings at 2 Bench Court, London, April 4, 1774; according to Reynolds he died owing £2,000.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Graceful Ease.—Goldsmith is remarkable for the way in which he has photographed his own traits and his life-history in all his scenes and characters. In turning his pages one feels, almost, that he is conversing with a friend. "Not one of us, however busy or hard," says Thackeray, "but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music. His song is fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it." Goethe, on listening to a German translation of "The Vicar of Wakefield," pronounced it "a prose idyl." Speaking of the characters in this immortal story, William Black says, "All is done with such a light, homely touch that one gets familiarly to know these people without being aware of it." De Quincey speaks of Goldsmith's "happy graces of style, plastic as the air or the surface of a lake to the pure impulses of nature." Forsyth calls "The Vicar of Wakefield" "as sweet a picture as was ever drawn of family life;" another critic considers "the sustained sweetness of Goldsmith's character almost miraculous," while another exclaims, "How many a familiar truth has he clothed in clear and graceful diction!" This quality of graceful ease is more easily felt than defined. As one critic says, "There is a charm, an effect, and *that* we all feel; and we might almost as well try to produce as to express it." It is a matter of universal wonder among the critics that, although many of Goldsmith's tastes are known to have been low, and though he had a life-

long fondness for vulgar associations, both his language and his sentiments are marvellously pure. "His simplicity," says Minto, "is an elegant simplicity. He is not homely like Paley nor coarse like Swift. The remarkable thing is his combination of purity with copiousness. He is never affectedly easy, never condescends to polite slang. The light and graceful structure of his sentences cannot be too much admired. The strong points of his intellect centred in his power of easy and graceful literary composition." In short, the literary world has approved the justice of Johnson's estimate in the famous Latin sentence which the "Dictator" wrote upon his friend's cenotaph in Westminster Abbey: "There is hardly any form of literature that he did not touch; and whatever he touched he adorned." That his ease and grace were both conscious and cultivated appears from one of Goldsmith's remarks. He once wrote, "To be dull and dronish is an encroachment on the prerogative of a folio."

"Even when he is wrong as to his facts or his sweeping generalizations, one is inclined to forgive him on account of the quaint gracefulness and point of his style. . . . Goldsmith put an anxious finish into all his better work; perhaps that is the secret of the gracefulness that is apparent in every line. . . . Goldsmith was particularly happy in writing bright and airy verses; the grace and lightness of his touch has rarely been approached."—*William Black*.

"His style was always pure and easy. . . . About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merry-andrews."—*Macaulay*.

"The exquisite grace, the delicate choice of words, the amiability of sentiment, so peculiarly his own and so well suited to express the simple beauty of his thoughts, gave a

charm to the work which familiarity can only endear. . . . As an essayist, he has contributed some of the most pure and graceful specimens of English prose discoverable in the whole range of literature. . . . The fascinating ease of its flow is the result of long study and careful revision."—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

"While I am prepared to condemn him by my moral sense, and while obliged to say that he was not at all respectable, yet he had those graceful graciousnesses and gracious gracefulnesses which, in spite of a sense of condemnation, make him, after all, one of the darlings of the human race."—*George Dawson*.

"Goldsmith, both in verse and prose, was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flowed like a limpid stream. His ease is quite unconscious. Everything in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected."—*Hazlitt*.

"The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make 'The Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"One of the most graceful, gentle-minded, and pure writers our literature can boast of. . . . His manners were without the refinement and good-breeding which the exquisite polish of his language would lead us to expect."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"Where is there now a man who can pen an essay with such ease and elegance as Goldsmith?"—*Samuel Johnson*.

"He writes as if he were at full leisure to make everything perfect, and as serenely as if he were indifferent to fame or already secure in the possession of it."—*Channing*.

"He may be likened to his own writings, which, with all their incomparable grace, lightness, elegance, ingenuousness, and lambent fire, have nothing deep or grand: they charm; they do not instruct, they do not inspire—they are graceful, not wise."—*John Forster*.

In the preface to the first edition of his "Citizen of the World" Goldsmith wrote: "In the intimacy between my author and me he has usually given me a lift of his eastern sublimity and I have sometimes given him return of my colloquial ease."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"I love everything that's old : old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine ; and, I believe, Dorothy [taking her hand], you'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife."—*She Stoops to Conquer*.

"The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners ; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"I could not avoid showing my argument to my old friend Mr. Wilmot in the hopes of receiving his approbation ; but I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason ; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"I published some tracts on the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy few."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

2. Simplicity—Naturalness—Homeliness.— "His writings partake strongly of his character. Candid simplicity, unaffected plainness, are symptomatic of both. In comparing Goldsmith with his fellow-novelists, his unreserved and unsophisticated simplicity strikes us at once. . . . There is nothing but the simplest language conveying the simplest moral, evolved by the simplest agency."—*Macaulay*.

"The characteristic of our author's poetry is a prevailing simplicity, which conceals all the artifices of versification ; but it is not confined to his expression alone, for it pervades

every feature of the poem ['The Deserted Village']. His delineation of rural scenery, his village portraits, his moral, political, and classical allusions, while marked by singular fidelity, chasteness, and elegance, are all chiefly distinguished by their pleasing and natural character."—*Washington Irving*.

"Goldsmith is among the simplest of our writers. . . . He resembles Addison; his simplicity is an elegant simplicity."—*Minto*.

"In prose style, as in poetic, it is noticeable that Goldsmith has little in common with his great contemporaries, with their splendid bursts of rhetoric and Latin pomp of speech—but that he goes back to the perfect plainness and simple grace of the Queen Anne men: . . . colloquial ease of expression, an apparent absence of all effort or calculation."—*Edmund Gosse*.

"His 'Vicar of Wakefield' is a prose idyl, somewhat spoilt by phrases too rhetorical, but at bottom as homely as a Flemish picture. Observe in Terburg's or Mieri's paintings a woman at market or a burgomaster emptying his long glass of beer; their faces are vulgar, the ingenuousness is comical, the cookery occupies the place of honor; yet these good folks are so peaceful, so contented with their small ordinary happiness, that we envy them. The impression left by Goldsmith's book is pretty much the same."—*Taine*.

"It is not for the plot that people now read 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' . . . Surely human nature must be very much the same when this simple description of a quiet English home went straight to the heart of nations in both hemispheres. And the wonder is that Goldsmith, of all men, should have produced such a perfect picture of domestic life. Herder, again and again, throughout his life, reverted to the charm and delight with which he had made the acquaintance of the English 'prose idyl,' and took it for granted that it was a real picture of English life. . . ."—*William Black*.

“ ‘And now, my dear mother, having struggled so hard to get back to see you, I wonder you are not more rejoiced to see me.’ This is one of his immortal sentences, which is worth embalming, it is so deliciously simple. Goldsmith was a big baby, a baby to the end of his life ; but, remember, he was only half-baked ; the reasonable side of his nature was never developed ; he died before he had a chance of cutting his wisdom-teeth ; he never did cut them, and he would have had to live to the age of Methuselah before he cut them. . . . [The picture of the party at Vauxhall in the third of ‘the Beau Tibbs’ series] is as fresh in its fidelity to human nature and as externally effective in its artistic oppositions as any of the best efforts of the great masters of fiction. . . . He was in reality of so open and unguarded a disposition and so wholly incapable of any conventional concealment of his thoughts and affections, that in collecting anecdotes to illustrate his characters it is of the first importance to ascertain whether the narrator is a friend or an enemy.”—*George Dawson*.

“He gives us pictures of home and rural life which denote an exquisite sense of their charms and an exact knowledge of their petty troubles. . . . Our minds are exercised, but without the least effort ; we get at the full meaning without seeking for it.”—*W. E. Channing*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“You may be as neat as you please and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness but frippery. These ruffings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of our neighbors.”—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

“Every man who has seen the world and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine ; and must know that to have much or to seem to have it is the only way to have more.”—*Essays*.

"My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for a parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept in the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want rich furniture."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

3. Broad Sympathy—Love of Humanity.—It is this quality, above all others, that makes Goldsmith, as Thackeray justly calls him, "the most beloved of English writers." He is essentially a *sympathetic* writer. De Quincey finely calls this trait in Goldsmith's style "that exquisite truth of household pathos" which causes the genial Irishman to be "remembered among men by tears of tenderness." Of that delicate pathos which lies half-way between smiles and tears Goldsmith was a consummate master. Thackeray attributes the charm of his style to "his sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns," and adds: "Think of him, reckless, thriftless, vain if you like, but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. Wander he must; but he carries a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast." Perhaps the most characteristic adjective to be applied to Goldsmith is *good-natured*. Giles calls this good-nature "a copious fountain of kindness, refreshing the life around him with streams of gayety, of fondness, and of pity. There was a benignity in him which gave his heart an interest in the humblest creature." As compared with the pathos of Sterne, Minto nicely observes that Goldsmith's "benevolence was more active than sentimental, just as Sterne's was more sentimental than active." A critic in the *North American Review* is right when he declares that "it is to this wealth

of sympathy that Goldsmith's writings owe their immortality."

"It is not to be described—the effect which Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' had upon me just at the critical moment of my mental development. That lofty and benevolent irony, that fair and indulgent view of all infirmities and faults, that meekness under all calamities, that equanimity under all changes and chances, . . . proved my best education." —*Goethe*.

"Not a little of the peculiar charm of Goldsmith is attributable to the excellence of his heart. Mere talent would scarcely have sufficed to interpret and display so enchantingly the humble characters and scenes to which his most brilliant efforts were devoted. It was his sincere and ready sympathy with man, his sensibility to suffering in every form, his strong social sentiment, and his amiable interest in all around him which brightened to his mind's eye what to the less susceptible is unheeded and obscure." —*Bayard Tuckerman*.

"He learned to regard 'the human face divine' with affection and esteem. . . . He was ready to do anything—Jack-of-all-trades, master of none—until, by-and-by, he became master of the human heart and writer of two or three of the deepest, truest, sweetest things men ever have written. . . . In all literature I know of no such touch of that heavenly charity which Christians praise so much and know so little as where Dr. Primrose, on finding that his daughter has been seduced, curses the seducer, and Moses with loving simplicity rebukes his father. The old man replies, 'Did I curse him, child? then may heaven forgive me and him.' . . . High animal spirits, careless nature, readiness to give and receive, gushing tenderness—these were his virtues, and they are always popular. . . . I for one am glad that God sent Oliver Goldsmith into the world to teach, as he has done by his life and writings, that mercy, charity, and slowness to anger which, through all his sad, mean, and miserable life he

never failed to show. . . . If Goldsmith's precepts leave us languid, his charming topography and his graceful memories, his tender retrospect and his genial sympathy with humanity still invite and detain us. . . . Its ['The Vicar of Wakefield's'] sweet humanity, its wisdom and its common sense, its happy mingling of character and Christianity, will keep it sweet long after more ambitious and in many respects abler works are forgotten."—*George Dawson*.

"His benevolent spirit seems still to smile on us; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor."—*Thackeray*.

"But the children of flesh, whose pulses beat too sympathetically, cannot sequester themselves in that way [as Milton did]. They walk in no such altitudes, but at elevations easily reached by the ground-winds of humble calamity. And from that cup of sorrow which upon all lips is pressed in some proportion, they must submit, by the very terms on which they hold their gifts, to drink, if not more profoundly than others, yet more perilously as regards the fulfilment of their intellectual mission. Among this household of children, too sympathetically linked to the trembling impulses of earth, stands forward conspicuously Oliver Goldsmith."—*De Quincey*.

"We read 'The Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives to reconcile us to human nature."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"The secret of its ['The Vicar of Wakefield's'] enduring popularity is undoubtedly its truth to nature, but to nature of the most amiable kind, to nature as Goldsmith saw it."—*Washington Irving*.

"His charity seems to have been pushed beyond the limits of prudence, and all who knew him testify to the singular kindliness of his nature."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He was so generous that he quite forgot to be just."—*Macaulay*.

"He was kind and benevolent whenever he had it in his power; and although frequently duped by artful men, his heart was never hardened against the application of the unhappy."—*Dr. Chalmers*.

"He had in himself an original to draw from, with precisely those qualities which win general affection. Lovable himself, in spite of all his grave faults, he makes lovable the various copies that he takes from the master-portrait. He is precisely what Johnson calls him, the '*affectum lenis dominator*'—*potens* because *lenis*. He is never above the height of the humblest understanding; and, by touching the human heart, he raises himself to a level with the loftiest."—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day to them is a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining."—*Essays*.

"'Excuse me!' returned I; 'these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. . . . If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne.'"—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could find ample room for declamation, but alas! I have been a fool myself; and why should I be angry with them for being something

so natural to every child of humanity?"—*Description of Various Clubs.*

4. Pleasantry—Mild Irony.—Goldsmith is a master of humor as well as of wit. His pleasantry generally takes the form of playful, sympathetic irony, though we have frequent illustrations of pure humor of the slyest kind. He revels in what De Quincey calls "happy laughter untainted with malice." A writer in the *North American Review* defines this characteristic as "the same unobtrusive, ever-varying humor, seen equally in deeds, words, characters, and situations, calling for no sagacity in us to catch it, and producing no surprise." Another critic calls it "sweetened wisdom, sympathetic satire, unvenomed humor." "Whom," asks Thackeray, "did the vagrant harper ever hurt? he carries no weapon save the harp on which he plays to you."

"Goldsmith is the most amiable of our satirists. He was full of the milk of human kindness, and the range of his sympathies was wide. His ridicule is always on the side of good sense and good feeling, and he handles even his embodiments of folly and weakness 'tenderly, as if he loved them;' as if, at least, he had a lurking toleration for them and secretly recognized their claims to exist in their own way as varieties of multiform humanity."—*Minto.*

"The vices and follies of the day are touched with the most playful and diverting satire. . . . He softens caustic satire with a pleasant humor. . . . He drew human nature as he found it, with the freedom of a satirist, but never with the coldness of a cynic. . . . No one ever excelled so much as he in depicting amiable follies and endearing weaknesses. His satire makes us at once smile and love all that he so tenderly ridicules."—*Talfourd.*

"The whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the mellow, unforced humor blended so happily with good feeling and good sense throughout his writings win

their way irresistibly to the affections and carry the author with them. What a bland, gentle, loving humor it is which occasionally steals over the picture of 'The Deserted Village,' giving here and there charming touches of gay sunshine breaking out upon the several points of a shaded landscape, yet never disturbing the sweet serenity and sadness of the whole! Never did humor wear so gentle an aspect. . . . That which constitutes the greatest charm [of 'The Citizen of the World'] is the subdued and chastened satire one occasionally meets with. Not a rude and boisterous, a cutting and malicious satire, but such as requires to be read with some attention before the full force of its sly innuendoes is fully perceived."—*Washington Irving*.

"Look ye now, for one moment, at the deep and delicate humor of Goldsmith. How at his touch the venial infirmities and vanity of this good Vicar of Wakefield live lovingly before the mind's eye! How we sympathize with poor Moses in that deep trade of his for the green spectacles! How all our good wishes for aspiring rusticity thrill for the showman who would let his bear dance only to the genteel tunes!"—*E. P. Whipple*.

"The charm of the strictures of 'The Citizen of the World' lies wholly in their delicate satire. . . . At the same time it must be allowed that the utterance of these strictures through the mouth of a Chinese admits of a certain naïveté which, on occasion, heightens the sarcasm. . . . The fine ladies and gentlemen who lived in that atmosphere of scandal and intrigue and gambling are also from time to time treated to a little decorous and respectful raillery."—*William Black*.

"With his comic sagacity and his genial perception of the ludicrous, no writer can give more amusing pictures than he does of sordid follies. . . . He drew human nature as he found it, with the freedom of a satirist, but never with the coldness of a cynic."—*H. Giles*.

"Such of his juvenile letters as have been preserved show that he possessed at an early age that charm of style and felicity of humorous description that afterward delighted the world. . . . His criticisms on the reigning modes of the time show wonderful powers of humor and gentle satire."

—*H. J. Nicoll.*

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"I had scarcely taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

"I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven on his wife's tomb that she was the only wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

"My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbors, found that the family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings the head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner (for what could I do?) our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our tastes in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and after many de-

bates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame should serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green josoph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

5. Power of Portraiture—Fidelity. — "They [the 'Chinese Letters'] contain many descriptions of character, which, if surpassed by himself, were surpassed by no other writer of the time."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"There is as much human nature in the character of the Vicar alone as would have furnished any fifty of the novels of that day or of this. Who has not been charmed by his sly and quaint humor, by his moral dignity and simple vanities, even by the little secrets he reveals to us of his paternal rule? . . . It is of little consequence whether we say that Auburn is an English village or insist that it is only Lissoy idealized, as long as the thing is true in itself. And we know that this is true: it is not that one sees the place as a picture, but that one seems to be breathing its very atmosphere and listening to the various cries that thrill the 'hollow silence.' . . . Again and again there are recurrent strokes of such vividness and naturalness that we yield altogether to the necromancer. Look at this perfect picture—of human emotion and outside nature—put in a few sentences. The old clergyman, after be-

ing in search of his daughter, has found her, and is now—having left her in an inn—returning to his family and his home. ‘As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance.’ What more perfect description of the stillness of night was ever given? ”—*William Black*.

“Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates.”—*Macaulay*.

“His talent for fresh and vivid delineation is ever most prominently displayed when he is describing what he actually witnessed.”—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

“Few works exhibit a nicer perception or more delicate delineation of life and manners [than ‘The Citizen of the World’], . . . and English characteristics in endless variety are hit off with the pencil of a master. . . . Fiction, in poetry, is not the reverse of truth, but her soft and enchanted resemblance; and this ideal beauty of nature has been seldom united with so much sober fidelity as in the groups and scenery of ‘The Deserted Village.’ ”—*Thomas Campbell*.

“The elements of the Vicar’s character are certainly very common. We recognize an old acquaintance, and no study or ingenuity can make him anything else than what he appears to plain men at the first reading. It is needless to add that, in spite of this, or in consequence of it, it is known all over the world as a master-work of genius. . . . He shows the irksomeness of the company of fools in his sketches of that matchless compound of superficiality, pretension, tawdriness, and self-content, the little second-rate beau, Mr. Tibbs.”—*W. E. Channing*.

“There is a strong personal resemblance in all his characters; they are portraits of himself drawn with the features

widened into broad humor or elongated into saturnine wisdom. His Beau Tibbs seems to have been created by looking at and magnifying some of his own foibles ; his Dr. Primrose by drawing forth those grave and kindly feelings which, notwithstanding those foibles, lay, he knew, at the bottom of his heart."—*Washington Irving*.

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"At a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorne and honeysuckle. There, when the weather was fine and our labor soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. There too we drank tea, which was now become an occasional banquet, and as we had it but seldom it diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions our two little ones always read to us, and they were regularly served after we were done. Sometimes to give variety to our amusements the girls sang to the guitar, and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue-bells and century, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"During the reply I had the opportunity of observing the appearance of our new companion ; his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness ; his looks were pale, thin and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt ; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow with long service."—*A Citizen of the World*.

"Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, I having given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures ; the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another

for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

6. Delicate Pathos.—"Goldsmith is a master of pathos, exquisite of its kind. It is the pathos intimately allied to humor and touching upon the tears that lie nearest to our smiles. The humor that draws tears, and the pathos that provokes smiles, will be popular to the end of the world."—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

"The very first line of the poem ['The Traveller'] strikes a key-note—there is in it a pathetic thrill of distance and regret and longing. . . . The genuine and tender pathos [of his works] never at any time verges on the affected or theatrical."—*William Black*.

"He can be commended for the elegance of his imagery, the depth of his pathos, and the flow of his numbers. He is uniformly tender and impressive, but rarely sublime. Of the entire poem ['The Deserted Village'] it may be deliberately said that it has more tenderness and pathos, gives more of picture to the eye and of feeling to the heart, than any other in the language which is written in the same verse or metre."—*Washington Irving*.

"There is true pathos in that tender lament ['The Deserted Village'] over the superseded sports and ruined haunts of rustic enjoyment, which never fails to find a response in every feeling breast. It is an elaborate and touching epitaph, written in the cemetery of the world over what is dear to all humanity."—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

"His poems and his novel contain some of the very finest touches of pathos."—*Minto*.

"That unfeigned compassion for the miseries of his kind with which he walked the London streets."—*Austin Dobson*.

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"The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look

round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting."—*A Citizen of the World*.

"Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burthen laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like the horizon still flies before him, yet the time will certainly and shortly come when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxuriant great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"But who are these who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags and others emaciated with disease: the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger."—*A City Night Piece*.

"Life at the greatest and best is but a forward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over."—*The Good-Natured Man*.

7. Cheerfulness—Optimism.—"He had a constitutional gayety of heart, an elastic hilarity and, as he himself expresses it, 'a knack of hoping'—which knack could not be bought with Ormus and with Ind nor lured for a day with the peacock-throne of Delhi."—*De Quincey*.

"The cheerfulness which shines like sunlight through Goldsmith's writings did not altogether desert him even in the most trying hours of his wayward and troubled career. He had, with all his sensitiveness, a fine, happy-go-lucky disposition; was ready for a frolic when he had a guinea and when he had none, and could turn a sentence on the humorous side of starvation."—*William Black*.

"His constant cheerfulness under all circumstances was the wonderful thing about him. . . . He lived in the sunshine."—*George Dawson*.

"Not in those graces of style nor in that homely, cherished gallery of familiar faces can the secret of its [Goldsmith's style's] extraordinary fascination be said to consist. It lies nearer the heart—a something which has found its way *there*; which, while it amused, has made us happier; which, gently interweaving itself with our habits of thought, has increased our good humor and charity; which, insensibly it may be, has corrected wilful impatiences of temper and made the world's daily accidents easier and kinder to us all; somewhat thus should be expressed, I think, the charm of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'"—*John Forster*.

"The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the enforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow and flowing and softly tinted style—all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. . . . [His writings] put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men."—*Washington Irving*.

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"All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it; for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt that I do not envy that felicity which is still go-

ing forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its ambition."—*Essays*.

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain. There is Bill Thibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot, but, thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet."—*Essays*.

"'There again you are wrong, my dear,' cried I, 'for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, for copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing. . . . But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life, and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fireside, no such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that know no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind. While we live they will be our support and our pleasure here, and when we die they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song, let us have a chorus.'"—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

8. Wit—Comical Extravagance.—"Goldsmith surpasses all our humorists in the combination of delicate wit with extravagant fun. His fancy was of the lightest and ariest order, and his volatile spirit was easily warmed to the boiling-point of comical extravagance."—*Minto*.

"Fashions in dramatic literature may come and go; but the wholesome, good-natured fun of 'She Stoops to Conquer' is as capable of producing a hearty laugh now as when it first saw the light in Covent Garden. . . . Whenever the entertainer [Goldsmith] thinks he is becoming dull [in his essays] he suddenly tells a quaint little story, and walks off amid the laughter he knows he has produced."—*William Black*.

"His comic writing is of the class which is perhaps as

much preferred to that of a staid sort by people in general as it is by the writer of these pages—comedy, running wit, farce. . . . It is that of the prince of comic writers, Molière.”—*Leigh Hunt*.

“There is altogether . . . an exuberant heartiness and breadth of genial humor in the comedy [‘She Stoops to Conquer’] which seems of right to overflow into Tony Lumpkin. He may be farcical, as such—lumpish, roaring, uncouth animal spirits have a right to be; but who would abate a bit of Cousin Tony, stupid and cunning as he is; impudent yet sheepish, with his loutish love of low company and his young squire sense of his ‘fortin?’ There is never any misgiving about Goldsmith’s fun and enjoyment. It is not obtained at the expense of any better thing. . . . Whether it be enjoyment or mischief going on in one of Goldsmith’s comedies, the predominant impression is hearty, jovial, and sincere.”—*John Forster*.

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“Ah, there was merit neglected for you! and so true a friend! We loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.”—*The Good-Natured Man*.

“Mixing with the crowd, I was now conducted to the hall where the magistrates are chosen; but what tongue can describe this scene of confusion! the whole crowd seemed equally inspired with anger, jealousy, politics, patriotism, and punch.”—*A Citizen of the World*.

“It is a proverb in China, that a European suffers not even his spittle to be lost; the maxim, however, is not sufficiently strong, since they sell even their lies to great advantage. Every nation drives a considerable trade in this commodity with their neighbours.”—*A Citizen of the World*.

“‘Nay, don’t talk ill of my master, madam. I won’t bear to hear anybody talk ill of him but myself.”—*The Good-Natured Man*.

“You must know, then, that I am very well descended; my ancestors have made some noise in the world; for my mother

cried oysters and my father beat a drum : I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot show so respectable a genealogy."—*Adventures of a Strolling Piper.*

9. Concise Diction — Nice Choice of Words.—

"His artless words were, each one, delicately chosen ; his simple constructions were studiously sought."—*Edward Dowden.*

"Any young writer who may imagine that the power of clear and concise literary expression comes by nature, cannot do better than study, in Mr. Cunningham's big collection of Goldsmith's writings, the continual and minute alterations which the author considered necessary even after the first edition—sometimes when the second and third editions had been published. Many of these, especially in the poetical works, were merely improvements in sound, as suggested by a singularly sensitive ear. . . . But the majority of the omissions and corrections were prompted by a careful taste, which abhorred everything redundant or slovenly. . . . The English people are very fond of good English ; and thus it is that couplets from 'The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village' have come into the common stock of our language, and that sometimes not so much on account of the ideas they convey as through their singular precision of epithet and musical sound."—*William Black.*

"He was a great, perhaps an unequalled master, of the arts of selection and condensation. . . . In general, nothing is less attractive than an epitome ; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when not concise, are always amusing."—*Macaulay.*

"A man who had the art of being minute without tediousness and general without confusion ; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness."—*Samuel Johnson.*

"What he aimed to do, and what he succeeded in doing, was to give a clear, concise, and readable account of his subject."—*H. J. Nicoll.*

"They ['The Traveller' and 'The Deserted Village'] are cabinets of exquisite workmanship, which will outlast hundreds of oracular shrines of oak ill put together."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"The language of his prose works in general is admitted to be a model of perfection."—*Washington Irving.*

"'The style is the man,'" says a French authority; at all events, the style is the writer. But where, in this irregular course of study—where, in his college associations or his village festivities—did this man, with his rustic manners and Irish brogue, pick up a style so pure, so delicate?"—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

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"Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me; where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities."—*A Citizen of the World.*

"But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride."

—*The Deserted Village.*

"They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem."

—*The Traveller.*

10. High Moral Tone.—"It ['The Vicar of Wakefield'] has the advantage that it is quite moral—nay, in a pure sense Christian—represents the reward of good will and persever-

ance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil ; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. . . . And in the end these are the thoughts and feelings which have reclaimed us from all the errors of life."—*Goethe*.

" He is a friend of virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. . . . He wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice ; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

" His ' Vicar of Wakefield ' and his pictures of the village pastor present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. . . . Few productions of the kind afford greater amusement in the perusal [than does ' The Vicar of Wakefield '], and still fewer inculcate more impressive lessons of morality. Though wit and humor abound in every page, yet in the whole volume there is not one thought injurious in its tendency nor one sentiment that can offend the chastest ear. Its language is what ' angels might have heard and virgins told.' "—*Washington Irving*.

" Its [' Vicar of Wakefield's '] sweet humanity, its simplicity, its wisdom and its common sense—its happy mingling of character and Christianity, will keep it sweet long after more ambitious and in many respects abler works have found their level with the great democracy of the forgotten."—*Austin Dobson*.

" Protestant and English virtue has not a more approved and amiable exemplar. Religious, affectionate, rational, the Vicar unites predilections which seemed irreconcilable."—*Taine*.

" He had the happy art of being virtuous in his books,

though not altogether virtuous out of them. He had two sides : the under side, his life ; the upper side—the golden, glorious, beautiful side—his works. He gave good advice in consequence of never having taken it. . . . By his faults, his follies, his genius, his fooleries, his blunders, his mistakes, and his nonsenses, he learned, even as a preacher would learn, to preach well on virtue because of his acquaintance with vice. . . . Goldsmith was a prince of moralists, a king of maxims, a master of apothegms, lord of proverbs. . . . He had a disinclination for the clerical profession [for which he had been educated]—he said he was not good enough for it. . . . Deep down below all his nonsense there was a heart of goodness which made him shrink back in this case.”—*George Dawson*.

“ Its [‘ Vicar of Wakefield’s ’] perfect purity of tone afforded a pleasing contrast to most of the works of fiction that had preceded it.”—*H. J. Nicoll*.

“ Good predominant over evil is briefly the purpose and moral of the little story [‘ Vicar of Wakefield ’]. It is designed to show us that patience in suffering, that persevering reliance on the providence of God, that quiet labor, cheerful endeavor, and an indulgent forgiveness of the faults and infirmities of others, are the easy and certain means of pleasure in this world and of turning pain to noble uses. It is designed to show us that the heroism and self-denial needed for the duties of life are not of the superhuman sort ; that they may coexist with many follies, with some simple weaknesses, with many harmless vanities ; and that, in the improvement of mankind, near and remote, in its progress through worldly content to final happiness, the humblest of men have their places assigned them and their parts allotted them to play.”—*John Forster*.

“ His talents were sacredly devoted to the cause of virtue and humanity. No malignant satire ever came from his pen.”—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

“ His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist.

. . . His quiet enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association."—*Thomas Campbell*.

"He is so remarkably free from the coarseness and ribaldry which were more than tolerated in some of the ablest writers of his time that it seems as if he could not have lived in the midst of licentiousness and known how much the public taste would endure. . . . When we come to think over the matter and find scenes, reflections, feelings, whole passages and simple sayings, not merely remembered but so wrought into the mind that they are a part of itself rather than its furniture, and that our tempers have been softened by them, our characters and sentiments moulded, and our happiness increased, we own that some power, deep as any philosophy, has been operating without our knowledge to produce effects like these, and that, while reading, we little thought of the mild, tender, yet clear light which made the images at once distinct and lovely."—*W. E. Channing*.

"How comes it that in all the miry paths of life that he had trod no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse? How, amidst all that love for inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity? What style in the English language is more thoroughly elegant and high-bred—more impressed with the stamp of a gentleman—its ease so polished, its dignity so sweet?"—*Bulwer-Lytton*.

"In an age when drunkenness was fashionable, he was not a drinker; in an age which appears to me strangely coarse in language and corrupt in morals the only immorality of which Goldsmith was guilty was gambling, which, in the estimation of his contemporaries, was no immorality at all; and in his poems there is a striking freedom from the moral blemishes of Sterne and Swift, of Fielding and Smollett. . . . Had he lived to old age it is not likely that he would have produced a nobler poem than 'The Deserted Village.'"—*S. M. Towle*.

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"O my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude: and this is right; for that single effort, by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is of itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

"'Both wit and understanding,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius and courage without a heart? 'An honest man is the noblest work of God!' . . . Men should be prized not for their exemption from fault, but for the size of the virtues they are possessed of.'"—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

II. Mock-heroic Declamation.—"Goldsmith sometimes assumes a declamatory style, with oratorical interrogation and answer and paragraphs in the form of a climax. In these declamations there is usually a tincture of mock heroism."—*Minto*.

"Among the minor writings of Goldsmith there is none more delightful than this ['The Life of Richard Nash']: the mock-heroic gravity, the half-familiar, contemptuous good nature with which he composes this Funeral March of the Marionette, are extremely whimsical and amusing."—*William Black*.

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"Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shows me your merit only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion."—*She Stoops to Conquer*.

"This, too, is one of my nephew's hopeful associates. O vanity, thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy."—*The Good-Natured Man*.

"Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear; ask the brave if they desire glory? ask cowards if they court safety? ask the sick if they long for health? ask misers if they love money?"—*The Good-Natured Man*.

"Hail, O ye simple, honest Brahmins of the East! Ye inoffensive friends of all that were born to happiness as well as you! You never sought a short-lived pleasure from the miseries of others!"—*A Citizen of the World*.

12. Unexpected Turn—Epigram—Antithesis.—In his plays and his essays Goldsmith is fond of surprising his reader by giving to the sentence an unexpected turn just at the end. This is of the nature of epigram, and comes perhaps logically under the head of wit, already discussed; it is so marked a trait, however, that we venture to consider it distinctly. This sudden trip at the close of an otherwise sober sentence "peculiarly suited Goldsmith's gay volatility."

"One is kept continually on the alert by the epigrammatical turn of his sentences."—*Knowles*.

"He was taken with the charm of rhetorical antithesis, and labored to deliver his sayings in an antithetical form."—*Minto*.

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"After I had resided at college for seven years my father died and left me—his blessing."—*The Man in Black*.

"O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succor; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes for relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment."—*The Man in Black*.

"I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manu-

factures formerly. But nowadays, there's not a thing of their own manufacture about them—except their faces.”—*The Good-Natured Man*.

“Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected with too great a desire to please, Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious.”—*The Vicar of Wakefield*.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709-1784

Biographical Outline.—Samuel Johnson, born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709; father a bookseller and a man of some standing in church and political circles; Johnson inherits from his father "a powerful frame and a vile melancholy;" he is remarkably precocious; suffers as a child from scrofula, which disfigures his face and affects the sight of one eye; is "touched" by Queen Anne; after learning his letters at a dame school he enters Lichfield School, where the influence of the brutal head-master, one Hunter, permanently affects Johnson's educational theories; in the autumn of 1725 he visits an uncle, Cornelius Ford, a clergyman of convivial tastes, who recognizes Johnson's ability, and causes him to be transferred to a school at Stourbridge kept by one Wentworth, whom Johnson is said to have assisted in teaching; after remaining a year at Stourbridge he returns to his father's house in Lichfield and spends two years in "lounging," but is "immoderately fond" of reading old romances; he reads also widely in other lines, and writes a few verses; October 31, 1728, he enters Pembroke College, Oxford, being at first supported by one Andrew Corbet, "a neighboring gentleman," as a companion to Corbet's son, then at Pembroke; a disagreement with Corbet causes Johnson's supplies to be stopped after a time; he remains at Oxford steadily till December 12, 1729, and is there at intervals till October 8, 1731; he despises his tutor's lectures, surprises the college by the extent of his reading, and translates Pope's "Messiah" into Latin verse, which is published in 1731 in an "Oxford Miscellany;" while at Oxford Johnson is "miserably poor," suffers from hypochondria, and is sometimes proudly insubor-

dinate ; he reads Greek and metaphysics in a desultory way, disdains financial aid, and leaves Oxford late in 1729 because of his poverty ; his father, practically bankrupt, dies in December, 1731, leaving Johnson but £20 ; after a long search for employment he becomes an usher in Market-Bosworth School, probably early in 1732 ; he is harshly treated by Sir Wolstan Dixie, patron of the school (to whom Johnson acted as chaplain), and leaves the school after a service of a few months ; he goes to Birmingham and takes lodgings with a Mr. Warren, chief bookseller of Birmingham and publisher of the *Birmingham Journal*, to which Johnson becomes a contributor ; he translates for the *Journal* Labo's " Voyage to Abyssinia," and receives five guineas for the work ; Johnson returns to Lichfield about 1734 and endeavors to obtain subscribers for an edition of Politian's Latin poems, which he proposes to publish ; in July, 1735, he marries a Mrs. Porter, the widow of a Birmingham mercer, a woman two years Johnson's senior and having a daughter (Lucy) by her first husband ; she brings to Johnson about £800 and they take a house at Edial, near Lichfield, where, as an advertisement in the *Gentleman's Magazine* announces, " young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Greek and Latin languages by Samuel Johnson ; " among his pupils, who never exceeded eight in number, were Garrick and his brother ; Johnson's peculiarities of temper and appearance cause him to fail in two attempts, made about this time, to secure positions in public schools ; March 3, 1737, he starts with Garrick for London to seek his fortune, leaving his family in lodgings at Lichfield ; while at Edial Johnson had written three acts of his drama " Irene ; " he finds a patron in Henry Hervey, third son of the Earl of Bristol ; he spends the summer of 1737 at Lichfield and there completes " Irene ; " returns to London with his wife in the autumn, taking lodgings for himself and wife in Woodstock Street, Hanover Square, and leaving Lucy Porter with his mother at Lich-

field ; " Irene " is successively refused by the two principal theatrical managers of the day ; Johnson contributes to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1738, a Latin ode entitled *Sylvanus Urban*, and soon becomes a regular contributor ; he also begins, about 1738, to edit the parliamentary debates, first reported by William Guthrie and published by Johnson fictitiously under the title " Doings of the Senate of Lilliput ; " Johnson himself writes the debates from July, 1741, to March, 1744, some of them being derived second-hand from actual hearers and others being simply the product of his own imagination ; he afterward told Boswell that he ceased writing the debates because he " would not be accessory to the propagation of a falsehood ; " in 1738 he publishes his satire " London," imitating Juvenal's Third Satire, and receives ten guineas for the copyright ; it appears on the same day as Pope's " Epilogue," and reaches a second edition within a week ; in 1739 Johnson applies for the principalship of a school at Appleby, and Pope tries to secure for him the degree of A.M. from Dublin University, the possession of the degree being a necessary condition of appointment at Appleby ; both attempts fail, as does an effort made by Johnson soon afterward to secure permission to practise as an advocate at Doctor's Commons ; he then engages with Cave, the publisher, to make a translation of Father Paul's " History," and receives £49 7s. for work done upon it, but the translation is never completed ; Johnson continues to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine* ; in 1742 he is employed to catalogue the library of Harley, second Earl of Osborne ; the earl treats Johnson insolently, and is promptly knocked down by the impecunious librarian ; little is known of Johnson's life about this time till February, 1744, when he publishes his " Life of Savage," in which he rehearses the hardships and the extreme poverty that he and Savage had suffered together ; in 1745 he publishes in pamphlet form certain criticisms of Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare, with proposals for

a new edition by himself; in 1747 he publishes the plan of his "Dictionary," inscribing the work to Lord Chesterfield; by his contract with the booksellers, Johnson was to receive £1,575 for the work; he employs six amanuenses, and himself reads and marks all the books used as sources of illustrative quotations; while preparing the "Dictionary" he writes "The Vanity of Human Wishes" (published in January, 1749), and receives fifteen guineas for the copyright; in 1749 Garrick, having become manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, brings out Johnson's drama "Irene;" it runs for nine nights, and brings to Johnson £195 17s. as royalty, which is supplemented with £100 received for the copyright, but the play is really a failure, and Johnson does not again try dramatic writing; he publishes the first number of the *Rambler*, March 20, 1750, and issues it twice a week thereafter till March 14, 1752, himself writing practically all the contents; Johnson receives two guineas a paper; the sales rarely exceeded five hundred copies, but the collected edition of one hundred and fifty numbers was popular, and was reprinted ten times during Johnson's life; the *Rambler* establishes his reputation as a moralist; in 1750 he writes a prologue for Milton's "Comus," then performed at Drury Lane for the benefit of Milton's granddaughter; he loses his wife in 1752, and writes a sermon to be preached at her funeral, which was not preached but was published after Johnson's death; he contributes to the *Adventurer*, established by his friend and imitator, Hawkesworth, during 1753-54; early in 1755, when the "Dictionary" was nearing completion, Johnson writes his famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, rejecting that nobleman's tardy offer of assistance with the memorable words, "I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, I am lonely and cannot impart it, I am known and do not need it;" late in 1754 he visits Warton at Oxford and receives (February 20, 1755) the honorary degree of M.A.; the "Dictionary" appears April 15, 1755, and is at once ac-

cepted as a standard authority ; from 1749 onward Johnson was connected with various tavern clubs, and formed friendships with Langton, Beauclerk, Burney, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke, and many other prominent men of the time ; between 1752 and 1759 he takes into his home a blind Welsh lady in reduced circumstances named Williams, an impoverished French waiter named Levett, Mrs. Desmoussins, the daughter of his godfather, a Miss Carmichael, and one Barker, a colored servant, educated by Johnson ; all these dependents are cared for by Johnson till their deaths ; although he had received £100 more than was promised for the " Dictionary," Johnson was so poor in 1752 as to be sued for a debt of £51 3s., which was paid by a loan from Richardson ; he publishes the first number of the *Idler*, April 15, 1758, and issues it weekly thereafter till April 5, 1760 ; his profits on the collected edition, which appeared in October, 1761, were about £84 ; on the death of his mother in January, 1759, in order to raise money for her funeral and other expenses, Johnson wrote " Rasselas," " in the evenings of one week," and received £1,251 from the first two editions ; about this time he gives up his house in Gough Square and takes lodgings at 1 Inner Temple Lane, where he lives " in indolent poverty ; " in 1760-61 he does little except to work on his edition of Shakespeare ; in July, 1762, through the intercession of friends, he receives from George III. a pension of £300 a year ; he is requested by the ministers to write pamphlets, and is supplied with materials for the same ; among these pamphlets are *The False Alarm* (1770) and *Taxation no Tyranny* (1775) ; the pension relieves Johnson from pecuniary cares, but nearly palsies his pen ; he lies in bed till noon, and declares, " No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money ; " meets Boswell in May, 1763, " and thus became visible to posterity ; " during the winter of 1763-64 he unites with Reynolds, Burke, and Goldsmith in forming the famous Turk's Head Club, which had weekly suppers till

1772 and then fortnightly suppers till 1783, the membership gradually increasing to thirty members; in 1764 Johnson meets and becomes intimate with the Thrales (Thrale was a wealthy brewer of Streatham), who have great influence on his life thereafter; for the next twenty years he is practically a member of the Thrale family; he is recognized as a literary dictator, and receives wide homage; his conversations are recorded by Boswell, Mrs. Thrale (afterward Mrs. Piozzi), and Madame d'Arblay; in October, 1765, he at last brings out his "Shakespeare," and receives £475 for the first two editions; in May, 1777, he engages to write prefaces for a proposed collection of the English poets, and names his own price; the first four volumes of the collection appeared in 1779 and the last four in 1781; Johnson received, altogether, four hundred guineas for the work, though the publishers would have given a thousand or fifteen hundred if he had so demanded; he makes frequent excursions to Lichfield and Oxford and, in the autumn of 1771, visits the Hebrides in company with Boswell; in 1775 Johnson publishes an account of the latter journey; in company with the Thrales he visits Wales in 1774 and Paris in 1775; in 1781, on the death of Thrale, Johnson becomes his executor and receives from him a legacy of £200; he suffers much from asthma and gout, and loses his home with Mrs. Thrale on the departure of that lady for an Italian trip under the guidance of the musician Piozzi, whom she afterward married; Johnson returns to his house in Fleet Street; he visits Oxford again, with Boswell, in 1784; he dies at his home December 13, 1784, and is buried in Westminster Abbey; his property at his death amounted to £2,300.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Latinized Diction.—Johnson's diction abounds in sonorous Latin derivatives. He once said of himself that he had used, in a certain work of his, "too big words and too many of them." This quality of his style has been so generally noticed as to give us the permanent adjective *Johnsonian* or *Johnsonese*. Carlyle calls it "a wondrous buckram style, . . . a measured grandiloquence, stepping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, but a phraseology that always has something in it." Goldsmith once said to Johnson, "Doctor, if you were to write a fable about little fishes, you would make them talk like whales." It is but fair to say, however, that this trait is not found in Johnson's memorable table-talk nor prominently in his later writings.

"Johnson's memory for words, and consequent command of language, was amazing. In this respect he stands in the very first rank. One might suppose, from what is usually said concerning the great preponderance of Latin words in his diction, that he failed in command of homelier language; but this is a mistake. His *Rambler* is highly Latinized; but in his *Preface to Shakespeare*, 1768, we trace the beginning of a homelier style. In his 'Lives of the Poets' the style is not so Latinized as the average style of the present day. The proportion of Latin words is not above half as great as in a leader of the *Times*. He is often studiously homely, and shows a perfect command of homely diction. . . . Perhaps the most common objection to Johnson's style is that it contains too many heavy words of Latin origin. The objection is just, but there are one or two things which the objectors com-

monly overlook. One is that his earlier style is much more Latinized than his later: . . . his 'Lives of the Poets' contains more of the Saxon element than the average style of the present day. Another thing is that his Latin derivatives are not of his own coining. . . . Finally, he is much less Latinized than several writers of note both before and after him. . . . Johnson had not the qualifications of a popular expositor. His diction was too Latinized, and he did not sufficiently relieve the dryness of general statements by examples and illustrations."—*Minto*.

"It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, of which the roots lie in the inmost depths of our language, and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore, even when lawfully naturalized, must be considered as born aliens, not entitled to rank with the king's English. . . . His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language—in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse; in a language in which nobody ever quarrels or drives bargains or makes love—in a language in which nobody ever thinks. . . . It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the 'Journey to the Hebrides' is the translation, and it is amusing to compare the two versions. 'When we were taken upstairs,' says he in one of

his letters, 'a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.' This incident is recorded in the 'Journey' as follows: 'Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge.' Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. 'The Rehearsal,' he said, very unjustly, 'has not enough wit to keep it sweet;' then, after a pause, 'it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.' "—*Macaulay*.

"What he himself called his habit of using too big words and too many of them was not affectation, but as much the result of special idiosyncrasy as his queer gruntings and twitchings. . . . In his letters . . . we see that he could be pithy enough when he chose to descend from his Latinized abstractions to good concrete English, but that is only when he becomes excited."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"In childish memories he is too constrained to be associated with dust and dictionaries and those provoking obstacles to boys' reading—long words."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"This [Johnson's Anglo-Latin element] is one of the first features that impresses the reader as he studies the prose structure and diction, and it becomes more manifest as the perusal goes on. . . . There is a wide-spread antipathy by way of presumption against the Johnsonian style in this regard, so that many even among the educated must confess to an utter ignorance of the pages that they pronounce Latinized. . . . His diction is beyond question a mixed one. The foreign element is prominent enough to call attention to it as foreign and thus to detract from its native simplicity as seen in Swift and Addison. . . . The diction of the *Rambler* is a distinctively classical diction. It is English in Latin dress. In his antipathy to the French, he favored the Latin unduly. . . . He abhorred all Gallicisms, but in deference to the influence of such authors as Sir Thomas Browne and by reason of his personal classical attainments, he gave undue weight to the idioms of Rome. It is thus that we have such terms as

obstreperous, ratiocination and adumbrate in great profusion. . . . This Latinic element is not offensively present in all of his writings. Most of the extreme criticisms offered have been based upon a study of the *Rambler*. Up to this point, the criticism is just. These essays contain as much of this foreign caste as all his other works combined. The author's style simplified somewhat as he went on. . . . In 'Rasselas' much of the crude and the burly style of the earlier writings gives place to a genuine pathos, while in the 'Lives of the Poets' there is a quality of diction and an order of structure that may well be compared to that of any preceding writer. . . . His diction was Latinic, though less and less [so] as his style advanced."—*T. W. Hunt*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"That affluence and power, advantages extrinsic and adventitious and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raises no astonishment."—*Life of Savage*.

"'Dear Princess,' said Rasselas, 'you fall into the common errors of exaggeratory declamation, by producing, in a familiar disquisition, examples of national calamities and scenes of extensive misery, which are found in books rather than in the world.'"—*Rasselas*.

"I sit down, in pursuance of my late engagement, to recount the remaining part of the adventures that befel me in my long quest of conjugal felicity, which, though I have not yet been so happy as to obtain it, I have at least endeavored to deserve by unwearied diligence, without suffering from repeated disappointments any abatement of my hope or repression of my activity."—*The Rambler*.

2. Antithesis—Balance—Point.—"His composition is full of antithesis; he carefully balances the thought, limits it on this side and on that, and exhibits it in various relations. An exact poise of ideas and correspondence of con-

siderations accompany him in his composition, whether it be grave or humorous."—*John Bascom*.

"Dr. Johnson is . . . a complete balance-master in the topics of morality. He never encourages hope, but he counteracts it by fear; he never elicits a truth, but he suggests some objection in answer to it. . . . The structure of his sentences, which was his own invention, and which has been generally imitated since his time, is a species of rhyming in prose, where one clause answers to another in measure and quantity, like the tagging of syllables at the end of a verse; the close of the period follows as mechanically as the oscillation of a pendulum; the sense is balanced with the sound; each sentence, revolving around its centre of gravity, is contained within itself like a couplet, and each paragraph forms itself into a stanza."—*Haslitt*.

"The structure of the sentences is compact, though they are too elaborately balanced and stuffed with superfluous antithesis."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"None has more generally mutilated the flowing liberty of conversation and life by antithesis and technical words. . . . His phraseology rolls ever in solemn and majestic periods, in which every substantive marches ceremoniously, accompanied by its epithet; grand, pompous words peal forth like an organ; every proposition is set forth by another proposition of equal length; thought is developed with the compassed regularity and official splendor of a procession."—*Taine*.

"The often-remarked mannerism of Johnson's sentences . . . consists in the frequent use of the balanced structure. He employs liberally all the arts of balance both in sound and in sense. In 'The Lives of the Poets' he is much less elaborate and sonorous in his balances than in the *Rambler*. . . . In this work ['The Lives of the Poets'] balances are numerous, but, on the whole, it may be said that in these the cadence is more varied, and that we have a greater proportion of curt, short sentences and balances.

. . . Such balances as the following are very common—
'If his jests are coarse, his arguments are strong.' . . .
From his earliest compositions to his last, Johnson shows a
liking for strong antithesis. It is frequently combined with
balance. . . . He is particularly fond of antithesis in
his succinct expositions of character and style."—*Minto*.

"His balanced pomp of antithetic clauses soon had for
others, as it had for him, an irresistible charm, and caused a
complete revolution, for a time, in English style."—*A. H. Welsh*.

"A fondness for balanced periods was its [his diction's]
special characteristic. . . . The measured pace, the
constant balance of the style becomes quite intolerable."—
Brougham.

"His constant practice of padding out a sentence with
useless epithets till it became as stiff as the bust of an exqui-
site; his antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed
even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed; his
big words wasted on little things; his harsh inversions, so
widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which
give variety, spirit, and sweetness to the expression of our
great old writers—all these peculiarities have been imitated
by his admirers and parodied by his assailants, till the public
has become sick of the subject. . . . Many readers pro-
nounced the writer a pompous pedant, who would never use
a word of two syllables where it was possible to use a word
of six, and who could not make a waiting-woman relate her
adventures without balancing a noun with another noun and
every epithet with another epithet."—*Macaulay*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"That this general desire may not be frustrated, our schools
seem yet to want some book, which may excite curiosity by its
variety, encourage diligence by its facility, and reward applica-
tion by its usefulness."—*Preface to the Preceptor*.

"We are still so much unacquainted with our own state and so unskilful in the pursuit of happiness, that we shudder without danger, complain without grievances, and suffer our quiet to be disturbed and our commerce to be interrupted by an opposition to the government, raised only by interest and supported only by clamour, which yet has so far prevailed upon ignorance and timidity that many favour it as reasonable and many dread it as powerful."—*The False Alarm*.

"If the two versions are compared, perhaps the result would be that Dryden leads his reader forward by his general vigor and sprightliness, and Pitt often stops him to contemplate the excellence of a single couplet; that Dryden's faults are forgotten in the hurry of delight, and that Pitt's beauties are neglected in the languor of a cold and listless perusal; that Pitt pleases the critics and Dryden the people; that Pitt is quoted and Dryden read."—*Lives of the Poets*.

3. Fondness for Philosophizing—Didacticism—Triteness.—"Johnson was extremely fond of reducing everything to general principles. Few writers have given us so many moral and literary maxims. Instead of giving expression to the feelings naturally aroused by a sublime or pathetic object, he is 'paralyzed by his tendency to moralize.' Johnson, it must be confessed, rather abuses the moralist's privilege of being commonplace. He descants not unfrequently upon propositions so trite that even the most earnest enforcement can give them little interest. With all drawbacks, however, the moralizing is the best part of the *Rambler*. . . . What an amazing turn it [the *Rambler*] shows for commonplaces! That life is short, that marriage for mercenary motives produces unhappiness, that different men are virtuous in different degrees, that advice is generally ineffectual, that adversity has its uses, that fame is liable to suffer from detraction—these and a host of other such maxims are of the kind upon which no genius and no depth of feeling can confer a momentary interest. . . . Johnson, it must be said, like most of his contemporaries, considered poetry al-

most exclusively from the didactic and logical point of view. He always inquires what is the moral of a work of art. Johnson, it must be confessed, rather abuses the moralist's privilege of being commonplace. He descants not unfrequently upon propositions so trite that even the most earnest enforcement can give them little interest. With all drawbacks, however, the moralizing is the best part of the *Rambler*."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"On themes of sorrow, as on themes of sublimity, his power to move is paralyzed by his constant tendency to reason and moralize. Instead of sympathizing with distress, he seems to ask himself, 'Is distress in these circumstances reasonable?' . . . Such is his propensity to moralize that the events in his biographies seem reduced to the importance of so many texts. . . . What he keeps principally in view is the beneficial effect of religious belief on human conduct, laying down the law in sonorous dogmas. In the presence of objects that raise emotions of sublimity in other men, he was on the watch to lay hold of general rules. Instead of giving way to the æsthetic influences of the situation, he pondered on the causes or the moral value of them, and meditated dictatorial, high-sounding, general propositions. . . . His 'Rasselas' is virtually a sermon on the impossibility of finding perfect happiness in the world; one of its professed objects is the benevolent achievement of damping the ardor of youth. . . . Though called the Great Moralizer, he expounded nothing that could be called an ethical system. He simply applied strong good sense to the common situations of life. His first principles were understood, not stated.—*Minto*.

"His truths are too true; we already know his precepts by heart. We learn from him that life is short and we ought to improve the few moments granted to us; that a mother ought not to bring up her son as a fop; that a man ought to repent of his faults, and yet avoid superstition; that in everything we ought to be active and not hurried."—*Taine*.

“Johnson was a prophet to his people; preached a gospel to them—as all like him always do. The highest gospel he preached we may describe as a kind of moral prudence: ‘in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,’ see how you will *do it*! . . . Such gospel Johnson preached and taught—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great gospel: ‘Clear your mind of cant!’”—*Carlyle*.

“The *Rambler* is a collection of moral essays, or scholastic theses, written on set subjects, and of which the individual characters and incidents are merely artificial illustrations, brought in to give a pretended relief to the dryness of didactic discussion. The *Rambler* is a splendid and imposing common-place book of general topics and rhetorical declamation on the conduct and business of human life.”—*Haslitt*.

“‘*Rasselas*’ is less a novel or a tale than a series of Johnsonian reflections strung on a thread of fictitious narrative.”—*David Masson*.

“The *heik* and *burnoose* of the Eastern prince and philosopher cannot conceal the old brown coat and worsted stockings of the pompous English moralist.”—*Collier*.

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“Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees. Blackmore, being despised as a poet, was in time neglected as a physician; his practice, which was once invidiously great, forsook him in the latter part of his life.”—*Life of Blackmore*.

“The life that passes in penury must necessarily pass in obscurity. It is impossible to trace Fenton from year to year or to discover what means he used for his support.”—*Life of Fenton*.

“Truth, such as is necessary to the regulation of life, is always found where it is honestly sought. Change of place is no natural cause of the increase of piety, for it inevitably produces dissipation of mind.”—*Rasselas*.

4. Independence—Sincerity — Piety.—While these terms express somewhat different ideas, they may be combined to describe one of Johnson's most prominent characteristics. He was a self-appointed literary dictator. He worshipped at no man's shrine, and belonged to no school but his own. He is the most individual writer of his age. To the last, he persisted in speaking his own thoughts in his own way. By his independent force of character, as well as by his abilities, he literally compelled the homage of such men as Goldsmith, Burke, and Reynolds. Carlyle, a kindred spirit, calls him "a mass of genuine manhood, . . . a hard-struggling, weary-hearted man, having in him the element of heart-sincerity, and preaching his great gospel, 'Clear your mind of cant!' Figure him there with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this earth, . . . the largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of fourpence-halfpenny a day. . . . So much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been!" His famous act of scornfully throwing from the window the shoes offered him in charity, while he stood with feet half-frozen in the frosty Oxford hall, gives the key-note to his whole character and career. To quote Carlyle again, this act portrayed "an original man—not a second-hand, borrowing, or begging man. . . . In no wise a clothes-horse or patent digester, but a genuine man." Everywhere Johnson manifests his "rooted contempt for whining." His independence appears especially in his literary criticisms. Sometimes, as in his strictures upon Milton's "Lycidas," his judgments are considered outrageously unjust; but, as Stephen says: "If Johnson's blunder in this case implied sheer stupidity, one can only say that honest stupidity is a much better thing than clever insincerity or fluent repetition of second-hand dogmas." Whatever other faults Samuel Johnson may have had, he is certainly free from literary servility.

“He was so majestic in intellect, so honest in purpose, so kind and pure in heart, so full of humour and reasonable sweetness, and yet so trenchant, and at need so grim, that he never sank to the figure-head of a clique, nor ever lost the balance of sympathy with readers of every rank and age. . . . The charm of the book [‘*Rasselas*’] is its humanity, the sweetness and wholesomeness of the long melancholy episodes, the wisdom of the moral reflections and disquisitions.”—*Edmund Gosse*.

“A noble, heroic nature was that of Samuel Johnson, beyond all controversy; not only did his failings lean to virtue’s side—his very intellectual weakness and prejudices had something in them of strength and greatness; they were the exuberance and excess of a rich mind, not the stunted growth of a poor one. There was no touch of meanness in him: rude and awkward enough he was in many points of mere demeanor, but he had the soul of a prince in real generosity, refinement, and elevation. . . . The spirit of his philosophy is never other than manly and high-toned as well as moral.”—*G. L. Craik*.

“His honesty of heart, his courageous temper, the value he set on things outward and material, might have made him a king among kings. . . . Once for all, [he] could not and would not believe, much less speak and act, a falsehood: the form of sound words, which he held fast, must have a meaning in it. Here lay the difficulty: to behold a pretentious mixture of truth and falsehood, and feel that he must fight them; yet to love and defend only the true. . . . It does not appear that at any time Johnson was what we call irreligious: but in sorrows and isolation, when hope died away, and only a long vista of suffering and toil lay before him to the end, then first did religion shine forth in its meek, everlasting clearness; even as the stars do in black night, which in the daytime and dusk were hidden in inferior lights. . . . How Samuel Johnson, in the ear of Voltaire, can purify and

fortify his soul, and have real communion with the highest, . . . this too stands all unfolded in his biography, and is among the most touching and memorable things there. . . . Johnson's religion was the light of life to him ; without it his heart was all sick, dark, and had no guidance left. . . . Such was Johnson's life: the victorious battle of a free, true man. . . . In spite of all practical shortcomings, no one that sees into the significance of Johnson will say that his prime object was not truth. . . . In his writings themselves are errors enough, crabbed prepossessions enough ; yet these also of a quite extraneous and accidental nature, nowhere a wilful shutting of the eyes to truth. . . . Quite spotless . . . is Johnson's love of truth, if we look at it as expressed in practice, as what we have named honesty of action. . . . The life of this man has been, as it were, turned inside out and examined with microscope by friend and foe ; yet was there no lie found in him. His doings and writings are not *shows* but *performances* ; you may weigh them in the balance, and they will stand weight. Not a line, not a sentence is dishonestly done, is other than it pretends to be. . . . Motive for writing he had none, as he often said, but money ; and yet he wrote so. . . . Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his sincerity. He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere—of his being particularly anything ! . . . He does not engrave *truth* on his watch-seal ; no, but he stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. . . . He has a basis of sincerity ; unrecognized, because never questioned or capable of question. . . . He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking about this world is not mine any more than Mahomet's was ; but I recognize the everlasting element of heart-sincerity in both ; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. . . . I find in Johnson's books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and great heart — ever welcome, under what obstructions and pervers-

sions soever. They are sincere words, those of his ; he means things by them."—*Carlyle*.

"The love which we feel for Johnson is due to the fact that the pivots upon which his life turned are invariably noble motives, and not mere obedience to customs. . . . How manly the self-respect with which he guarded his dignity, through all the temptations of Grub Street ! . . . Johnson speaks with the sincerity of a man drawing upon his own experience. . . . He was no man to be put off with mere phrases in place of opinions or to accept doctrines which were not capable of expressing genuine emotions. . . . He had the rare courage . . . to say what he thought as forcibly as he could say it."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"Amidst prejudices and ridicule he has a deep conviction, an active faith, a severe moral piety. He is a Christian from his heart and conscience, reason and practice. The thought of God, the fear of the last judgment, engross and reform him. He said one day to Garrick : 'I'll come no more behind your scenes, David, for the silk stockings and white bosoms of your actresses excite my amorous propensities.' He reproaches himself with his indolence, implores God's pardon, is humble, has scruples."—*Taine*.

"If, indeed, he had become what he afterward described as one of the lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, he might possibly have obtained a remunerative occupation ; but Johnson was too high-spirited to turn his pen to such vile uses."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"His sound critical power and elevated feeling are well exemplified in the prologue spoken at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre ; and there is true greatness of spirit in his prologue to 'Comus.' . . . His admirable independence of character is perhaps even better seen in the prologue to 'A Word to the Wise.' . . . Nothing can be better than the dignity with which Johnson, in this address, indirectly reproves them [the audience] for their previous disregard of

the laws of humanity, by which all their verdicts ought to be determined."—*W. J. Courthope*.

"He represents that vast army of electors whom neither canvasser nor caucus has ever yet cajoled or bullied into a polling-booth."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"He was full of gentle kindness and humanity, sweet-heartedness, good sense, bountifulness, and hatred of what was mean and contemptible; his prejudices and his rudeness must all be overlooked when one but simply glances at the struggles, the greatness, and the goodness of the man."—*George Dawson*.

"He was a type, standing by himself, with wonderful characteristics. . . . It is his works which have been made immortal by him. They live because he lives. His fame is independent of them."—*Hazlitt*.

"Human dignity he maintained, . . . we all know how well, through the whole long and arduous struggle of his life."—*Matthew Arnold*.

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"He has, however, so much kindness for me that he advises me to consult my safety when I talk of corporations. I know not what the most important corporation can do, becoming manhood, by which my safety is endangered. My reputation is safe, for I can prove the fact; my quiet is safe, for I meant well; and for any other safety, I am not to be very solicitous."—*The Writings and Genius of Pope*.

"To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulties of our duties and providing rather excuses for vice than incentives to virtue."—*The Rambler*.

"But I have no design to gratify pride by submission or malice by lamentation; nor think it reasonable to complain of neglect

from those whose regard I never solicited. If I have not been distinguished by the distributors of literary honors, I have seldom descended to the arts by which favor is obtained. I have seen the meteors of fashion rise and fall without any attempt to add a moment to their duration. . . . In my papers, no man could look for censures of his enemies or praises of himself."—*The Rambler*.

5. Gravity—Pomp—Heaviness.—In the closing number of the *Rambler*, Johnson says, "I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of the imagination." While Addison wrote of fops and fans, Johnson wrote of self-denial, prudence, and the like. His friend, Garrick, called him "a tremendous companion." This tendency to be "heavy" appears especially when he attempts to express pathos and the other gentler emotions. "When he ventures upon such topics," says Stephen, "he flounders dreadfully, and rather reminds us of an artist who should attempt to paint miniatures with a mop." "What most distinguishes Dr. Johnson from other writers," says Hazlitt, "is the pomp and uniformity of his style. All his periods are cast in the same mould, are of the same size and shape. . . . He condescends to the familiar till we are ashamed of our interest in it; he expands the little till it looks big." Taine calls him "the respectable, the tiresome Dr. Samuel Johnson."

"Here and there, the pompous utterance invests them [Johnson's writings] with an unlucky air of absurdity. . . . To appreciate fairly the strangely cumbrous form of his written speech, we must penetrate more deeply than may at first sight seem necessary beneath the outer rind of this literary *Behemoth*. . . . No critic could have divined his power from the clumsy gambols in which he occasionally recreates himself. . . . Nor, indeed, does his pomposity sink to mere verbiage so often as might be supposed. It is by no means easy to translate his ponderous phrases into simple words without losing some of their meaning. . . . His written

style, however faulty in other respects, is neither slipshod nor ambiguous. . . . The language might be simpler, but it is not a mere sham aggregation of words. . . . Omitting its [the *Rambler's*] clumsy attempts at occasional levity, it may be granted that in its ponderous sentences lies buried a great mass of strong sense and an impressive and characteristic view of life. . . . With all its faults the style has the merit of masculine directness. The inversions are not such as to complicate the construction. As Boswell remarks, he never uses a parenthesis; and his style, though ponderous and wearisome, is as transparent as the master snipsnap of Macaulay. . . . His style acquired something of the old elaboration, though the attempt to conform to the canons of a later age renders the structure disagreeably monotonous. His tendency to pomposity is not relieved by the naïveté of spontaneity. . . . We seem to see a man, heavy-eyed, ponderous in his gestures, like some huge mechanism which grinds out a ponderous tissue of verbiage as heavy as it is certainly solid. . . . He is often ponderous and verbose, and one feels that the mode of expression is not that which is most congenial; and yet the vigor of thought makes itself felt through rather clumsy modes of utterance. . . . The *Rambler* had probably a more lasting success than any other imitation of the *Spectator*, though its rare modern readers will generally consider it as a proof of the amazing appetite of Johnson's public for solid sermonizing. . . . From this time Johnson became accepted as an imposing moralist."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"In writing . . . his style becomes artificial and ponderous; the whole process of his intellectual exertion loses much of its elasticity and life. . . . Even [the essays in] his *Rambler*, which we hold to be the most indigestible of his productions, are none of them mere leather or prunello. . . . The pomposity and inflation of Johnson's composition abated considerably in his own later writing, and, as

the cumbering flesh fell off, the nerve and spirit increased ; the most happily executed parts of ' The Lives of the Poets ' offer almost a contrast to the oppressive rotundity of the *Rambler*, produced thirty years before."—*G. L. Craik*.

" Both the *Rambler* and the *Idler* are now found to be very heavy reading, and it would be idle to deny that a considerable portion of them is little better than sonorous commonplace. . . . It is interesting to compare Johnson's ponderous but not uninteresting work [' Journey to the Hebrides '] with the volume in which Boswell . . . gave such a naïve and amusing account of the adventures and conversations of himself and his great companion. . . . Johnson has not the lightness of hand and the dexterity of touch which enabled Addison to treat trivial topics gracefully and appropriately, and when he aspires to do so he generally fails lamentably."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

" Whatever the work be, tragedy or dictionary, biography or essay, he always writes in the same style. . . . Classical prose attains its perfection in him, as classical poetry in Pope. Art cannot be more finished, or nature more forced. No one has confined ideas in more strait compartments ; none has given stronger relief to dissertation and proof ; none has imposed more despotically on story and dialogue the forms of argumentation and violent declamation. . . . It is the completion and the excess, the triumph and the tyranny of oratorical style."—*Taine*.

" It would be easy to select from Johnson's writings numerous passages written in that essentially vicious style to which the name Johnsonese has been cruelly given ; but the searcher could not fail to find many passages guiltless from this charge. The characteristics of Johnson's prose style are colossal good sense, though with a strong sceptical bias, good humour, vigorous language, and a movement from point to point which can only be compared to the measured tread of a well-drilled company of soldiers."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"The *Rambler* is 'too wordy,' as the author confessed; he tried to be a little lighter in manner in the twenty-nine papers he contributed in 1752 and 1753 to Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*. . . . In these two short compositions ['Introduction to Dictionary' and 'Letter to Lord Chesterfield'], in each of which the author is singularly moved, his English, though always stately and formal, is lifted out of the sesquipedalian affectation of magnificence which has amused the world so much, and which was beyond question a serious fault of Johnson's style. Here, and especially in the 'Letter to Chesterfield,' he is simple, terse, and thrilling, and, as the occasion was a private one, we may take it that in the extraordinary fire and pungency of the sentences we have something like a specimen of the marvellous power of conversation which made Johnson the wonder of his age."—*Edmund Gosse*.

"In his 'Lives of the Poets' he tried hard to work himself out of the sonorous grandiloquence of the *Rambler*. . . . Perhaps the less pompous diction of his later productions is partly a result of his great practice in conversation. As we have just said, he was conscious of the blemish in his *Rambler* and endeavored to amend. . . . The *Rambler* certainly is a very ponderous composition. Reviewing it himself later in life, he shook his head and exclaimed that it was 'too wordy.' The heaviness of Johnson's style does not arise from any abstruseness in the subject-matter. The *Rambler* took up mainly subjects suitable for light reading. The explanation seems to be that his ear was enamoured of a measured, ponderous movement, of a lofty departure from the simple pace of common speech, and that he was not versatile enough to adopt any other, even when this was flagrantly unsuitable to the occasion. . . . Johnson's style is seldom or never impassioned. He delivers himself with severe majestic dignity and vigorous authoritative brevity. . . . The magisterial air of the *Rambler* probably awed many into

reading him with respect and trying to profit by his doctrine, but the dry, abstract character of the exposition must have made perusal anything but a labor of love."—*Minto*.

"When he talked he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious.—*Macaulay*.

"His 'Letters from Correspondents,' in particular, are more pompous and unwieldy than what he writes in his own person. . . . The fault of Dr. Johnson's style is that it reduces all things to the same artificial and unmeaning level. . . . In his contributions to the *Adventurer*, the Doctor uses his stilts less; he walks more—perhaps occasionally runs. Yet majestic diction was as natural to a man who thought in rounded periods as was a disjointed chaos of the parts of speech to many of his critics."—*Hazlitt*.

"A wondrous buckram style—the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence stepping, or rather stalking, along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid size of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it all—all this you must put up with."—*Carlyle*.

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"As the last *Idler* is published in that solemn week which the Christian world has always set apart for the examination of the conscience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly desires, and the renovation of holy purposes, I hope that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness and improve it by meditation."—*The Idler*.

"Behold, Flirtilla, at thy feet, a man grown gray in the study of those noble arts by which right and wrong may be confounded, and caprice and appetite instated in uncontrolled command and boundless dominion! Such a casuist may surely engage, with certainty of success, in vindication of an entertainment which in an instant gives confidence to the timorous and kindles ardor in

the cold ; an entertainment where the vigilance of jealousy has so often been eluded and the virgin is set free from the necessity of languishing in silence."—*The Rambler*.

"It is scarcely possible, in the regularity and composure of the present time, to imagine the tumult of absurdity and clamor of contradiction which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet in that age where subordination was broken and awe was hissed away ; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed nation, produced it to the public ; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation."—*Life of Butler*.

"The spirit, volatile and fiery, is the Pope's emblem of vivacity and wit ; the acidity of the lemon will very aptly figure pungency of raillery and acrimony of censure ; sugar is the natural representative of luscious adulation and gentle complaisance ; and water is the proper hieroglyphic of easy prattle, innocent and tasteless."—*The Rambler*.

6. Melancholy—Despondency.—All Johnson's writings are tinged with a hue of melancholy. In his best known poem, "The Vanity of Human Wishes," he sounds the keynote of all his works. To him this earth is ever a place

"Where wavering man, betrayed by venturous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills or chases airy good."

"He had to go about," says Carlyle, "girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain—like a Hercules with the burning Nessus-shirt on him." The melancholy cast of Johnson's mind appears especially in "Rasselas," composed, as it was, in solitude and sorrow.

"The melancholy which colors it [the *Rambler*] is the melancholy of a noble nature. . . . His melancholy is distinguished from that of feeble men by the strength of the conviction that 'it will do no good to whine.' . . . The evils of life were too deeply seated to be caused or cured

by kings or demagogues. . . . His melancholy is not so heavy-eyed and depressing in his talk, for we catch him at moments of excitement; but it is there, and sometimes breaks out emphatically and unexpectedly. The prospect of death often clouds his mind, and he bursts into tears when he thinks of his past sufferings. . . . Johnson has something in common with the fashionable pessimism of modern times. No sentimentalist of to-day could be more convinced that life is in the main miserable. It was his favorite theory, according to Mrs. Thrale, that all human action was prompted by the vacuity of life. Men act solely in the hope of escaping themselves. Evil . . . is the positive, and good merely the negative of evil. All desire is at bottom an attempt to escape from pain. . . . He differs from most modern sentimentalists in having the most hearty contempt for useless whining. If he dwells upon human misery, it is because he feels that it is as futile to join with the optimist in ignoring as with the pessimist in howling over the evil. We are in a sad world, full of pain, but we have to make the best of it. Stubborn patience and hard work are the sole remedies, or rather the sole means of temporary escape. Much of the *Rambler* is occupied with variations upon this theme, and expresses the kind of dogged resolution with which he would have us plod through this weary world. . . . Johnson is impressed by a deep sense of the evils under which humanity suffers, and forcibly rejects the superficial optimism of the day. Men, he tells us over and over, are wretched, and there is no use in denying it. . . . We are almost appalled by the gloomy strength which sees so forcibly the misery of the world and rejects so unequivocally all the palliatives of sentiment and philosophy."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"There is a pathetic air of gloomy melancholy about his sonorous reflections on the vanity of human wishes. . . . But though he is said to 'bewail his miseries with eloquence,' his lamentations are not very touching."—*Minto*.

"This element [didacticism] was undoubtedly deepened by his natural seriousness of mind, often tinged with melancholy. Had it not been for this inherited despondency, his large nature might have been healthfully tender and his style impassioned. . . . His extreme poverty and strong tendencies to melancholy made it impossible for him to attain to anything like a spacious and healthful view of life."—*T. W. Hunt.*

"And so the story ['Rasselas'] rolls, pathetic and gloomy, like a bit of the Black Sea."—*David Masson.*

"Then followed 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' containing, in dignified and impressive verse, a declaration of Johnson's profound and life-long conviction that, upon the whole, the amount of misery in the world is greatly in excess of the amount of happiness. . . . It ['Rasselas'] is a discourse on his old theme, 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' eloquently and powerfully written and bearing everywhere the marks of that gloom approaching to despair with which he habitually contemplated life."—*H. J. Nicoll.*

"There appears before us a man with a gloomy and unpolished air, . . . suffering from morbid melancholy since his birth, and moreover a hypochondriac."—*Taine.*

"Fits of morbid melancholy often seized him, which, as he says, 'kept him mad half his life.' Penniless, . . . and touched with terrible insanity, the youth stood looking out upon a world that seemed all cold and bare and friendless to his gaze."—*W. F. Collier.*

"We see in it ['The Vanity of Human Wishes'] the melancholy that darkened all his view of human existence."—*W. J. Courthope.*

"He was melancholy almost to madness, 'radically wretched,' indolent, blinded, diseased."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"He had king's evil, he was purblind, he inherited the germs of many diseases, and was of a most melancholy temperament."—*George Dawson.*

“His ‘Rasselas’ is the most melancholy and debilitating moral speculation that ever was put forth.”—*Haslitt*.

“A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny.”—*Macaulay*.

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“When we take the most distant prospect of life, what does it present to us but a chaos of unhappiness, a confused and tumultuous scene of labor and contest, disappointment and defeat? If we view past ages in the reflection of history, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is distinguished by a famine, another by an earthquake: kingdoms are made desolate, sometimes by war and sometimes by pestilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of the conqueror. The memory is stored only with vicissitudes of evil; and the happiness, such as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to arise commonly from sanguinary success, from victories which confer upon them the power not so much of improving life by any new enjoyment as of inflicting misery on others and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatness.”—*The Adventurer*.

“But as we advance forward into the crowds of life, innumerable delights solicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares distract our attention; the time of youth is passed in noisy frolics; manhood is led on from hope to hope and from project to project; the dissoluteness of pleasure, the inebriation of success, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition chain down the mind alike to the present scene, nor is it remembered how soon this mist of trifles must be scattered and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be lost forever in the gulf of eternity.”—*The Idler*.

“‘The Europeans,’ answered Imlac, ‘are less unhappy than we; but they are not happy. Human life is everywhere a state in which much is to be endured and little to be enjoyed.’”—*Rasselas*.

7. Sturdy Conservatism — Intolerance — Prejudice.—"For him," says Hazlitt, "out of the pale of established authority and received dogmas, all is sceptical, loose, and desultory."

His pamphlet *Taxation no Tyranny* expresses the very essence of British prejudice against the principles involved in the Declaration of Independence. Minto observes that he "could not repress his political leanings even in writing the definitions for his Dictionary," and adds that, "when writing the Parliamentary debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he took care that 'the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.'" He hated dissenters as "honestly" as he hated Whigs, infidels, Frenchmen, and Scotchmen. He once remarked that, for all he could see, all foreigners were fools.

"Conservative in politics and religion, he was called the Hercules of Toryism, and declared that the first Whig was the Devil. He thought Rousseau to be the prince of felons, and could hardly settle the proportion of iniquity between him and Voltaire. . . . He was never able to divest himself entirely of prejudice, and the definitions [in his Dictionary] which betray his personal feelings and peculiarities are amusing."—*A. H. Welsh*.

"That Johnson, in spite of all drawbacks, adopted the conservative side; stationed himself as the unyielding opponent of innovation, resolute to hold fast the form of sound words, could not but increase, in no small measure, the difficulties he had to strive with. . . . To resist innovation is easy enough on one condition: that you resist inquiry. This is, and was, the common expedient of your common Conservative; but this would not do for Johnson. . . . The *last* in many things, Johnson was the last genuine Tory; the last of Englishmen who, with strong voice and wholly believing heart, preached the doctrine of standing still; who, without selfishness or slavishness, revered the existing powers; . . . who had heart-devoutness with heart-hatred of cant

—was orthodox-religious with his eyes open. . . . Johnson's aim was in itself an impossible one: this of stemming the eternal flood of time; of clutching all things and anchoring them down and saying, 'Move not!'—how could or should it ever have success? . . . The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*; Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. . . . He stood by the old formulas; the happier was it for him that he *could* so stand; but in all formulas that *he* could stand by there needed to be a most genuine substance. . . . From Johnson's strength of affection we deduce many of his peculiarities, especially that threatening array of perversions known under the name of 'Johnson's Prejudices.' . . . Those evil-formed prejudices of his, that Jacobitism, Church-of-Englandism, hatred of the Scotch, belief in witches, and such like—what were they but ordinary beliefs of well-doing, well-meaning provincial Englishmen of that day? . . . Admire here this other contradiction in the life of Johnson; that, though the most ungovernable and in practice the most independent of men, he must be a Jacobite and worshipper of the Divine Right. . . . Touch his religion, glance at the Church of England, or the Divine Right, and he was upon you! These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men; his very Ark of the Covenant; whoso laid hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts. Not out of hatred to the opponent but of love to the things opposed did Johnson grow cruel, fiercely contradictory."—*Carlyle*.

"His conservatism may be at times obtuse, but it is never of the cynical variety. . . . He holds his own belief with so vigorous a grasp that all argumentative devices for loosening it seem to be thrown away. . . . His tenacious conservatism caused him to cling to decaying materials, for the want of anything better, and he has suffered the natural penalty. . . . Nothing, indeed, can be truer than that

Johnson cared very little for the new gospel of the rights of man. . . . [To him] the natural equality of man was mere moonshine. So far is this from being true, he says, that not two people can be together for half an hour without one acquiring an evident superiority over the other. Subordination is an essential element to human happiness. . . . His hatred of the Americans was complicated by his hatred of slave-owners. . . . The attack upon the Americans is arrogant and offensive. Although Mr. Hill truly points out that Johnson's dislike to America was associated with his righteous hatred of slavery and consequent prejudice against the planters, it is equally true that he states the English claims in the most illiberal and irritating fashion. . . . His massive and keenly logical, but narrow and rigid intellect was the servant of strong passions, of prejudices imbibed through early associations, and of the constitutional melancholy which made him a determined pessimist. . . . His Toryism and high-churchmanship had become part of his nature. . . . Whiggism is vile, according to the Doctor's phrase, because Whiggism is 'a negation of all principle ;' it is, in his view, not so much the preference of one form to another, as an attack upon the vital condition of all government. He called Burke 'a bottomless Whig,' in this sense, implying that Whiggism meant anarchy. . . . This dogged conservatism has both its value and its grotesque side. . . . Loving authority, and holding one authority to be as good as another, he defended with uncompromising zeal the most posterous and tyrannical measures. The pamphlets against the Wilkesite agitators and the American rebels are little more than a huge rhinoceros snort of contempt against all who are fools enough or wicked enough to promote war and disturbance in order to change one form of authority for another."

—*Leslie Stephen.*

"He was, as a politician, half ice and half fire. On the side of his intellect he was far too apathetic about public

affairs, far too sceptical as to the good or evil tendency of any form of polity. His passions, on the contrary, were violent, even to slaying, against all who leaned to Whiggish principles. . . . In Scotland he thought it his duty to pass months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops."—*Macaulay*.

"Johnson was a grand conservative; nature and inclination made him so. He was born a worshipper of governments. . . . Johnson leaned strongly to conservatism, perhaps too strongly; but it was ever visible in all his actions that he disliked despotism. . . . They [people] imagine that Johnson was entirely composed of wisdom, and that he was nothing but a dictionary of aphorisms. He was no such thing. He was a great hungry man, with hot blood, strong passions, odd ways, queer likings and dislikes, and mountainous prejudices. . . . Yet this man—a man of gigantic prejudices and strong dislikes, who, if he did not like a man, found it difficult to do him justice—took the very work in hand ['Lives of the Poets'] and did it as no other man could have done it."—*George Dawson*.

"'If,' said he, 'I saw a Whig and a Tory drowning, I would first save the Tory; and when I saw he was safe, not till then, I would go and help the Whig; but the dog should duck first, the dog should duck,' laughing with pleasure at the thought of the Whig's ducking."—*Cary*.

"He was a high Tory and a high churchman in all controversies respecting the state. The Established Church, the established government, the established order of things in general, found in him an unflinching supporter."—*Brougham*.

"He was a strong force of conservation and concentration, in an epoch which by its natural tendencies seemed moving toward expansion and freedom."—*Matthew Arnold*.

"I hold Johnson to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and Church during the last age—better than whole

benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation ; his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty and shamed it out of irreligion."—*Thackeray*.

"All these pamphlets [in *The False Alarm*] show Johnson's unusual vigor of style, his unbending Toryism, and his utter incapacity to take a candid and impartial view of a political controversy. 'Taxation No Tyranny' is a very characteristic production. Even George III. could have desired no more strenuous and unreasoning support of the right of Great Britain to tax American colonies."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"His naturally powerful reason was a good deal clouded by various prejudices. He would believe no good either of republican or of infidel. He did injustice to Milton ; he abused Bolingbroke without reading him ; and Boswell mentions his having uttered about Hume a remark too gross to be committed to paper. He hated and ridiculed the French and the Scotch, and refused to be persuaded that anybody could live happily out of London. In these things, as in many others, he showed gross egotism and want of sympathy. . . . He was the last man in the world to conciliate opposition, and his strong powers of argument were warped by prejudice. His 'Taxation no Tyranny' . . . is at once overbearing and sophistical. It might inflame and embitter partisans, but it was too abusive and too unreasonable to make converts."—*Minto*.

"He had his prejudices and his intolerant feelings ; but he suffered enough in the conflict of his own mind with them. . . . His were not time-serving, heartless, hypercritical prejudices, but deep, inwoven, not to be rooted out but with life and hope—prejudices which he found from old habit necessary to his own peace of mind, and thought so to the peace of mankind. . . . They were between himself and his conscience."—*Hazlitt*.

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“It were a curious but an idle speculation to inquire what effect these dictators of sedition expect from the dispersion of their Letter among us. If they believe their own complaints of hardship, and really dread the danger which they describe, they will naturally hope to communicate the same perceptions of their fellow-subjects. But probably in America, as in other places, the chiefs are incendiaries, that hope to rob in the tumults of a conflagration and toss brands among a rabble passively combustible. Those who wrote the Address, though they have shown no great extent of profundity of mind, are yet probably wiser than to believe it : but they have been taught by some master of mischief how to put in motion the engine of political electricity; to attract by the sounds of Liberty and Property, to repel by those of Popery and Slavery, and to give the great stroke by the name of Boston.”—*Taxation no Tyranny.*

“A few weeks will show whether the government can be shaken by empty noise, and whether the faction which depends upon its influence has not deceived alike the public and itself. That it should have continued until now, is sufficiently shameful. None can indeed wonder that it has been supported by the secretaries, the natural fomenters of sedition and confederates of the rabble, of whose religion little now remains but hatred of establishments, and who are angry to find separation now only tolerated which was once rewarded : but every honest man must lament that it has been regarded with frigid neutrality by the Tories, who, being long accustomed to signalize their principles by opposition to the court, do not yet consider that they have at last a king [George III.] who knows not the name of party, and who wishes to be the common father of all his people.”—*The False Alarm.*

“We have found by experience that though . . . a borough has been compelled to see its dearest interest in the hands of him whom it did not trust, yet the general state of the nation has continued the same. The sun has risen and the corn has grown and whatever talk has been of the danger of property, yet he that ploughed the field commonly reaped it, and he that built a house was master of the door : the vexation excited by injus-

tice suffered, or supposed to be suffered, by any private man or single community, was local and temporary; it neither spread far nor lasted long."—*The False Alarm*.

8. Brusqueness—Harshness.—Johnson's thirty years' struggle with want combined with his naturally splenetic temper to make him, at times, very harsh and unqualified in his criticisms. "One of his favorite methods of argument," says Grant, "was a flat denial of his opponent's statements, and he considered that treating an adversary with respect was giving him an advantage to which he was not entitled." His own strength—mental, moral, and spiritual—made him very unsympathetic toward what he considered the weaknesses of his associates. Taine, with characteristic French dislike of such a character, calls Johnson "a bear with the manners of a beadle and the inclinations of a constable." In his humor, as in his satire, he is broad and personal. As Stephen puts it, "He judges by his intuitive aversions." Boswell said of him: "He is through your body in an instant, without any preliminary parade; he gives a deadly lunge, but cares little for skill of fence." Shaw fairly accounts for this trait in Johnson, saying, "When, weary and lame, he reached the top of the ladder by which he had climbed from poverty and obscurity to competence and fame, he had brought with him the begrimed and offensive manners of his underground life."

"We know that he puffed and grunted, and contradicted everybody, reviling as fools and blockheads and barren rascals all who dared to differ from his literary highness."—*W. F. Collier*.

"This element [gravity] at times showed itself in the extreme form of rudeness bordering on severity. Mrs. Boswell spoke of him to her husband as a 'bear' in his manners. Now and then his style had this bearish quality. There is a brusque and harsh tone about it that grates upon the ear. The sage of Lichfield had a good deal of the animal in his

nature, and it often ruled the other elements. When thus exercised he would indulge in the most cruel invective and spare no feelings whatsoever."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"He treated those whose opinions had an opposite inclination with little tolerance and no courtesy."—*Brougham*.

"There is no arguing with Johnson, for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it."—*Goldsmith*.

"If he did not always think what he felt, he always said what he thought."—*Haslitt*.

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"Authoresses are seldom famous for clean linen, therefore they cannot make laundresses; they are rarely skilful at their needle, and cannot mend a soldier's shirt; they will make bad sutlers, being not much accustomed to eat. I must therefore propose that they shall form a regiment of themselves and garrison the town which is supposed to be in most danger of a French invasion. They will probably have no enemies to encounter; but, if they are once shut up together, they will soon disencumber the public by tearing out the eyes of one another."—*Employment of Authors*.

"In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral; easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. . . . It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions. Passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of rough satyrs and 'fauns with cloven heel' Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief."—*Criticism on Milton's Lycidas*.

"There are so many competitors for the fame of cleanliness that it is not hard to gain information of those that fail from those that desire to excel: I quickly found that Nitella passed

her time between finery and dirt, and was always in a wrapper, night-cap, and slippers, when she was not decorated for immediate show."—*The Rambler*.

9. Kindness—Sympathy.—"Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin."—*Goldsmith*.

"He was a humane, warm-hearted man, at least toward cases of distress brought on by no fault of the sufferer; he opened his house as a retreat for several 'infirm and decayed' persons."—*Minto*.

"His nature was too tender and too manly to incline to Swift's misanthropy. Men might be wretched, but he would not therefore revile them as filthy Yahoos. . . . This depth of tender feeling was, in fact, the foundation of Johnson's character. . . . His emotions were as deep and tender as they were genuine. How sacred was his love for his old and ugly wife! how warm his sympathy wherever it could be effective! . . . In his deep capacity for sympathy and reverence we recognize some of the elements that go to the making of a poet."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called a bear; . . . yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart as warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. . . . But observe also with what humanity, what openness of love, he can attach himself to all things—to a blind old woman, to a Doctor Levett, to a cat 'Hodge.' . . . Where in all England could there have been found another soul so full of pity, a hand so heavenlike bounteous as his?"—*Carlyle*.

"It was natural that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanor in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy but munificent relief. . . . He

would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum ; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous ; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection."—*Macaulay*.

"Cumberland saw the tender-hearted old man standing beside his friend Garrick's grave, at the foot of Shakespeare's monument, bathed in tears."—*G. L. Craik*.

"In his best hours he was not devoid of susceptibility nor incapable of feeling. His profound sympathy for the poor, his affection for his chosen friends, and his indignation against what he felt to be wrong, reveal a sensitive nature."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"Johnson had the tenderest heart and the strongest temper—the bitterest sarcasm and the gentlest spirit of consideration ; . . . the most utter hatred of sin and the most tender mercy toward sinners. . . . But what I chiefly like him for, except his tender-heartedness and his unusual kindness, is his robust nature. . . . Nothing in history is more touching than this man's tenderness."—*George Dawson*.

"Love and sympathy were as necessary to this rough and rugged man as to any sentimental girl. But he gave far more than he received."—*Walter Besant*.

"His beautiful lines on Levett's death are still more beautiful and touching because they recall a whole history of Johnson's goodness, tenderness, and charity."—*Matthew Arnold*.

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"Dear, Honored Mother.—Your weakness afflicts me beyond what I am willing to communicate to you. I do not think you unfit to face death, but I know not how to bear the thought of los-

ing you. . . . I pray often for you; do you pray for me. . . . I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son, Sam Johnson."—*Letters*.

"One reason why I delayed to write was, my uncertainty how to answer your letter. I like the thought of giving away the money very well; but when I consider that Tom Johnson is my nearest relative, and that he is now old and in great want; that he was my playfellow in childhood, and has never done anything to offend me; I am in doubt whether I ought not rather give it him than any other."—*Letters*.

"Chambers, you find, has gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much farther. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his frailties be remembered: he was a very great man."—*Letters*.

10. Religious Superstition.—"That Johnson's religious opinions sometimes took the form of a rather grotesque superstition, may be true; and it is easy enough to ridicule some of its manifestations. He took the creed of his day without much examination of the evidence upon which its dogmas rested; but the writer must be thoughtless indeed who should be more inclined to laugh at his superficial oddities than to admire the reverent spirit and the brave self-respect with which he struggled through a painful life. . . . He looked leniently upon superstitions, such as ghosts and second-sight, which appeared to fall in with his religious beliefs, while his strong sense often made him absurdly sceptical in ordinary matters."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock Lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. . . . He has gravely noted down in his diary that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. . . . But a man who took off his hat when he passed a church episcopally consecrated must be a good man, a pious man, a

man of good principles. Johnson could easily see that those persons who looked on a dance or a laced waistcoat as sinful, deemed most ignobly of the attributes of God and the ends of creation. But with what a storm of invective he would have overwhelmed any man who had blamed him for celebrating the redemption of mankind with sugarless tea and butterless buns! "—*Macaulay*.

"We can conceive that Johnson, had he lived when augury by tokens was in vogue, would have been a steadfast believer in the flight of crows; and that, if his lot had been cast in an astrological age, he would have consulted his horoscope before going on a journey or embarking in an enterprise."—*Haslitt*.

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"‘That the dead are seen no more,’ said Imlac, ‘I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. . . . That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears.’"—*Rasselas*.

"Methought I was in the midst of a very entertaining set of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively conversation, when on a sudden I perceived one of the most shocking figures imagination can frame advancing toward me. She was dressed in black, her skin was contracted into a thousand wrinkles, her eyes deep sunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting severity, and her hands armed with whips and scorpions. As soon as she came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, she bid me follow her. I obeyed, and she led me through rugged paths, beset with briars and thorns, into a deep, solitary valley. Wherever she passed the fading verdure withered beneath her steps; her pestilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obscured the lustre of the sun, and involved the fair face of heaven in universal gloom. Dismal howlings resounded through the forest,

from every baleful tree, the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the prospect was filled with desolation and horror."—*The Rambler*.

"As I sat thus, forming alternatively excuses for delay and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprised me; I laid my head upon the bank and resigned myself to sleep, when methought I heard the sound as of the flight of eagles and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity: 'Theodore, whither art thou going?' 'I am climbing,' answered I, 'to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature.' 'Attend first,' said he, 'to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look around, therefore, without fear: observe, contemplate, and be instructed.'"—*The Vision of Theodore*.

II. Humor.—"By way of strange contrast to this quality [gravity] his style is not infrequently marked by the most playful humor. Boswell's biography is full of these outbursts of pleasantry, when, by way of reaction from the inherent gravity of his nature, he would indulge in sallies of wit and repartee. There is just enough of this in his prose to give it flavor and attractiveness. In 'The Lives of the Poets' this order of style is well presented."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"When he is in a pleasant mood his humour is broad and arrogant. The most pleasing form of his humour is when he is humourous at his own expense. . . . Many of the *Rambles* are full of genuine humour, broad and hearty, and of happy strokes of wit."—*Minto*.

"When he threw aside his pen, which he regarded as an encumbrance, he became not only learned and thoughtful, but acute, witty, humourous, natural, honest."—*Hazlitt*.

"His little circle of friends called forth his humour as the House of Commons excited Chatham's eloquence. . . . His queer prejudices take a humourous form, and give a delightful zest to his conversation."—*Leslie Stephen*.

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"Last Saturday I came to Ashbourne—Ashbourne in the Peak. Let not the barren name of the Peak terrify you ; I have never wanted strawberries and cream. The great bull has no disease but age. I hope in time to be like the great bull ; and hope you will be like him too a hundred years hence."—*Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale*.

"Dear Sir, . . . I will not send compliments to my friends by name, because I would be loath to leave any out in the enumeration. Tell them, as you see them, how well I speak of Scotch politeness, and Scotch hospitality, and Scotch beauty, and of everything Scotch, but Scotch oat-cakes and Scotch prejudices."—*To James Boswell, Esq.*

Johnson.—"Nay, sir, it was not the wine that made your head ache, but the sense I put into it."

Boswell.—"What, sir ; will sense make the head ache ?"

Johnson.—"Yes, sir, when it is not used to it."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

12. Personification of Abstract Nouns.—This is a peculiarly Johnsonian characteristic. He continually uses the abstract noun as if it were a person, making it the subject of an active verb, and thus gaining brevity.

"To make up what is called 'the Johnsonian manner,' or 'Johnsonese,' we must take not only these striking peculiarities of sentence-structure but certain other peculiarities, especially a peculiar use of the abstract noun."—*Minto*.

"It was not, however, the mere bigness of the words that distinguished his style but a peculiar love of putting the abstract for the concrete."—*Leslie Stephen*.

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“Luxury, avarice, injustice, violence, and ambition take up their ordinary residence in populous cities; while the hard and laborious life of the husbandman will not admit of these vices.”

—*Thoughts on Agriculture.*

“I shall therefore lay my case before you, and hope by your decision to be set free from unreasonable restraints and enabled to justify myself against the accusations which spite and peevishness produce against me.”—*The Rambler.*

“To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground everywhere with carcasses, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the son of Necessity, the nurseling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess.”—*The Rambler.*

“My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love and the parent of Benevolence, Hope, and Joy. The monster from whose power I have freed you is called Superstition. She is the child of Discontent and her followers are Fear and Sorrow.”—*The Rambler.*

BURKE, 1729-1797

Biographical Outline.—Edmund Burke, born at Dublin about January 12, 1729; father a Protestant attorney, mother a Roman Catholic; Burke is reared as a Protestant, but so many of his friends were Catholics that he early learned toleration; in 1741 he enters a school at Ballitore, County Kildare, kept by one Shackleton, a Quaker, with whose son, Richard, he forms and maintains a life-long friendship; he enters Trinity College, Dublin, in 1743, and remains there till 1748, studying diligently, but not following any systematic course; he becomes especially familiar with the works of Cicero, whom he takes as "the model on which he labored to form his own character, in eloquence, in policy, in ethics, and in philosophy;" he acquires some knowledge of Greek, and wins a scholarship on examination in 1746; he is entered at the Middle Temple, London, in 1747, takes A.B. at Dublin in the spring of 1748, and goes to London to study law in 1750; owing to weak health he does not study severely, but spends much time travelling about the Midland counties of England; little is known of his life between 1752 and 1757; he appears to have visited France, to have frequented theatres and debating clubs, and to have met some eminent men, including Garrick, who became his life-long friend; Burke refuses to enter upon the practice of law, which so angers his father that, in 1755, his paternal allowance of £100 a year is wholly or partly withdrawn, and he is forced to depend on literature for a livelihood; he had probably written before that time "Hints for an Essay on the Drama," unpublished till after his death; in 1756 he publishes "A Vindication of Natural Society" and "A Philo-

sophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and the Beautiful," the latter having been begun in 1748; these two books at once give to Burke a high literary reputation, and so please his father that he sends him a present of £100; he takes lodgings (probably first at Bath) with his physician, Dr. Nugent, whose daughter Jane (reared as a Roman Catholic) he marries in the winter of 1756-57; his wife conforms to his religion, and the marriage proves happy; in 1757 he publishes "An Account of the European Settlements in America," originally written by his cousin, William Burke, but revised and much modified by Burke; he writes also, in 1757, his "Abridgment of the History of England;" in 1758 he begins to edit the *Annual Register*, receiving from the publisher, Dodsley, £100 a year for his services; he contributes to the *Register* the "Survey of Events" for several years thereafter; he resides in Wimpole Street, with his father-in-law, is in straitened financial circumstances, and seeks in vain from Pitt the office of consul at Madrid; in 1759 he becomes private secretary to W. G. Hamilton; this position brings Burke to the notice of many men in power, and, in 1761, he becomes secretary to the Earl of Halifax, whom Burke accompanies to Ireland; while in Ireland he writes reflections on the penal code and also an address to the king in behalf of oppressed Irish Catholics, both papers being published after his death; he returns to London after a year in Dublin and obtains, through Hamilton, in the spring of 1763, a pension of £300 a year; he accepts the pension on condition that Hamilton allow him some time for literary work; in May, 1764, on Hamilton's expulsion, Burke returns to live with his father-in-law in Queen Anne Street; in 1762 he joins the Turk's Head Club, where he shines as a conversationalist with Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and others; he becomes warmly attached to Johnson, Garrick, and Reynolds; Burke refuses to give his whole time to Hamilton's service, and Hamilton breaks off his con-

nection with him, so that Burke loses his pension ; he is in poverty for awhile, but seems to have reached a better financial condition by 1765, probably through the speculations of his brother and his cousin ; in July, 1765, he becomes secretary to Lord Rockingham, First Lord of the Treasury ; Burke's enemies try, unsuccessfully, to deprive him of his position by accusing him of being a Papist, a Jesuit, an Irish adventurer, etc. ; Rockingham refuses to believe the slanders, becomes Burke's warm friend, and aids him financially, but the false charge of being a Papist was subsequently and frequently made against Burke ; he is elected member of Parliament for Wendover, December 23, 1765, and makes his first speech in January, 1766, arguing in favor of receiving the petition from the American Congress ; he soon becomes a leading member of the House, and, according to Johnson, makes " two speeches on the repeal of the Stamp Act which were publicly commended by Mr. Pitt and have filled the town with wonder ; " he is greatly admired at first for his commanding eloquence, but he soon loses his power over the House, whose members could not follow his profound thoughts ; the conservatives among the Whigs are determined to exclude him from high office, and this tends to sour his naturally high temper and to make him vehement and often undignified ; on the resignation of the Duke of Grafton as one of the Secretaries of State Burke endeavors in vain to secure the vacant office, and declines a proffered seat at the Board of Trade ; on Rockingham's displacement in June, 1766, he defends Rockingham's career in a pamphlet called *A Short History of a Short Administration* ; he visits his relatives in Ireland in the summer of 1766, and on his return refuses overtures made by Chatham with a view to attaching Burke to the administration ; he opposes Townshend's plan for taxing the American colonies in 1767 ; in the spring of 1768 he buys an estate of six hundred acres in Buckinghamshire, near Beaconsfield, twenty-four miles from London, paying £6,000 down and borrowing the balance

of £14,000 by mortgaging the estate ; he is supposed to have been aided by his brother, his cousin, and Lord Verney, who were engaged in somewhat reckless speculation at the time ; he borrows a part of the £6,000 from Garrick, lives extravagantly, and is ever afterward in pecuniary straits, especially after the financial crash of 1769, which ruined his cousin and his brother ; in 1769 he defends Wilkes, and in 1770 publishes his " Thoughts on the Present Discontents," which serves to regenerate the Whigs by demanding publicity of Parliamentary proceedings and an increase in the power of the people ; he also speaks, during the session of 1770, in favor of free speech, a free press, free trade, and freedom from church tithes ; he is virulently attacked by the pamphleteers, and is charged with the authorship of the " Letters of Junius ;" in the autumn of 1771 he is appointed agent for the province of New York at a salary of £500, and, in the following year, he refuses to act as an agent of the East India Company with a higher salary ; he speaks in favor of religious toleration, in the session of 1773, but is intolerant toward infidels because of a view of French morals and philosophy obtained during a visit to Paris in February, 1773 ; he becomes an ally of Fox in 1774, and for the next eight years they vehemently oppose Lord North's administration ; Burke makes his great speech on American taxation in the spring of 1774, and opposes the bill for closing the port of Boston ; he is elected for Bristol in the succeeding autumn ; in March, 1775, he protests against restraining the trade of the American colonies, and proposes his famous thirteen resolutions for conciliation, which are defeated ; in November, 1776, he makes a final effort for the revision of all the acts aggrieving the colonies, and, after failing, withdraws from Parliament during the discussion of all questions concerning America ; he defends his action in " A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol ;" during the sessions of 1778 and 1779 he labors to abolish wrecking, the use of the pillory, and the employment of Indians in the American war ;

he tries in vain to secure the reform of domestic political abuses in the session of 1780, secures some modification of the acts against Irish trade, and advocates the relief of the Scotch Catholics; he defies the mob in the "no-popery" riots of 1780, but is unharmed; his efforts toward religious toleration and his defence of Ireland cause the loss of his political influence in Bristol, but he secures a seat for Malton, through Rockingham; in 1781 he again proposes a bill for economical reform, and is supported by William Pitt the Younger; with the aid of Fox, Burke forces Lord North to resign in the spring of 1782; on the accession of the Rockingham Whigs in 1782 Burke is again excluded from the cabinet seat to which he was richly entitled, and is again put off with the paltry office of paymaster of the forces; he again labors for self-government in Ireland, and at last carries a large part of his scheme for economical reform; he receives a salary of £4,000 as paymaster, and is promised by the government "something considerable for his wife and son;" by the death of Rockingham he loses both his office and the promised "something;" he endeavors in vain to secure a political sinecure clerkship for his son; he becomes paymaster again in 1783, and devotes himself to reforms in the government of India; he meets and greatly admires Frances Burney (Madame d'Arblay), and is elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1784; his political enemies make his life miserable with slander and obloquy, and he is treated with great disrespect in the House, though he recovers £100 damages, with costs, in a libel suit against the printer of the *Public Advertiser*; he continues his efforts against the maladministration of Hastings in India, and, on February 18, 1785, makes his famous speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts; he is re-elected Lord Rector of Glasgow in 1785, and makes a tour of Scotland, astonishing the northern scholars with the universality of his knowledge; in 1786 he is aided by Fox, Francis, Sheridan, and others in his attack on Hastings, and,

on May 10, 1787, he impeaches Hastings at the bar of the House of Lords ; he begins his great speech against Hastings February 15, 1787, and continues speaking during four days, except for a brief interruption due to illness ; he is in financial straits again in 1787, and is aided by a gift of £1,000 from his friend Dr. Brocklesby ; in November, 1788, when Fox comes into power, he [Fox] declines to aid in securing for Burke the cabinet position that Burke deserved, and arranges to give him, instead, his old office of paymaster, besides a pension of £2,000, half to go to Burke's son and half to his wife ; Burke's disappointment increases his vehemence and bitterness during 1789, and his enemies renew their false charges of Jesuitism, etc. ; on May 4, 1789, he receives from the House a vote of censure for using violent expressions toward a fellow-member, and many regard him as "an ingenious madman ;" he aids Wilberforce in 1788-89 in Wilberforce's efforts to abolish the slave-trade—an object for which Burke had begun to work as early as 1780 ; in the autumn of 1789 he writes his "Reflections on the Revolution in France" as a warning to his more radical countrymen, and publishes it November 1, 1790 ; early in 1790 he becomes estranged from Fox and Sheridan, who oppose Burke's position on the French Revolution ; the "Reflections" pass through eleven editions in their first year, and Burke receives LL.D. from Dublin, after narrowly failing to receive D.C.L. from Oxford ; the "Reflections" create a reaction against the French Revolution in England, and divide the country into two parties on the subject, thus doing much to weaken the Whigs ; Burke receives the compliments of foreign sovereigns ; he sits for Malton again in 1790, and renews his activity against Hastings ; he publishes "A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly" early in 1791, and soon afterward breaks finally with Fox and with the Whig party on the debate over the Quebec Bill ; he retires to Margate late in 1791 and publishes his "Appeal from the New to the Old

Whigs" and his "Thoughts on French Affairs;" in January, 1792, he writes his letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe, discussing religious toleration in Ireland; in February, 1792, on the death of his friend Reynolds, Burke receives from Reynolds a legacy of £2,000; during the session of 1792 he opposes a motion for Parliamentary reform and one for the repeal of certain penal statutes as to religious opinions, thus giving color to the charge that he had discarded his life-long views of religious and civil liberty; though without a party, Burke now becomes "a sort of power of Europe;" he corresponds with "Monsieur" (Louis XVIII.), and is regarded as the representative of the French refugees in England; late in 1792 he advocates war with France, and takes sides with the Conservative ministry; his popularity returns with the declaration of war; he mourns the loss of Fox's friendship, but declines to make overtures toward a reconciliation; from May 28 to June 16, 1793, he makes a nine days' speech defending his impeachment of Hastings, and on the 19th he receives the thanks of the House; he retires finally from Parliament in July, 1793; the loss of his son on the 2d of the following August nearly breaks Burke's heart; on August 30th he is granted a pension of £1,200 a year; this was soon increased, and a second pension of £2,500 was added, which Burke promptly sold to pay his debts; he lives in retirement at Beaconsfield during 1795, but writes his "Remarks on the Apparent Circumstances of the War" (published after his death) and "A Letter to a Noble Lord," the latter being a reply to an attack on Burke's pension made by the Duke of Bedford; in 1796 he founds at Penn, near Beaconsfield, a school for the sons of French emigrants; he writes and publishes his first two "Letters on a Regicide Peace" during the summer of 1796; he is severely ill late in the summer, and Windham, then Secretary of War, writes: "Your life is at this moment of more consequence than that of any [other] man living;" Burke is visited by Wilberforce

and many other eminent men ; he dies at Beaconsfield, July 9, 1797 ; Fox proposes in the House that he be buried at public expense in Westminster Abbey, but, in accordance with Burke's expressed wish, he is buried at Beaconsfield.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Impassioned Eloquence—Miltonic Grandeur.

—It is this quality, perhaps, more than any other that has caused such critics as De Quincey, Craik, and others to call Burke "the supreme writer of his century." T. W. Hunt declares that Burke's style "marks the highest point as yet attained in England in forensic prose. His eloquence is supreme and rises to the level of the sublime. It is oratorical passion in the essence." Macaulay says that Burke is "in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern." Of Burke's "Address to the King," John Morley says, "Each sentence falls on the ear with the accent of some golden-tongued oracle of the wise gods." Another critic calls him "an orator in all his thoughts and a sage in all his eloquence." Brougham speaks of his "fierce, nervous, overwhelming declamation, the heavy artillery of powerful declamation." Goodrich says that "the variety and extent of his powers in debate was greater than that of

any other orator in ancient or modern times." Minto considers his declamatory energy largely due to the concreteness of his terms and images. Chambers exclaims, "Who can withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence!" and Payne combines all these estimates when he says, "His writings have ever since been the model of all who wish to say anything forcibly, naturally, freely, and in a comparatively small space."

"I steadily affirm that of all the men who are, or who ever have been, eminent for energy or splendor of eloquence, . . . there is not one who surpasses Burke."—*Dr. Parr*.

"His descriptions were more vivid, more harrowing, more horrible than human utterance on either fact or fancy ever formed before. . . . At one time he dropped his head upon his hands and was unable to proceed, while the bosoms of his auditors became convulsed with passion."—*Madame a' Arblay* [describing the speech against Hastings].

"For half an hour I looked upon the orator in a revery of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth."—*Warren Hastings*.

"Burke had . . . the grandeur proper to a man dealing with imperial themes; the freedom of nations, the justice of rulers, the fortunes of great societies, the sacredness of law. . . . He had the amplitude, the weightiness, the inspiration, the high flight of Milton, but there can hardly have been any conscious attempt at imitation. . . . He imprints himself upon us with a magnificence and elevation of expression that places him among the highest masters of literature."—*John Morley*.

"Burke has been compared to Cicero—I do not know for what reason. Their excellences are as different, and indeed as opposite, as they can well be. Burke had not the polished elegance, the glassy neatness, the artful regularity, the exquisite modulation, of Cicero. He had a thousand times more richness and originality of mind, more strength and pomp

of diction. . . . If it [grandeur] is not to be found in Burke, it is to be found nowhere. Burke's eloquence was that of the poet; of the man of high and unbounded fancy: his wisdom was profound and contemplative. . . . Burke's eloquence was calculated to make them [men] think."—*Haslitt*.

"The rapid, vehement, impetuous torrent of his eloquence, kindling as it flowed, and the nervous motions of his countenance reflected the ungovernable excitement under which he labored. . . . [There was] great magnetism in his eloquence. He made the whole House pass in an instant from the tenderest emotions of feeling to bursts of laughter; never was the electric power of eloquence more imperiously felt."—*W. E. H. Lecky*.

"The vast amount of his works rolls impetuously in a current of eloquence. . . . It is either the *exposé* of a ministry or the whole history of British India or the complete theory of revolutions and the political conditions, which comes down like a vast overflowing stream, to dash with its ceaseless effort and accumulated mass against some crime that men would overlook or some injustice which they would sanction."—*Taine*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose parliamentary trust he has abused; I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate; I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed in both sexes; and I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which ought equally to pervade every age."

condition, rank, and situation in the world."—*Impeachment of Hastings.*

"Such is the republic to which we are going to give a place in civilized fellowship ; the republic which, with joint consent, we are going to establish in the centre of Europe, in a port that overlooks and commands every other state and which eminently confronts and menaces this kingdom. You may call this faction which has eradicated the monarchy—expelled the proprietary, persecuted religion, trampled upon law—you may call this France if you please : but of the ancient France nothing remains but the central geography ; its iron frontier ; its spirit of ambition ; its audacity of enterprise ; its perplexing intrigue. These and these alone remain. All the former correctives, whether of virtue or of weakness, which existed in the old monarchy are gone. No single corrective is to be found in the whole body of the new republic—a republic not of simple husbandmen or fishermen, but of intriguers and of warriors—a republic of a character the most restless, the most enterprising, the most impious, the most fierce and bloody, the most hypocritical and perfidious, the most bold and daring that ever has been seen or indeed that can be conceived to exist."—*Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.*

"I call it *atheism by establishment* when any state shall not acknowledge the existence of God as a moral governor of the world ; when it shall offer to him no religious or moral worship ; when it shall abolish the Christian religion by decree ; when it shall persecute with a cold, unrelenting, steady cruelty, by every mode of confiscation and imprisonment, exile, and death, all its ministers ; when it shall generally shut up or pull down the churches ; when, in the place of that religion of social benevolence and individual self-denial, in mockery of all religion, it shall institute impious, blasphemous, indecent rites, in honour of their vitiated, perverted reason, and erect altars to the personification of their own corrupted and bloody republic ; when schools and seminaries are founded at the public expense to poison mankind from generation to generation with the horrible maxims of this impiety ; when, wearied out with incessant martyrdom and the cries of a people hungering and thirsting for religion, they permit it only as a tolerated evil—I call this atheism by establishment."—*Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.*

2. Profuse, Sometimes Excessive, Imagery.—

He had, as Brougham says, "an imagination marvellously quick to descry unthought-of resemblances." Yet he rarely if ever uses a trope merely for the purpose of ornament. De Quincey grows impatient with "the long-eared race of Burke's critics," who have understood him, "not as thinking *in* and *by* his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after-ornament," and declares that Burke "was a man of fancy in no other sense than as Lord Bacon was so, and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers must be." It is this rare power of figurative illumination that accounts for the fact, stated by Craik, that "the writings of Burke are, indeed, the only English political writings of a past age that continue to be read in the present." This "creative richness of imagination" appears in every one of his writings. "He had," says Macaulay, "in the highest degree that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and the unreal." C. A. Goodrich joins De Quincey in defending Burke against Fox's charge of floridity, and says that "a large part of his imagery is not liable to any censure of this kind; many of his figures are so finely wrought into the texture of his style that we hardly think of them as figures at all." T. W. Hunt accounts for this trait, in part, by Burke's age and nationality: "In proneness to satire and fondness for imagery and romance he was a true Celt. . . . The age was agitative. All was aglow and ablaze." The sources from which Burke drew his figures are marvellously wide. History, art, science, literature, every profession, every trade is made to bear ready and continual tribute to the wonderful treasure-house of his fancy.

"The great element of power in Burke, over and above what he has in common with Macaulay, is his extravagant splendor of imagery. . . . Like Carlyle, he makes abundant use both of tropes and explicit figures. He is especially rich in metaphor. He has been called 'the greatest master of met-

aphor the world has ever known,' and if we except Carlyle, we may allow that he is the most metaphorical of our prose writers. . . . His extravagant imagery rises to the wildest pitch in his ungovernable moments."—*Minto*.

"Burke's profusion of figurative language has been the theme of endless admiration. His mind was a repertory of things generally known concerning history, sciences, professions, manufactures, handicrafts; and he drew illustrations from all classes of subjects in his multifarious knowledge. . . . The framework of what Burke had to say was too thickly overlaid with Asiatic ornament. His natural ardor always impelled him to clothe his conclusions and to express them in glowing and exaggerated phrases: . . . The great offender and burden was that imagination, . . . bringing in all conceivable wealth of imagery, accumulating figures, and extending illustrations till they become a dazzling and bewildering veil of light, hiding the process, progress, and the very gist of the argument."—*John Morley*.

"It is true, however, that, in some rare cases, Burke did indulge himself in a pure rhetorician's use of fancy, consciously and profusely lavishing his ornaments for mere purposes of effect. There are many such cases."—*De Quincey*.

"In debate, images and illustrations rose to his lips with a spontaneous redundancy that astonished his hearers."—*W. E. H. Lecky*.

"The wheels of his imagination did not catch fire from the rottenness of the materials, but from the rapidity of their motion. He most frequently produced an effect by the remoteness and novelty of his combinations, by force of contrast, by the striking manner in which the most opposite and unpromising materials were harmoniously blended together; not by laying his hands on all the fine things he could think of, but by bringing together those things which he knew would blaze out into glorious light by their collision. The florid style is a mixture of affectation and commonplace. Burke's was a

union of untamable vigor and originality. . . . He was completely carried away by his subject. He had no other object but to produce the strongest impression on his reader, by giving the truest, the most characteristic, the fullest, and the most forcible description of things, trusting to the power of his own mind to mould them into grace and beauty. He did not produce a splendid effect by setting fire to the light vapors that float in the regions of fancy. . . . His gold was not the less valuable for being wrought into elegant shapes and richly embossed with curious figures ; . . . the solidity of a building is not destroyed by adding to it beauty and ornament, . . . and the strength of a man's understanding is not always to be estimated in exact proportion to his power of imagination. . . . Burke was so far from being a gaudy or flowery writer, that he was one of the severest writers we have. . . . He unites every extreme and every variety of composition ; the lowest and meanest words with the highest. He excels in the display of power, in showing the extent, the force, and the intensity of his ideas ; he is led on by the mere impulse and vehemence of his fancy, not by the affectation of dazzling his readers by gaudy conceits or pompous images. . . . The ' Letter to the Duke of Bedford ' is the most delightful exhibition of wild and brilliant fancy that is to be found in English prose, but it is too much like a beautiful picture painted upon gauze ; it wants something to support it. ' The Regicide Peace ' is without ornament, but it has all the solidity, the might, the gravity of a judicial record. It seems to have been written with a certain constraint upon himself and to show those who said he could not *reason* that his arguments might be stripped of their ornaments without losing anything of their force." —*Haslitt*.

" A robe of brocaded damask is splendid, sumptuous, and appropriate to noble public occasions, but it is scarcely flexible." —*Edmund Gosse*.

“He rarely employs simile, but delights in metaphor. . . . He is rich, and even lavish, in the use of imagery ; but this is never introduced for the sake of ostentatious display, but in order to enforce or illustrate an argument.”—*J. B. Robertson.*

“There is a foam on its [the stream of his eloquence] eddies, mud in its bed ; thousands of strange creatures sport wildly on its surface ; he does not select, he lavishes ; he casts forth by myriads his multiplied fancies, emphases, harsh words, declamation, and apostrophes, jests and execrations, the whole grotesque or horrible assemblage of the distant regions and populous cities which his unwearied learning or fancy has traversed.”—*Taine.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“Astronomers have supposed that if a certain comet, whose path intercepted the ecliptic, had met the earth in some (I forget which) sign, it would have whirled us along with it in its eccentric course into God knows what regions of heat and cold. Had the portentous comet of the Rights of Man, which from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war, and with fear of change perplexes monarchs—had that comet crossed upon us in that internal state of England, nothing human could have prevented our being hurried out of the highway of heaven into all the vices, crimes, and miseries of the French Revolution.”—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

“So long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies, of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power—a fortress at once and a temple—shall stand unviolated on the brow of the British Lion ; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in majesty of proportion and girt with a double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard this subjected land, so long the mounds and dykes of the low, flat Bedford level will have nothing to fear from

all the pickaxes of all the levellers in France."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"The grants to the House of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. . . . He plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and while he lies 'floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne."—*Letter to a Noble Lord.*

3. Invective—Coarseness—Ridicule.—Burke's mind was eminently satirical. In his earlier writings this quality took the form of dignified irony; but the stings and insults to which he was subjected in later years caused him to retort in the fiercest invective, often unpardonably coarse. Taine speaks of "the trumpet-blast of his curses," and declares that Burke had no taste. Like Swift, he is too intensely in earnest to make elegance an end in his writing. He is a striking illustration of the truth, that in literature, as in architecture, grace and force sometimes vary inversely with each other. "If," says John Morley, "anyone has imbued himself with that exacting love of delicacy, measure, and taste in expression, which was, until our own day, a sacred tradition of the French, then he will not like Burke. . . . The thought of wrong or misery moved him less to pity for the victim than to anger against the cause. He has some gratuitous and unredeemed vulgarity; some images whose barbarity makes us shudder." Even Macaulay admits that his debates on the Regency were marked by "asperity and indecency." Minto observes that "whenever Burke wishes to cover anything with ridicule, his words are taken from every-day speech and his figures from the commonest objects." But even the righteous ends that Burke had in view fail to excuse the outrageous coarseness of

some of his invective. He calls Hastings "a wallowing sow," "the keeper of a pig-sty, wallowing in filth and corruption;" and the like.

"If by wit be meant any of its forms compatible with fierce invective, his speeches abound with innumerable specimens of the highest merit. . . . He does not scruple to make the most grossly offensive comparisons in the plainest terms. . . . He made abundant use of the weapon of ridicule. . . . We cannot suppose that he ever indulged in it [abuse or ridicule] without to some extent bullying his artistic as well as his prudential conscience."—*Minto*.

"He indulges in bitter invective mingled with poignant wit, but descending often to abuse and even scurrility; he is apt, moreover, to carry an attack too far, to slay the slain, or to mingle and dilute the reader's contempt with pity."—*Brougham*.

"There appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice, and, in short, so little proof to so great passion that in a very short time, I, who had been overpowered by his eloquence, began to lift up my head; . . . and before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself looking all around with my opera-glass in hand."—*Miss Burney* [describing the speech against Hastings].

"It is no use for him to study Cicero and to confine his dashing force in the orderly channels of Latin rhetoric; he continues half a barbarian. . . . We give way to him, and see in his outbursts only the outpourings of a great heart and a deep mind, too open and too full; and we wonder with a sort of strange veneration at this extraordinary outflow, impetuous as a torrent, broad as a sea, in which the inexhaustible variety of color and form undulates beneath the sun of a splendid imagination, which lends to this muddy surge all the brilliancy of its rays."—*Taine*.

"Though a most skilful and penetrating critic, and though

his English style is one of the very finest in the language, his taste was not pure; even his best writings are sometimes disfigured by strangely coarse and repulsive images; and gross violations of taste seem to have been frequent in his speeches."

—*W. E. H. Lecky.*

"It is distressing to see this master of the English language descending to scurrilities unworthy of a fish-wife and relinquishing all remnants of judgment, decorum, reason, and good sense in ravings about the tyrannies of a regicide Jacobinism."—*Edmund Gosse.*

"He was terrible as well as offensive in the coarseness of his epithets; would come down upon his adversary and stab him through with a rough, rusty blade, which he picked up for the purpose out of the filth of the gutter."—*John Morley.*

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"Benfield, a criminal, who long since ought to have fattened the region kites with his offal, is by his Majesty's ministers enthroned in the government of a great kingdom."—*Nabob of Arcot's Debts.*

"I find no man who has remained in that more than stoical apathy but the Prince de Conti. This mean, stupid, selfish, swinish, and cowardly animal, universally known and despised as such, has been perfectly neutral, except in one abortive attempt to elope."—*Policy of the Allies.*

"What was the event? A strange uncouth thing [Napoleon], a theatrical figure of the opera, his head shaded with three-coloured plumes, strutted from the back scenes, and, after a short speech, in the mock-heroic falsetto of stupid tragedy, delivered the gentleman [an English messenger] into the custody of a guard, . . . and ordered him to be sent from Paris in two hours."—*Letters on a Regicidal Peace.*

"That debt forms the foul putrid mucus in which are engendered the whole brood of ascarides, all the endless involutions, the eternal knot added to knot of those inexpugnable tape-worms which devour the nutriment and eat up the bowels of India."—*Nabob of Arcot's Debts.*

"With six great chopping bastards, each as lusty as an infant Hercules, this delicate creature [Hon. Henry Dundas] blushes at the sight of his new bridegroom and assumes a virgin delicacy; or, to use a more fit as well as a more poetic comparison, the person so squeamish, so timid, so trembling lest the winds of heaven should visit too roughly, is expanded to broad sunshine, exposed like the sow of imperial augury, lying in the mud with all the prodigies of her fertility about her, as evidence of her delicate amours."—*Nabob of Arcot's Debts*.

4. Mental and Moral Elevation.—In all his political conceptions Burke was lofty and majestic. He was an intellectual Titan. He had no taste for discussing what was puerile or trifling, and when compelled to do so, as Croly says, "He winged his tempest 'gainst a turnpike bill." Johnson declares that one could not meet Burke casually for five minutes in the street without becoming aware that he was a remarkable man, while Maurice says, "To read him makes us acknowledge that we are small men." Here, especially, "the style is the man." In an age when English political corruption reached its climax, Edmund Burke remained "a pure, conscientious, upright man." Taine tells us that "he based human society on maxims of morality, insisted on a high and pure tone of feeling in the conduct of public business, and seemed to have undertaken to raise and authorize the generosity of the human heart. He fought nobly for noble causes; against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people in France, the crimes of monopolists in India." John Morley says that Burke's style is "noble, earnest, deep-flowing, because his sentiment was lofty and fervid." T. W. Hunt compares Burke to Milton and Homer, and adds: "He was specially fond of discussing high themes—his brow was massive and so was his soul. There is something about Burke's prose that is majestic and magisterial—a kind of judicial gravity everywhere apparent, that makes it impossible for a man to be any other than in sober earnest as he peruses it

—the embodiment of nobility and unselfishness in human nature."

"He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice; and men saw him bring to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style, with the unwearying and untempered ardor of a moralist and a knight."—*Taine*.

"There is no public man whose character was in all respects more transparently pure. Weak health and deep and fervent religious principles saved him from the temptations of youth; and amid all the vicissitudes and corruption of politics his heart never lost its warmth or his conscience its sensitiveness. . . . In the higher moral qualities of public as of private life he has not often been surpassed. That loyal affection with which he clung through his whole life to the friends of his early youth; that genuine kindness which made him when still a poor man the munificent patron of Barry and Crabbe; . . . that stainless purity and retiring modesty of nature which made his domestic life so different from that of some of the greatest of his contemporaries; that depth of feeling which made the loss of his only son the death-knell of the whole happiness of his life, may be traced in every stage of his public career. Fidelity to his engagements, a disinterested pursuit of what he believed to be right, in spite of all the allurements of interest and popularity; a deep and ardent hatred of oppression and cruelty in every form; a readiness at all times to sacrifice personal pretensions to party interests; a capacity of devoting long years of thankless labor to the service of those he had never seen, and who could never reward him, were the characteristics of his life."—*W. E. H. Lecky*.

"One great feature in his statesmanship was his consistent endeavor to introduce into the conduct of affairs, between nation and nation, higher principles of morality."—*Minto*.

"The greatness of Burke as a thinker cannot be adequately

appreciated without noticing the nobility of his moral character. . . . A noble unselfishness stamps all his efforts."
—*Leslie Stephen*.

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"The worst event of this day, though it may deject, shall not break or subdue me. The call upon us is authoritative. Let who will shrink back, I shall be found at my post. Baffled, discountenanced, subdued, discredited, as the cause of justice and humanity is, it will only be the dearer to me. Whoever, therefore, shall at any time bring before you anything towards the relief of our distressed fellow-citizens in India and towards a subversion of the present most corrupt and oppressive system for its government, in me shall find a weak (I am afraid) but a steady, earnest, and faithful assistant."—*The Nabob of Arcot's Debts*.

"The people are right. The calculation of money profit in all wars is false. On balancing the account of such wars, ten thousand hogsheads of sugar are purchased at ten thousand times their price. The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our country, for our God, for our kind: the rest is vanity; the rest is crime."—*Letters on a Regicide Peace*.

"I have little to recommend my opinions but long observation and much impartiality. They come from one who has been no tool of power, no flatterer of greatness; and who, in his last act, does not wish to belie the tenor of his life."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

"No man lives too long who lives to do with spirit, and suffer with resignation what Providence pleases to command, or inflict; but indeed they are sharp incommunities which beset old age."—*Letter to a Noble Lord*.

5. Erudition—Vast Knowledge.—"No man of sense could meet Burke under a gateway, to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England. His stream of talk is perpetual; and he does not talk from any desire of distinction, but because his mind is full. . . . Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you."
—*Johnson*.

“ Dr. Smith, of Oxford, after spending several years upon a theory in chemistry, came up to London only to find that Burke, the politician, had anticipated him by some years.”
—*Buckle.*

“ Possessed of most extensive knowledge, and that of the most various description, acquainted alike with what different classes of men knew, each in his own province, and with much that one hardly ever thought of learning, he could either bring his masses of information to bear directly upon the subjects to which they severally belonged, or he could avail himself of them generally to strengthen his faculties or enlarge his views, or he could turn any portion of them to account for the purpose of enlarging his theme or enriching his diction. . . . When Burke is handling any one matter we perceive that we are conversing with a reasoner or a teacher, to whom almost every other branch of knowledge is familiar.”
—*Brougham.*

“ There are few men whose depth and versatility have been so fully recognized by their contemporaries. Adam Smith declared that he had found no other man who, without communication, had thought out the same conclusions on political economy as himself. Winstanley, the Camden Professor of Ancient History, bore witness to his knowledge of philosophy, history, filiation of languages, and the principles of etymological deduction. . . . No other politician or writer has thrown the light of so penetrating a genius on the nature and workings of the British Constitution, has impressed his principles so deeply upon both the great parties in the state, and has left behind him a richer treasure of political wisdom applicable to all countries and to all times. . . . Take up what you please, he is ready to meet you. His intellectual energy was fully commensurate with his knowledge, and he had rare powers of bringing illustrations and methods of reasoning derived from many spheres to bear on any subject he touched, and of combining an extraordinary natural fa-

cility with most untiring and fastidious labor."—*W. E. H. Lecky.*

"He brought his subject along with him; he drew his material from himself. The only limits which circumscribed his variety were the stores of his own mind. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meagre facts meagrely stated, of half a dozen commonplaces tortured into a thousand different ways; but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart and various as the sources of human nature. He therefore encircled every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasions of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted."—*Hazlitt.*

"He was well versed in Greek and Latin literature, was familiar with the great masters of his own language, and had read the best models of the French. Ancient and modern history he had deeply studied; he was an admirable connoisseur in art; and he was not unfamiliar with some of the natural sciences. To theology and philosophy he paid considerable attention. His acquaintance with English law astonished professional men themselves, while from the Roman jurisprudence he not unfrequently drew happy illustrations; and, as is said of Shakespeare, he loved to converse with laborers and mechanics about their trades. He was a skilful, practical agriculturist; in matters of commerce and finance he was exceedingly well versed, and in the whole science of economics he was far beyond his age."—*J. B. Robertson.*

"His speeches abounded in imagery, philanthropy, wisdom, all the noblest characteristics of his genius. . . . His mind was a repertory of things generally known concerning history, professions, manufactures, handicrafts; and he drew illustrations from all classes of subjects in his multifarious knowledge."—*Minto.*

"He knew how the whole world lived. Everything contributed to this: his vast desultory reading; his education,

neither wholly academical nor entirely professional ; his long years of apprenticeship in the service of knowledge ; his wanderings up and down the country ; his vast conversational powers ; his enormous correspondence with all sorts of people ; his unfailing interest in all pursuits. . . . His writings are a storehouse of wisdom, the noble, animating wisdom of one who has the poet's heart as well as the statesman's brain."

—*Augustine Birrell.*

"He entered Parliament, . . . having had time to train himself thoroughly in all matters ; acquainted with law, history, philosophy, literature—master of such a universal erudition that he has been compared to Bacon."—*Taine.*

"His learning is so various and extensive that we might praise it for its range and compass were it not still more praiseworthy for its solidity and depth."—*Thomas Campbell.*

"Considered simply as a master of English prose, Burke has not, in my judgment, been surpassed in any period of our literature. His speeches, literally speaking, are the only English speeches which may still be read with profit when the hearer and speaker have long been turned to dust. . . . Burke stands alone in his generation for the combination of width of view with deepness of sympathy. Thinking of the mass, he never forgets the individual. . . . Incomparably the greatest intellectual power of all English politicians, the life and soul of his party for some years."—*Leslie Stephen.*

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"In Russia it is not held respectful to call the priests *papas*, their true and ancient appellation, but those who wish to address them with civility always call them *hieromonachi*."—*Penal Laws.*

"We know little of Sesostris but that he led an army of 900,000 men out of Egypt and overran the Mediterranean coast as far as Colchis. . . . The next personage who figures in the tragedy of the ancients is Semiramis, for we have no particulars of Ninus. . . . Like the fleets of Xerxes or the armies of Pergamus and Syria in their wars against the Scythians, . . .

they all overlook us like the malevolent being of the poet."—*The Sublime and the Beautiful*.

"Milk is the first support of our childhood. The component parts of this are water, oil, and a sort of very sweet salt called the sugar of milk. All these, when blended, have a great smoothness to the taste and a relaxing quality to the skin. We must observe that, as smooth things are, as such, agreeable to the taste and are found of a relaxing quality, so, on the other hand, things which are found by experience to be of a strengthening quality and fit to brace the fibres, are almost universally rough and pungent to the taste, and in many cases even rough to the skin."—*The Sublime and the Beautiful*.

6. Use of Apothegm—Didacticism.—"Burke will always be read with delight and edification, because, in the midst of discussions, . . . he scatters apothegms that take us into the region of lasting wisdom. In the midst of the torrent of his most strenuous and passionate deliverances, he suddenly rises aloof from his immediate subject and reminds us of some permanent relation of things, some enduring truth of human life or society. . . . He added much to the permanent consideration of wise political thought by his maxims."—*John Morley*.

"His oratorical impressiveness was strongly connected with the weight of those maxims which he had formed from a long and profound study of the heart of man. And it is the force and abundance of those fine reflections which give an immortal value to his works on topics of the most temporary nature."—*George Croly*.

"He had a peculiar gift of introducing into transient party conflicts observations drawn from the most profound knowledge of human nature, of the first principles of government and legislation. . . . There is perhaps no English writer since Bacon whose works are so thickly starred with thought. The time may come when they will be no longer read; the time will never come in which men would not grow wiser by reading them."—*W. E. H. Lecky*.

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“The taking away of a vote is the taking away of the shield which the subject has, not only against the oppression of power but that worst of all oppressions, the persecution of private society. . . . When we are to provide for the education of any body of men we ought anxiously to consider the particular function they are to perform in life.”—*On the Penal Laws*.

“A victory over real corruptions enables us to baffle spurious and pretended reformatations. . . . Some persons, by hating vice too much, come to love men too little. . . . In all bodies, those who will lead must also in a considerable sense follow. . . . Nothing turns out to be so oppressive and unjust as a feeble government. . . . Never did nature say one thing and wisdom another. . . . To innovate is not to reform. . . . Rage and frenzy will pull down more in half an hour than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years. . . . The church is the place where one day's truce surely ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.”—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

“But men may be sorely touched and deeply grieved in their privileges as well as in their purses. Men may lose little in property by the act which takes away all their freedom. When a man is robbed of a trifle on the highway, it is not the two-pence lost that constitutes the capital outrage. This is not confined to privileges. Even ancient indulgences withdrawn, without offence on the part of those who enjoyed such favors, operate as grievances.”—*On Conciliation with America*.

7. Conservatism—Veneration for Ancient Institutions.—“An abhorrence for abstract politics, a predilection for aristocracy, and a dread of innovation were ever the most sacred articles of his political creed. He would not abandon to the invasion of audacious novelties opinions which he had received in his youth and had maintained so long—which had been fortified by the applause of the great and the assent of the wise, and which he had supported against so many distinguished opponents.”—*Sir James Mackintosh*.

“Burke had a constitutional love for old things; anything

that mankind had ever worshipped or venerated or obeyed was dear to him. . . . With all his passion for good government, he dearly loved a little rust."—*De Quincey*.

"He trembled for the fair fame of all established things, and to his horror saw men, instead of covering the thin surface with the concrete, digging in it for abstractions and asking fundamental questions about the origin of society. . . . Burke was all his life through a passionate maintainer of the established order of things and a ferocious hater of abstractions and metaphysical politics. Burke had a constitutional love for old things simply because they were old. . . . Burke may be called the High Priest of Order, . . . a lover of settled ways, of justice, peace, and security."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"It was peculiar to him that, possessed of a fancy and imagination singularly brilliant—united with stores of knowledge of a liberal and philosophical turn of mind, added to having passed much time among books—all the elements which unite to compose a beautiful system and make an imposing theorist, produced in him a distinctly opposite effect. He would admit no innovating speculations into the business of government. He professed to build . . . upon the basis of history and experience. . . . He entertained for ancient institutions that respect and admiration which all sober minds feel as long (but no longer) as they have been productive of good. . . . His aim was to preserve all our institutions in the main as they stood; for the simple reason that under them the nation had become good and prosperous and happy. He would rather not innovate at all, for innovation was not reformation: to overturn nothing which had the sanction of time and many happy days in its favor, to correct and perfect superstition, but to leave all foundations, the antiquity of which formed a guarantee of their usefulness and stability in general opinion, sacred and unharmed, this was his aim."—*J. Prior*.

"In discussing questions of domestic politics, he constantly refused to travel beyond the landmarks of the constitution as he found it established. . . . A constitution was with him a thing of life."—*G. L. Craik*.

"To his eye the constitution was no makeshift scaffolding, destined to speedy decay, but a venerable edifice of superb architecture resembling 'the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towns.'"—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He held the principles of conservatism with the zeal of a Leveller, and tempered lofty ideas of improvement with the scrupulousness of official routine. There is no part of Burke's career at which we may not find evidence of his instructive and undying repugnance to the critical or revolutionary spirit and all its works."—*John Morley*.

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I reckon myself among the most forward in my zeal for maintaining our constitution and its principles in their utmost purity and vigour. Those who are attached to the constitution of this kingdom will take good care how they are involved with persons who, under a pretext of zeal toward the Revolution and constitution, too frequently wander from their true principles, and are ever ready to depart from the firm but courteous and deliberate spirit which produced the one and presides in the other. . . . It is far from true that the right of the king depends on the will of the governed, or that we acquired a right by the Revolution to elect our own kings."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

"With us the king and the lords are several and joint securities for the equalities of each district, each province, each city. When did you hear in Great Britain of any province suffering from the inequality of its representation; what district from having no representation at all? Not only our monarchy and our peerage secure the equality on which our unity depends, but it is the spirit of the House of Commons itself. The very inequality of representation, which is so foolishly complained of, is perhaps the very thing which prevents us from thinking or acting as mem-

bers for districts. Cornwall elects as many members as all Scotland. But is Cornwall better taken care of than Scotland? Few trouble their heads about any of your bases, out of some giddy clubs. Most of those who wish for any change, upon any plausible grounds, desire it on different ideas."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"We must recall their erring fancies to the *acts* of the Revolution which we revere, for the discovery of its true *principles*. If the *principles* of the Revolution of 1688 are anywhere to be found, it is in the statute called the *Declaration of Rights*. In that most wise, sober, and considerate declaration, drawn up by great lawyers and great statesmen, and not by warm and inexperienced enthusiasts, not one word is said nor one suggestion made of a general right to chose our own *governors*, to cashier them for misconduct, and to *form* a government for *ourselves*."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

8. Catholicity — Tolerance. — "What distinguished him from all other men was a wide, comprehensive intellect, which . . . seized the general aspect of things and, beyond text, constitution, and figures, perceived the invisible tendency of events and the inner spirit."—*Taine.*

"[In his argument] he moves on with composed air, the even, dignified pace of the historian; and unfolds his facts in a narrative so easy and yet so correct, that you plainly perceive that he wanted only the dismissal of other pursuits to have rivalled Livy or Hume."—*Brougham.*

"His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the understanding under more relations than other men, and under more complex relations."—*De Quincey.*

"There was a catholicity about his gaze. . . . He saw all sides of a subject."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"In all things, while he deeply revered principles, he chose to deal with the concrete more than with abstractions; he studied men rather than man. . . . The principles of toleration ever found in him a powerful advocate, and he was ever zealous to remove imperfections and correct abuses

in the establishment, as the best means of securing its permanent existence. . . . The mere fact that toward the close of a tolerably long career he should still have kept his mind sufficiently open to perceive and his honesty sufficiently vigorous to cleave to the new and barely suspected deductions from his principles which the French Revolution forced upon him, is worth taking into account when we hear that Burke had too much of the unflinching party-man about him to be a true thinker."—*John Morley*.

"He believed that the interests of men in society should be consulted and their several stations and employments assigned, with a view to their nature, not as physical but as moral beings, so as to nourish their hopes, to lift their imagination, to enliven their fancy, to rouse their activity, to strengthen their virtue, and to furnish the greatest number of objects of present and future means of enjoyment to beings constituted as man is, consistently with the order and stability of the whole."—*Hazlitt*.

"Edmund Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events in relation to the laws that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility."—*Coleridge*.

"He belonged to all ages, and his mind was as catholic as it was clear and vast. . . . He had philosophic intellect; . . . he had genius; . . . he had heart. . . . he had withal a most comprehensive view."—*George Gilfillan*.

"He was endlessly interested in everything, in the state of the crops, in the last play, in the details of all trades, the rhythm of all poems, the plots of all novels, and indeed in the course of every manufacture. . . . He bought Beaconsfield, where he entertained all sorts and conditions of men. . . . Burke was far too Asiatic, tropical, and splendid to have anything to do with small economics."—*Augustine Birrell*.

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"My resolutions therefore mean to establish the equity and justice of a taxation of America by grant and not by imposition ; to mark the legal competency of the colony Assemblies for the support of their government in peace and for public aids in time of war ; to acknowledge that this legal competency has had a dutiful and beneficial exercise ; and that experience has shown the benefit of their grants and the futility of parliamentary taxation as a method of supply."—*On Conciliation with America.*

"If there be one fact in the world perfectly clear it is this : 'That the disposition of the people of America is wholly averse to any other than a free government ;' and this is indication enough to any honest statesman how he ought to adapt whatever power he finds in his hands to their case. If any ask me what a free government is, I answer that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so ; and that they and not I are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of this matter."—*Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.*

"It was long before the spirit of true piety and true wisdom, involved in the principles of the Reformation could be depurated from the dregs and feculence of the contention with which it was carried through. However, until this be done, the Reformation is not complete ; and those who think themselves good Protestants, from their animosity to others, are in that respect no Protestants at all. It was at first thought necessary, perhaps, to oppose to Popery another Popery, to get the better of it. Whatever was the cause, laws were made in many countries, and in this kingdom in particular, against Papists, which are as bloody as any of those which had been enacted by the Popish princes and states ; and where those laws were not bloody, in my opinion they were worse ; as they were slow, cruel outrages on our nature, and kept men alive only to insult in their persons every one of the rights and feelings of humanity."—*Speech at Bristol, Previous to the Election.*

9. **Fondness for Qualification.**—"In Burke some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will

invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences. Burke looks forward, advancing and changing his own station concurrently with the advance of his sentences."—*De Quincy*.

"The admirable combination of the generalizing faculty, with a respect for concrete facts, was a marked peculiarity of Burke's mind. His theorizing is always checked and verified by the text of specific instances, and yet in every special case he always sees a general principle."—*Brougham*.

"For the immediate effect of his eloquence, it might have been better if his mind had not been so Argus-eyed to all the various conflicting points of every case which he discussed. . . . He was too careful and too deep for his hearers. He

. . . still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.' . . .

. . . Thus he was continually looking before and after and on all sides of him, and stopping, whenever two or more apparently opposite considerations came in his way, to balance or reconcile them."—*G. L. Craik*.

"His mind was at once sublime and minute ; . . . he is eager to embrace the whole of a subject ; to place the matter in every variety of light and to apply every possible illustration. . . . He sometimes gives the first hint of a difficulty in order to show his skill in overcoming it. . . . His mind possessed a peculiar discursive quality."—*J. Prior*.

"The subtlety of his mind was undoubtedly what rendered Burke a less popular writer than he otherwise would have been. . . . [To Burke] the most important truths must be the most refined and subtle, and for that very reason they must comprehend a great number of particulars, and instead of referring to any distinct or positive facts, must point out the combined effect of an extensive chain of causes, operating gradually, remotely, and collectively, and therefore imperceptibly."—*Hazlitt*.

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"From hence they thought themselves obliged to dispose their citizens into such classes, and to place them into such situations in the state, as their peculiar habits might qualify them to fill and to allot to them such appropriated privileges as might secure to them what their specific occasions required, and which might furnish to each description such force as might protect it in the conflict caused by the diversity of interests, that must exist, and must contend, in all complex society : for the legislator would have been ashamed that the coarse husbandman should well know how to assort and to use his sheep, horses, and oxen, and should have enough of common sense not to abstract and equalize them all into animals, without providing for each kind an appropriate food, care, and employment ; whilst he, the economist, disposer, and shepherd of his own kindred, subliming himself into an airy metaphysician, was resolved to know nothing of his flocks but as men in general."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"Accordingly, that they might not relax the nerves of their monarchy, and that they might preserve a close conformity to the practice of their ancestors, as it appeared in the declaratory statutes of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, in the next clause they vest, by recognition, in their majesties, all the legal prerogatives of the crown, declaring, ' that in them they are most fully, rightfully, and entirely invested, incorporated, united, and annexed.' " In the clause which follows for preventing questions by reason of any pretended titles to the crown, they declare (observing also in this the traditionary language, along with the traditionary policy of the nation, and repeating as from a rubric the language of the preceding acts of Elizabeth and James), that on the preserving ' a certainty in the succession thereof, the unity, peace, and tranquillity of this nation doth, under God, wholly depend.' "—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"But I cannot think that any educated man, any man who looks with an enlightened eye on the interest of Ireland, can believe that it is not highly for the advantage of Ireland that this Parliament, which, whether right or wrong, whether we will or not, will make some laws to bind Ireland, should always have in

it some persons, who by connection, by property, or by early possessions and affections, are attached to the welfare of that country. I am so clear upon this point, not only from the clear reason of the thing, but from the constant course of my observation by now having sat eight sessions in Parliament, that I declare it to you as my sincere opinion, that (if you must do either the one or the other) it would be wiser by far, and far better for Ireland, that some new privileges should attend the estates of Irishmen, members of the two Houses here, than that their character should be stained by penal impositions, and their properties loaded by unequal and unheard-of modes of taxation."—*Letter to Sir Charles Bingham.*

10. Stern Pathos.—"Burke excels in pathos. . . .

It was inconsistent with his purpose as an orator to draw a soothing picture of distress. In the Warren Hastings trial he is said 'to have made an affecting appeal to the feelings of their lordships,' but his object was to horrify and inflame them, not to fill them with luxurious feelings of compassion and melancholy. . . . The well-known allusion to Marie Antoinette is very touching, but the emotion cannot long sustain itself in the melting mood, but passes into fiery indignation."—*Minto.*

"[His descriptions of the desolation wrought by the wicked policy of Hastings] are full of genuine pathos, and, while arousing righteous indignation against the oppressed, awaken sympathy for the suffering."—*T. W. Hunt.*

"In his 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' we find philosophy the most subtle, invective the most sublime, speculation the most far-stretching, . . . piercing pathos . . . and eloquence the most dazzling that ever combined depth with splendor."—*George Gilfillan.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"What a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream when she [Marie

Antoinette] added the duties of veneration to those of distant, enthusiastic, respectful love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against dishonour concealed in that bosom. Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive the spirit of exalted freedom."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"Then ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities. But, escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine."—*The Nabob of Arcot's Debts.*

"I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman or any party when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me, indeed, at a time of life and in a state of mind and body in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor or in his

ministers, who were pleased, in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man."—*Letter to a Noble Lord.*

II. Vivid Imagination.—"He had, in the highest degree, that faculty by which a man is enabled to live in the past and in the future, in the distance and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, and the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant hut; the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imaun prays with his face toward Mecca, the drums, the banners, and the gaudy idol, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince and the close litter of the noble lady—all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. . . . He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."—*Macaulay.*

"Burke's imagination grew with his intellect, by which it was nourished with his ever-extending realm of thought. . . . Oppression in Massachusetts was the same as oppression in Middlesex."—*G. L. Craik.*

"He had one of those fertile and precise imaginations which believe that finished knowledge is an inner view, which

never quit a subject without having clothed it in its colors and forms, and which, passing beyond statistics and the rubbish of dry documents, recompose and reconstruct before the reader's eyes a distant country and a foreign nation, with its monuments, dresses, landscapes, and all the shifting detail of its aspects and manners. . . . His fire is so sustained, his convictions so strong, his emotion so warm and abundant, that we suffer him to go on, forget our repugnance, see in his inequalities and his trespasses only the outpouring of a great heart and a deep mind, too open and too full ; and we wonder with a sort of strange veneration at this extraordinary overflow, impetuous as a torrent, broad as a sea, in which the inexhaustible variety of colors and forms modulates beneath the sun of a splendid imagination, which lends to this muddy surge all the brilliancy of its rays."—*Taine*.

"Burke's imagination led him to look out all over the whole land : the legislator devising new laws, the judge expounding and enforcing old ones, the merchant despatching his goods and extending his credit,— . . . Burke saw all this with the fancy of a poet and dwelt on it with the eye of a lover. . . . It was Burke's peculiarity and his glory to apply the imagination of a poet of the first order to the facts and business of life."—*Augustine Birrell*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Abbé Sieyès has whole nests of pigeon-holes full of constitutions ready made, ticketed, sorted, and numbered ; suited to every season and every fancy ; some with the top of the pattern at the bottom and some with the bottom at the top ; some plain, some flowered : some distinguished for their simplicity, others for their complexity ; some of blood-colour ; some of *boue de Paris* ; some with directories, others without a direction ; some with councils of elders and councils of youngsters ; some without any council at all. Some where the electors choose the representatives ; others, where the representatives choose the electors. Some in long coats and some in short cloaks ; some with panta-

loons ; some without breeches. Some with five-shilling qualifications ; some totally unqualified. So that no constitution-fancier may go unsuited from his shop, provided he loves a pattern of pillage, oppression, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation, exile, revolutionary judgment, and legalized premeditated murder, in any shapes into which they can be put."—*Letter to a Noble Lord.*

"Several English were the stupefied and indignant spectators of that triumph. It was (unless we have been strangely deceived) a spectacle more resembling a procession of American savages entering into Onondaga after some of their murders called victories and leading into hovels hung round with scalps their captives, overpowered with the scoffs and buffets of women as ferocious as themselves, much more than it resembled the triumphal pomp of a civilized martial nation."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

"On that day, it was thought, he [The Archduke Charles of Austria] would have assumed the port of Mars ; that he would bid to be brought forth from their hideous kennel (where his scrupulous tenderness had too long immured them) those impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the minister of vengeance that feeds them ; that he would let them loose, in famine, fever, plagues, and death, upon a guilty race, to whose frame, and to all whose habit order, peace, religion, and virtue are alien and abhorrent."—*On a Regicide Peace.*

12. Rapidity.—While few of his critics refer specifically to this quality of Burke's style, it is certainly one of his most prominent characteristics, just as it is one of Macaulay's.

"In many of his vehement passages the sentences move with an abruptness and rapidity resembling the habitual mannerism of Macaulay."—*Minto.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"That government is at once dreaded and contemned ; that the laws are despoiled of all their respected and salutary terrors ; that their inaction is a subject of ridicule and their exertion of abhorrence ; that rank and office and title and all the solemn

plausibilities of the world have lost their reverence and that our foreign politics are as much deranged as our domestic economy; that our dependencies are slackened in their affection and loosened from their obedience; that we know neither to yield nor how to enforce; that hardly anything above or below abroad or at home, is sound and entire; but that disconnection and confusion, in offices, in parties, in families, in Parliament in the nation, prevail beyond the disorders of any former time; these are facts universally admitted and lamented."—*On Present Discontents*.

"What softening of character is to be had, what review of social situations and duties is to be taught, by these examples of kings, to nobles, to men of property, to women, and to infants? The royal family perished because it was royal. The nobles perished because they were noble. The men, women, and children who had property, because they had property to be robbed of. The priests were punished after they had been robbed of their all, not for their vices, but for their virtues and for their piety, which made them an honour to their sacred profession to that nature of which we ought to be proud, since they brought it to it."—*On a Regicide Peace*.

"Well! but will a lessening of prodigal expenses and a frugal economy which has been introduced by the virtuous and sagacious Assembly, make amends for the losses sustained in the reduction of revenue? In this at least they have fulfilled the duty of a financier. Have those who say so, looked at the expenses of the National Assembly itself? of the municipalities? of the cities of Paris? of the increased pay of the two armies? of the police? of the new judicatures? Have they even carefully compared the present pension list with the former? These politicians have been cruel, not economical."—*Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

LAMB, 1775-1834

Biographical Outline.—Charles Lamb, born February 10, 1775, in Crown Office Row, the Temple, London; father originally a domestic servant to a bencher of the Inner Temple; Lamb begins his school-life under one William Bird in a day-school leading out of Fetter Lane, which his sister Mary also attends; in 1782 he obtains a nomination to Christ's Hospital (the "Blue Coat School"), where he remains for seven years, and where he forms a lasting friendship with his fellow-pupil, Coleridge; Lamb is a fair student, acquiring a considerable knowledge of Latin and obtaining the rank of "deputy Grecian"—next to the highest rank; a serious impediment in his speech prevents his obtaining an "exhibition" to the university, a favor extended only to those qualified to enter the Church; he leaves Christ's Hospital in 1789, while Coleridge remains three years longer, and goes thence to Cambridge; Lamb at first secures a humble clerkship in the South Sea House, where his older brother, John, was employed, but, early in 1792, he is appointed to a clerkship in the East India House, a place that he held for the next thirty years; his family leave the Temple on the death of Samuel Salt (Lamb's father's employer) in 1792, and their place of residence till 1796 is unknown; in 1796 they lodge in Little Queen Street, suffering from poverty and barely supported by the salary of Charles and the earnings of Mary as a seamstress; the elder brother, "John Lamb, Gentleman," lives comfortably elsewhere, and does not aid in the family support; Lamb's mother was an invalid, with an inclination to insanity; on September 22, 1796, Mary

Lamb becomes suddenly insane, attempts to stab a little 'prentice maid, and fatally stabs her mother, who had interfered; at an inquest Mary is pronounced temporarily insane, and she would have been consigned to a public lunatic asylum if Charles had not given bonds to become her guardian and to restrain her from doing further harm—a most trying burden, which he bore heroically till the day of his death; although in love with a girl living in a cottage near Blakesware House, Hertfordshire, he gives up all thought of matrimony, at his mother's death, and removes, with his now imbecile father and a maiden aunt, to 45 Chapel Street, Pentonville, temporarily placing Mary in a private sanitarium at Hackney; the old aunt dies in 1797 and the father in 1799; Lamb begins a life-long correspondence with Coleridge in May, 1796, and in one of his letters he records the fact that he himself had been in an asylum for six weeks during the winter of 1795-96 because of some mental derangement; there is no evidence that he ever afterward suffered in that way; his mental malady has been attributed to his disappointment in love affairs, but there is little evidence to support this theory; in the spring of 1796 Coleridge publishes, through Cottle of Bristol, his first small volume of poems, and it includes four sonnets by Lamb, this being his first appearance in print; in 1797 the second edition of Coleridge's poems includes "poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd;" in the summer of 1797 Lamb visits Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he meets Wordsworth and others; in 1798 appears a small volume of verse by Lamb and Lloyd and Lamb's prose romance, "A Tale of Rosamund Gray and Old Blind Margaret;" our earliest portrait of Lamb is made, through Cottle's agency, in 1798; late in that year he begins his correspondence with Southey, in which he first manifests his peculiar humor and quaintness; on the death of Lamb's father, in the spring of 1799, Mary returns to live with her brother at Pentonville, but rumors of her insane violence soon compel

them to give up their lodgings ; during the next nine months they lodge at Southampton Buildings, Holborn, but are again driven out because of the rumors of Mary's insanity ; they then take lodgings in King's Bench Walk, in the Temple, where they remain for nine years, removing thence to lodgings in Inner Temple Lane for another nine years ; late in 1799 Lamb begins his correspondence with Thomas Manning, a Cambridge mathematician and orientalist, whom Lamb had met while visiting Lloyd at Cambridge ; about this time Lamb also begins to write for the newspapers ; during the next three years he contributes paragraphs and epigrams to the *Morning Post*, the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Albion* ; in 1802 he publishes " John Woodvil," a play in blank verse, showing throughout the influence of the early Elizabethan dramatists, whom Lamb dearly loved and studied, and whose style he purposely imitated in his play ; the play is ignorantly and unfavorably reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1803 ; meantime Lamb and his sister are, as she writes, " very poor ;" late in 1805 he writes his farce " Mr. H. ;" it is produced at Drury Lane Theatre, December 10, 1805, and is, as he says, " incontinently damned ;" during 1805 he meets Hazlitt and, through him, Godwin, who was then publishing books for children ; for Godwin Charles and Mary write " Tales from Shakespeare," which is published in 1807 and reaches a second edition in the following year ; the " Tales " first brought Lamb into notice as a writer ; in 1808 he publishes a child's version of the adventures of Ulysses, based on Chapman's " Odyssey ;" in 1808 he also publishes, through the Longmans, selections from the early English dramatists, under the title " Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare ;" he is at once recognized by literary men as a critic of the highest order and a great prose writer ; in 1811 he publishes in Leigh Hunt's *Reflector* his essay on Hogarth and that on the tragedies of Shakespeare ; in 1813 he publishes " Recollections of Christ's Hospital " in the

Gentleman's Magazine and, in 1814, his "Confessions of a Drunkard" in his friend Montagu's book, "Some Enquiries into the Effects of Fermented Liquors;" between 1808 and 1818 Lamb forms friendships with Procter, Talfourd, Crabbe, Haydon, and others, and is frequently embarrassed by the expenditures incident to the entertainment of numerous visitors; in the autumn of 1817 the Lambs remove to lodgings in Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; in 1818 Charles publishes a collection of his miscellaneous writings, both prose and verse, including "John Woodvil" and "Rosamund Gray," dedicating the two volumes to Coleridge; early in 1820 he is presented by Hazlitt to the editor of the newly established *London Magazine*, and agrees to contribute occasional essays; in August, 1820, he contributes "Recollections of the South Sea House," to which he first appends his pseudonym "Elia" (at first spelled Ellia), appropriating the name of a long-forgotten old clerk in the South Sea House between August, 1820, and December, 1822, he contributes to the *London Magazine* twenty-five essays signed "Elia;" these were reprinted in a single volume in 1823; after the death of his brother in 1821, Lamb writes "Dream Children;" in 1822 the Lambs make a brief tour in France, visiting Charles's friend, James Kenney, a dramatist, at Versailles while abroad Mary suffers from one of her then more frequently recurring fits of insanity; early in 1823 Southey publishes a severe criticism of Lamb's "Essays of Elia," declaring that the essays, as a whole, lack sound religious feeling; Lamb, deeply hurt, replies in "A Letter of Elia to Robert Southey, Esq.," published in the *London Magazine* for October, 1823; Southey replies in a generous letter of explanation, and their friendship is renewed; while visiting at Cambridge, in 1823, the Lambs meet Emma Isola, daughter of one of the esquire bedells of the university; Emma afterward often visits them in London, and is eventually adopted by them; she becomes a great comfort to both

Charles and Mary, by whom she is educated, and remains with them till her marriage to Moxon, the publisher, in 1833 ; in August, 1823, the Lambs remove from Great Russell Street to a cottage in Colebrooke Row, Islington, where the New River runs at the foot of the garden ; about this time Lamb becomes attached to Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet, to whom many of his best letters are addressed ; after a severe illness in the winter of 1824-25, by the advice of his physicians he applies to the directors of the East India House for retirement with a pension ; his request is granted in March, 1825, his pension amounting to three-fourths of his salary at the time, less a slight deduction, to insure an allowance to Mary in case she should survive her brother ; the amount available for Lamb was £441 a year ; the Lambs make frequent visits to Hertfordshire, where they eventually take the little house known as " The Chace," at Enfield ; Lamb seeks relief from the tedium of having nothing to do in long walks about the country ; in 1826 he contributes to the *Monthly Magazine* his papers on " Popular Fallacies ; " in 1828 he writes his verses " On An Infant Dying as Soon as Born " (the child of his friend Thomas Hood), and makes extracts from the Garrick plays in the British Museum for the " Table Book " of his friend Hone ; in 1830 he makes a collection of his acrostics, album-verses, etc., and publishes them through his friend Moxon under the title " Album Verses ; " in 1829 Mary's increasing fits of insanity compel them to give up housekeeping, and they take lodgings in Enfield, near " The Chace," with a family named Westwood ; Mary improves, but Charles grows restless to return to town life ; in 1833 they remove to Edmonton, the parish adjoining Enfield, where they take lodgings at Bay Cottage with the Waldens, who had cared for Mary during her previous attacks ; here the Lambs pass the last two years of their united lives ; in 1833 Moxon marries Emma Isola, and publishes " The Last Essays of Elia," drawn mainly from the *London*

Magazine; Lamb is greatly depressed by Coleridge's death in July, 1834; he dies at Edmonton December 27, 1834, and is buried there; he leaves to his sister his accumulated savings of £2,000; she survives him till May 20, 1847; at times he sought refuge from his great sorrow, and from the embarrassment due to his stammering, in the use of wine owing to his predisposition to insanity a very little alcohol affected him, but those who knew him best declare that he was never thus incapacitated for the performance of either his official or his domestic duties.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Quaintness—Fondness for the Antique.—Lamb has been justly called "an old writer, who lived a century or two after his time." He was a constant reader and a great admirer of the old English writers, such as Browne, Fuller, Taylor, and the like, and he succeeded in reviving the spirit of these authors in his own works. Taine says that "he restored the sixteenth century." He introduced the reading public of his day to the merits and beauties of the Elizabethan dramatists, and it is said that his tragedy "John Woodvil" bears all the marks of having been written two hundred years before. His biographer, Talfourd, calls this quality "that quaint sweetness, that peculiar union of kindness and whim." When Lamb was but twenty-one he wrote to Coleridge: "I wish you would try and do something to bring our elder bards into more general fame. I writhe with indignation when, in books of criticism, I find no mention of such men as Massinger or Beaumont and Fletcher, men with whom succeeding dramatic writers can bear no manner of comparison;" and again, "I hate all that do read, for they read nothing but reviews and new books. I gather myself up into the old things." This trait in Lamb's style and character seems in part due to the influence of "the old and awful cloisters" of the school where he spent his most impressionable years. Barry Cornwall calls him "the last true lover of antiquity." He has a distaste for new faces, new books, new buildings,

and new customs. He says of himself that he loves "out-of-the-way humors and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them." He tells us also that he and his sister were tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good Old English reading, without much objection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. The result of all this appears in the "picturesque quaintness" of his words, constructions, and themes. "He diverges into green lanes and sunshiny glades, and not seldom into the darker and more holy places of undiscovered solitude." "Crude they are, I grant you," says Lamb of his own writings; "a sort of unlicked, incondite things, villainously planked out in an affected array of antique modes and phrases."

"Mr. Lamb has raked among the dust and cobwebs of a remote period; has exhibited specimens of curious relics, and poured over moth-eaten, decayed manuscripts for the benefit of the more inquisitive and discerning part of the public. . . . He prefers *by-ways* to *highways*. . . . The film of the past hovers forever before him. He evades the present, he mocks the future. . . . His style is often conveyed through old-fashioned conduit-pipes; but, nevertheless, runs pure and clear."—*Haslitt*.

"He was the quaintest of humourists. . . . In his search of matter for genius, he went into the oddest and most out-of-the-way corners. . . . His style is so antique yet racy, imitative yet original. . . . His letters are all so deliciously fresh and rich, so peppered with old world condiments, so brimful of the sparkling 'wine of life,' so tartly singular in their spirit and style."—*George Gilfillan*.

"From the olden time of authorship
Thy patent should be dated,
And thou with Marvell, Browne,
And Burton mated."

—*Bernard Barton*.

"Even in what he says casually, there comes an aroma of old English. . . . He continually overawes one with touches of a strange utterance from worlds afar."—*Walter Pater*.

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"Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me are thy repositories of mouldering learning. . . . What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians were reposing here, as in some dormitory or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odor of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard."—*Oxford in Vacation*.

"Situated as thou art, in the very heart of living and stirring commerce—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank and the 'Change' and the India-house about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their poor neighbour out of business—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, old house, there is a charm in thy quiet—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at even-tide! They spoke of the past—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of ciphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some better library—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles."—*The South-Sea House*.

"Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou that, being

nothing, art everything! When thou wert thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter antiquity, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jeune, modern; what mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we forever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is every thing, being nothing! What were thy dark ages? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now!"—*Oxford in Vacation*.

2. Tenderness—Sympathy with Humanity.—In one of his letters, Lamb says: "I myself prefer the affection to the sciences." The expression is most characteristic of the man and of his style. With Goldsmith (possibly) excepted, he is the most gentle and lovable of our great essayists. Patmore, his intimate friend, says that it was impossible for Lamb to hate a human being. De Quincey, another friend, says that Lamb's temper was "angelically benign, but also, in a morbid degree, melancholy." In his writings, as in his life, he displayed the most delicate regard for the feelings of others no matter how humble or how debased. It is said that he would give the right of way to a beggar on the street. The husband of a poor woman of Lamb's acquaintance is arrested for sheep-stealing, and Lamb urges his sister to call once on the unfortunate woman, lest she may think the coldness due to the disgrace of her husband. "I have a tenderness for a sheep-stealer," is Lamb's quizzical explanation to a correspondent. Talfourd justly says, that of all modern writers, Lamb's works "are most immediately directed to give us heart's-ease and make us happy." Says Hazlitt: "He yearns after and covets that which soothes the frailty of human nature." T. W. Hunt puts the case finely when he says that Lamb "has a large element of the Melanchthon in his style, and little of the Luther." "Thoroughly to understand and enjoy Lamb," says Ainger, "one must have come to entertain a feeling toward him almost like personal affection." Lamb's

tenderness often takes the form of the finest pathos—"smiling pathos," De Quincey calls it. "His heart," says Coleridge, "is as whole as his head."

"And I thought how natural it was for Charles Lamb to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to Chapman's 'Homer.' "—*Leigh Hunt*.

"He could not, or would not, see ugliness anywhere—except as a sort of beauty-spot upon the face of beauty; but beauty he could see everywhere, and nowhere shining so brightly as when in connection with what others call ugliness. . . . He loved those best whom everyone else hated."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

"He reasoned with his heart—with his heart he loved; in his heart he lived, moved, and had his being. And what a strange, wild, hot, large heart Lamb's was! It was only less than that which lies in Dumfries kirk-yard, belonging to the man of whom it was said that if you touched his hand it would have burnt yours. This heart taught Lamb to love the outcasts of society, to associate with the excommunicates, to cry halves to every pelt of calumny which assailed their devoted heads."—*George Gilfillan*.

"His simple mother-pity to those who suffer by accident or by unkindness of nature has something primitive in its largeness. . . . Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others."—*Walter Pater*.

"His heart opened wide to real distress. . . . The large-minded human being . . . Charles Lamb! who sympathized with all classes and conditions of men—as readily with the sufferings of the tattered beggar and the poor chimney-sweeper's boy as with the starry contemplations of Hamlet 'The Dane,' or the eagle-flighted madness of Lear. . . . The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. . . . He pitied all objects which had been neglected or despised."—*B. W. Procter*.

"There was nothing too great for him to grasp, nothing too little for him to love."—*George Dawson.*

"With what a noble, independent, manly mind did he love his friends! His masculine nature and absolute freedom from that curse of literature, coteriesship, stand revealed on every page of the history of Lamb's friendships."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"No face can frown, no brow be overcast, when Elia—the gentle, the tender, the humorous and ever-smiling, notwithstanding the deep dew of anguish which was never quite dried in his eyes—makes his appearance upon the scene. . . . Elia, the whimsical, the tender, whose every tear suggests a smile, and every smile a tear."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

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"Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the seven small children, in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, give, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."—*The Decay of Beggars.*

"I like to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—but one of those tender novices—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow. . . . I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses. . . . Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny

It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation a pair of kibed heels be added, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester."—*The Praise of Chimney Sweepers*.

3. Graceful Ease—Companionability.—In a purely literary sense, the most prominent feature of Lamb's style is what Shaw calls "an unimaginable happiness of expression." Says Ainger, "There is an epithet commonly applied to Lamb so hackneyed that one shrinks from using it once more—the epithet delightful. No other word certainly seems more appropriate, and it is perhaps because (in defiance of etymology) the sound of it suggests that double virtue of illuminating and making happy. It is in vain to attempt to convey an idea of the impression left by Lamb's style. It evades analysis. One might as well seek to account for the perfume of lavender or the flavour of quince. . . . If he had by nature the delicate grace of Marvell and the quaint fancy of Quarles, he had also the chivalry of Sidney." De Quincey calls him "the exquisite Elia," abounding in "shy graces lurking half unseen, like violets in the shade; a brilliant star forever fixed in the firmament of English literature," and pronounces the essays of Elia "as exquisite a gem amongst the jewelry of literature as any nation can show." There is a racy, colloquial, home-like quality about Lamb's prose that gives it a lasting charm. He is "sympathetic rather than scholastic." He purposely wrote in a conversational style. "He labored," says Taine, "to destroy the grand aristocratic and oratorical style and to replace studied phrases and a lofty vocabulary by natural tones and plebeian words." As Hood expresses it, "Lamb, whilst he willingly lent a crutch to halting Humility, took delight in tripping up the stilts of Pretension." In a word, as a critic puts it in the *Quarterly Review*, "Lamb is one of those favorites of the Graces on whom the gift of *charm* is bestowed."

"Never was there more delightful playing with life and its mysteries and depths, more soft and laughing banter, more tender thoughtfulness. . . . When he rises into the f of the roast pig, or expatiates with humorous tenderness up the 'innocent blacknesses,' the poor little sweeps for who hard lot no alleviation of machinery in the shape of lor jointed brushes had yet been thought of, or falls into t vein of delicate sentiment in which he discourses with l 'dream children,' there is no more delightful companio . . . No true reader, wherever found, can fail to a knowledge the power of Elia. He is, in the best sense of t word, one who writes for writing's sake, not because he h much to tell us, but because it is a pleasure to him to ma friends with us, to jest and sigh and trifle, to play some whi sical trick upon us, to transport us in a moment, all unw tingly, from laughter into weeping, to play upon all t strings of our hearts. Writing of this description is apt to l considered by the ignorant the easiest of all manner of litera composition."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"The most beloved of English writers may be Goldsmit or may be Scott: the best beloved will always be Charle Lamb. His charm is incomparable with any other man's. It is impossible merely to like him: you must, as Wordswort bade the redbreast whom he saw chasing the butterfly, 'lov him, or leave him alone.' . . . There is in his work sweetness like no other fragrance, a magic like no secon spell in all the world of letters."—*Swinburne.*

"His Essays are carefully elaborated; yet never w works written in a higher defiance to the conventional pom of style; a sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination le the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies th place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for th most part in the common paths of life—often in the humble—he gives an importance to everything and sheds a gra over all."—*Talfourd.*

"With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the Inns and Courts of law, the Temple and Gray's Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years, and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon as he is with his portrait or writings. . . . There was no fuss or cant about him ; nor were his sweets or sour s ever diluted with one particle of affectation.'"—*Haslitt*.

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"No rascally comparative insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock-humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar."—*The Decay of Beggars*.

"'A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game.' This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber ; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning ; that they like to win one game and lose another ; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no ; and will desire an adversary who has skipped a wrong card to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them."—*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*.

"I love a fool as naturally as if I was of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions that dived

down below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables* not guessing at the involved wisdom. I had more yearnings toward that simple architect that built his home upon the sand than I entertained for his more cautious neighbors. I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his tongue silent; and, prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident and, to my apprehensions, somewhat unfeminine wariness of the competitors—I felt a kindliness that almost amounted to a desire for those five thoughtless virgins.”—*All Fool's Day*.

4. Amiable Humor.—The qualities of Lamb's style already discussed are continually found in combination with the most genial humor. This sometimes takes the form of familiar juggling with high themes, sometimes that of playful antithesis or trope, such as we see in Carlyle and Burns, sometimes that of the gravest and most absurd exaggeration. His humor is especially noteworthy for its freedom from sarcasm. His “malice” is always playful. He laughs *with* men, not *at* them. De Quincey calls him “a Diogenes with the heart of St. John.” Charles Lamb lived all his life in the shadow of a terrible misfortune; yet he has brightened the world with the kindly pleasantry manifest on almost every page of his essays. “Among all the leading English essayists,” says T. Hunt, “there is none in whom humor is so much an essential part of the man and his style. His face is always promising good things.” “With what well-disguised humor,” exclaims Hazlitt, “he introduces us to his relations, and how freely he serves up his friends!” The *Quarterly*, again, sums up this quality by saying, “The humour of Charles Lamb is at once pure and genial; it has no malice in its smile. His keenest sarcasm is but his archest pleasantry.” Gerald Massey: “Others have called Lamb the first English humorist. Comparing him with the ‘crowd of jesters,’ a writer in *Blackwood's* says: ‘We quit their uproarious laughter for a more quiet and pensive humor with somewhat of the same feeling that we leave the noisy though amusing highway

the cool landscape and the soft greensward. We reflect as we smile; the malice of our nature is rather laid to rest than called forth; a kindly and forgiving temper is excited. We rise from his works, if not with any general truth more vividly impressed, yet prepared by gentle and almost imperceptible touches to be more social in our companionships and warmer in our friendships."

"A combination of humor and pathos—a sweet stream of thought, bubbling and sparkling with witty fancies. . . . It was colored by a hundred gentle feelings. It bore the rose as well as the thorn. His heart warmed the jests and conceits with which his brain was busy, and turned them into flowers."—*B. W. Procter.*

"Who, I wonder, ever managed to squeeze into a correspondence of forty years truer humour, madder nonsense, sounder sense, or more tender sympathy! These letters do not indeed prate about first principles, but they contain many things conducive to a good life here below."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"His sensibility to strong contrast was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased."—*Leigh Hunt.*

"He succeeds 'glimpse-wise' in catching and recording more frequently than others the gayest, happiest attitude of things."—*Walter Pater.*

"One of the gentlest, tenderest, rarest, and most delicate of English humourists. . . . Lamb's humour was marvellously combined with pathos; his fun was the sparkle and ripple and foam of a richly running river of humanity, pity, and tenderness."—*George Dawson.*

"There is, indeed, scarcely a note—a notelet (as he used to call his very little letters)—Lamb ever wrote which has not something of that quaint sweetness, some hint of that peculiar union of kindness and whim which distinguished him from all other poets and humourists."—*Talfourd.*

“What a keen, laughing, hair-brained vein of homefelt truth!”—*Haslitt*.

“What arch, limpid humor, humor in its very essence, unforced, honey-sweet, like the drops exuded from the grapes by their own pressure!”—*G. W. Curtis*.

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“What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! What rosy gills! What a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross. . . . He is the true taxpayer who calleth all the world up to be taxed. . . . His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas or his Feast of Holy Michael.”—*The Two Races of Men*.

“The compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all! Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and *you*, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do we not know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who, on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum*. Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side at the least computation.”—*All Fool's Day*.

“All my intention was but to make a little sport with such public and fair game as Mr. Pitt, Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Devil, &c.—gentry dipped in Styx all over, whom no paper javelin-lings can touch. To have made free with these cattle where was the harm? 'twould have been but giving a polish to lampblack, not nigrifying a negro primarily.”—*Letter to Manning*.

5. Wit—Epigram—Paronomasia.—Lamb is a wit as well as a humorist. He frequently gives us what De Quincey calls "minute scintillations of genius." He has "a talent for saying keen pointed things, sudden flashes or revelations of hidden truths, in a short, condensed form of words." His wit appears most brilliantly in his letters and in his recorded conversations. "Sometimes his wit appears in the form of epigram, sometimes in a brilliant pun, a fantastic coinage, a dash of irony."

"His jests scald like tears, and he probes a question with a play upon words. . . . He is as little of a proser as possible; but he blurts out the finest wit and sense in the world. . . . No one ever stammered out such fine, piquant, deep, eloquent things in a half-dozen half-sentences as Lamb did."—*Haslitt*.

"Lamb every now and then irradiates, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colors, and I both see and feel it."—*Coleridge*.

"Here is a rich vein of quaint surprises, good to recall as to encounter, their after-gust as pleasant (if not so pungent) as their first shock."—*R. C. Brown*.

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Speaking of Cowper in one of his letters, Lamb writes: "But the poor gentleman has just recovered from his lunacies, and that begets pity, and pity love, and love admiration, and then it goes hard with the people but they lie." We append other detached specimens: "When Southey becomes as modest as his predecessor, Milton, and publishes his epics in duodecimo, I will read 'em." "George Dyer hath prepared two volumes full of poetry and criticism. They impend over the town, and are threatened to fall in the winter." "Your woodcock, snipe, teal, widgeon, and other lesser daughters of the ark." "Clarkson tells me you are in a smoky house. Have you cured it? It is hard to cure anything of smoking." "Dear Wordsworth: Thanks for the books you have given me and for all the books you mean to

give me." "Opinion is a species of property that I am always desirous of sharing with my friends." "Godwin is five hundred pounds ideal money out of pocket by the failure of his tragedy." "Braham, the singer, is a mixture of the Jew, the gentleman, and the angel." "Martin [to his friend, Martin Burney], if dirt were trumps, what a hand you would hold!" "Very well, my dear boy [to Procter], Ben Jonson has said worse things than that—and better." "Charles," said Coleridge to Lamb, "have you ever heard me preach?" "I n-n-ever heard you do anything else," replied Lamb. "T. W. is seventy years old; he has something under a competence; he has one joke and forty pounds a year, upon which he retires in a green old age." "If I had a little son, I would name him 'Nothing to do.'" "But I am your *factotum*, and that, save in this instance, which is a single case (and I can't get at you), shall be next to a *fac-nihil*—at most, a *fac-simile*." "Hang the Age! I will write for Antiquity!"

"Above all, those insufferable concertos and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a-dying, to be stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar and sugar upon honey to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, all stops, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gesture of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty instrumental music."—*A Chapter on Ears.*

"Dear old friend and absentee: This is Christmas day, 1815. What the time be with you, I do not know. The 12th of June next year, perhaps. And if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it; you have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam instead of the savory Norfolkian holocaust that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment from a thousand firesides. Then, what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick into your churches, or churches to stick (that must be the substitute)? What memorials you can have of the holy

time, I see not. A missionary or two may keep up the idea of the wilderness. But what standing evidence have you of the nativity? It is our rosy-cheeked, home-stalled divines whose faces shine to the tune of 'Unto us a child is born.'—*Letter to Manning in China.*

"Hang work! I wish that all the year were a holiday. I am sure that indolence, indefeasible indolence, is the true state of man, and business the invention of old Teazer, whose interference doomed Adam to an apron and set him hoeing."—*Letter to Wordsworth.*

"What do you think of smoking? I want your sober, average opinion; I generally am eating my dinner about the time I should determine it. Morning is a girl, and could not smoke; she is no evidence one way or the other; and night is so bought over that he cannot be a very upright judge. Maybe the truth is, that one pipe is wholesome, two pipes toothsome, three pipes noisome, four pipes fulsome, five pipes quarrelsome, and that is the sum of it. But this is abstaining rather upon rhyme than upon reason, for after all our instincts may be best."—*Letter to Coleridge.*

"Two special things are worth seeing at Cambridge: the portrait of Cromwell and a better one of Dr. Harvey, who found out that blood was red."—*Letter to Mrs. Wordsworth.*

6. Self-Reflection — Unselfish Egoism.—Lamb stamped upon all he wrote a vivid impression of his own rare individuality. "Instead of undertaking to compose a literary work out of such materials as he possessed," says A. S. Hill, "Lamb put himself, with whatever belonged to him, on paper. A reader is less interested in the essays than in the essayist." Almost every paragraph is liberally sprinkled with the first personal pronoun, and yet the reader never feels that Lamb is egotistical in the ordinary offensive sense of that term; and the details of his life, as found in his correspondence, prove him to have been as shy and modest as he was generous. Says the *Quarterly Review*: "Lamb calls up, completes, and leaves to the admiration of all time a character which, as a personification of humour, is a higher

being than even Scott has imagined, viz., that of Charles Lamb himself." T. W. Hunt compares Lamb to Burns in that he "gave vent to his inner self" in his writings. At the age of twenty-five, Lamb wrote to Coleridge: "For God's sake, don't make me ridiculous any more by terming me gentle-hearted in print, or do it in better verses. It did well enough five years ago, when I was moral coxcomb enough to feed upon such epithets. My sentiment is long since vanished. My virtues have done sucking. Such praise is fit only for a greensick sonneteer."

"It is the man Charles Lamb that constitutes the enduring charm of his written works. . . . He is an egotist—but an egotist without a touch of vanity or self-assertion—an egotist without a grain of envy or ill-nature. It is this humanity that gives to his intellect its flexibility and its deep vision, that is the feeder at once of his pathos and of his humour."—*Alfred Ainger*.

"His essays are delightfully personal, and when he speaks of himself, you cannot hear too much."—*Bryan Waller Procter*.

"Especially when he spoke of himself, and his own restrained and subdued life, was Lamb exquisite; the 'sort of double singleness' in which he and his sister lived, their harmony, their little differences, their diversified tastes, their mutual recollections—nothing could be more delicately set down."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

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"I love Quaker-ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight or quiet voice of a Quaker acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Demona would say) to live with them. I am all over sophisticated

with humors, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet."—*Imperfect Sympathies*.

"My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Old, out-of-the-way English plays and treatises have supplied me with most of my notions and ways of feeling. In everything that relates to science I am a whole encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins or country gentlemen of King John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lies in one or the other of those great divisions, nor can I form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first named of these two *terre incognita*."—*The Old and the New Schoolmaster*.

"I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising 'God Save the Queen' all my life, whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners, and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached. I am not without suspicion that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me."—*A Chapter on Ears*.

7. Delicate Fancy.—Lamb was endowed in a rare degree with that power that enables one to create a world for himself and people it at will. In the words of *C. C. Felton*: "He possessed the power of returning at will to the heaven that lies about us in our infancy; or, rather, he never, except during the period of adolescence, travelled far away from it. . . . He does not philosophize about childhood with Wordsworth, nor exhibit infant phenomenons with Dickens, but is a child, looks at the world through a child's eyes, has his night-fears, his day-dreams, his attachments, his repul-

sions, his awe of the unknown, and his shrinking from the unfamiliar." "The streets of London," says Hazlitt, "are his fairy land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave his tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance."

"The 'Essays of Elia' traverse a peculiar field of observation, sequestered from general interest, and they are composed in a spirit too delicate and unobtrusive to catch the ear of the noisy crowd clamoring for strong sensations."—*De Quincey*.

"It is vain to attempt to convey an idea of the impression left by Lamb's style. It evades analysis. One might as well seek to account for the perfume of lavender or the flavor of quince. It is, in truth, an essence, prepared from flowers and herbs gathered in fields where the ordinary reader does not often range. . . . His style becomes aromatic, like the perfume of faded rose-leaves in a china jar."—*Alfred Ainger*."

"His work is small in quantity, but how rare and delicate is it in quality!"—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"He knows the secret of fine, significant touches."—*Walter Pater*.

"The most exquisite of essayists and the rarest of souls, profoundly original as a stylist and as a critic."—*J. M. Robertson*.

"His book has not only the delicate aroma which suits the most cultivated, but a something of native fragrance which appeals to the multitude as well. . . . There are many impatient readers who are not capable of this kind of literature at all; who, indeed, are not to be called readers at all, but, on the one side, workmen in mines, out of which they mean to draw substantial advantage; or, on the other, like the easy audience of the Eastern story-teller—romance-devourers, seekers after excitement, if not in act and deed, in

narrative and history, in something that thrills and tingles the blood with the keen vicissitudes of a rapid tale."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

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"Sun-threads, filmy beams, ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered round, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; . . . then were celestial harpings heard, not in full sympathy as those by which the spheres are tutored, but as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes—muffled—so as to accommodate their sound better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And with the noise of those subdued soundings the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions, but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as the years went round in heaven—a year in dreams is as a day—continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering—still caught by angel hands—forever to put forth shoots and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigor of heaven."—*The Child Angel.*

"Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them [the crew], conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land! whose sailor-trousers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former than thy white cap and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain: here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations; not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies."—*The Old Margate Hoy.*

"Hope is a charming, lively, blue-eyed wench, and I am always glad of her company, but could dispense with the visitor she brings with her—her younger sister, Fear—a white-livered,

lily-cheeked, bashful, palpitating, awkward hussy, that hangs like a green girl at her sister's apron-strings, and will go with her whithersoever she goes."—*Letters*.

8. Melancholy.—"The sad event of Lamb's life imparted a melancholy to his writings, even where they seem to abound in good-humor."—*T. B. Shaw*.

"Lamb's deeper and sadder heart lay for the most part in quiet concealment."—*Edward Dowden*.

Bulwer speaks of that "subdued and serene melancholy which rarely saddens, but often sweetens, the music of Lamb's gentle laugh."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"These pleasant and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea, co-operating with youth and a sense of holidays and out-of-door adventure, to me, that had been pent up in populous cities for many months before, have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon."—*The Old Margate Hoy*.

"Alas! the great and good go together in separate herds and leave such as I to lag far, far behind in all intellectual, and—far more grievous to say—in all moral accomplishments. Wesley has said: 'Religion is not a solitary thing.' Alas! it necessarily is so with me, or next to solitary."—*Letters*.

"I pity you for overwork, but, I assure you, no work is worse. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I bragged formerly that I could not have too much time. I have now a surfeit. With few years to come, the days are wearisome."—*Letters*.

9. Critical Acumen.—"There is a quaint vigor of language, a fanciful acuteness of observation, and such true humanities and noble sensibilities sparkling everywhere as rank him among the most original critics of the age."—*Allan Cunningham*.

"His critical notices are extremely valuable and above any praise of mine. . . . If his strength as a critic was—and

remains for us—as the ‘strength of ten,’ it was because his heart was pure. . . . As a critic he had no master—it might almost be said no predecessor. He was the inventor of his own art. . . . Lamb’s criticism as often takes the form of a study of human life as of the dramatic art. . . . Lamb is our best and wholesomest example of that rare ability to value and enjoy one great literary school without at the same time disparaging its opposites.”—*Alfred Ainger*.

“Lamb’s essay on ‘Shakespeare’s Tragedies’ is one of the great documents of critical literature.”—*J. M. Robertson*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“But the true poet dreams being awake. He is not possessed by his subject, but has dominion over it. In the groves of Eden he walks familiar as in his native paths. He ascends the empyrean heaven, and is not intoxicated. He treads the burning marl without dismay; he wins his flight without self-loss through realms of chaos ‘and old night.’ Or if, abandoning himself to that severer chaos of a ‘human mind untuned,’ he is content awhile to be mad with Lear or to hate mankind (a sort of madness) with Timon, neither is that madness nor this misanthropy so unchecked but that, never letting the reins of reason wholly go, while most he seems to do so, he has his better genius still whispering at his ear, with the good servant Kent suggesting saner councils or with the honest steward Flavius recommending kindlier resolutions. Where he seems most to recede from humanity he will be found the truest to it.”—*The Sanity of True Genius*.

“It is an ordinary criticism, that my Lord Shaftesbury and Sir William Temple are models of the genteel style in writing. We should prefer saying—of the lordly and the gentlemanly. Nothing can be more unlike than the inflated, finical rhapsodies of Shaftesbury and the plain, natural chit-chat of Temple. The man of rank is discernible in both writers; but in the one it is only insinuated gracefully, in the other it stands out offensively. The peer seems to have written with his coronet on and his earl’s mantle before him; the commoner in his elbow-chair and undress. What can be more pleasant than the way in which the

retired statesman peeps out in his essays, penned by the latter in his delightful retreat at Sheen? They scent of Nimeguen and the Hague. Scarce an authority is quoted under an ambassador."—*The Genteel Style in Writing*.

10. **Discursiveness.**—It is one mark of Lamb's colloquial vein, already referred to, that he allows himself to wander at will from his theme and to ramble whithersoever his lively fancy may lead him. In a writer who addressed himself mainly to the intellect this discursiveness would be regarded as a serious blemish; but in him who "prefers the affections to the sciences" we follow the ramblings with no feelings but those of quiet enjoyment. This quality cannot well be illustrated without quoting an entire essay, but the observant reader will notice the frequent divergencies from the subject in almost any of Lamb's productions.

SCOTT, 1771-1832

Biographical Outline.—Walter Scott, born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771, the ninth of twelve children, six of whom died in infancy ; father a solicitor, descended from " a great riding, sporting, fighting clan " ; mother, daughter of a physician, and better educated than most Scotch women of her day ; she gave to her son much of the information and inspiration for his romances ; during Scott's second year a teething fever results in making him lame for life ; for the sake of his health, he is sent out of the city to reside with his grandfather at the farm of Sandy-Knowe, southeast of Edinburgh ; he spends the sunny days with the shepherds among the sheep ; shows an early fondness for manly sports and heroic literature ; at six reads poems aloud to his mother, and is pronounced " a most astounding genius " ; his childhood at Sandy-Knowe is pictured in the third canto of " Marmion " ; as a child he manifests remarkable spirit, gentleness, and self-command ; at school " he glanced like a meteor from one end of the class to the other," and " received more praise for his interpretation of the spirit of his authors than for his knowledge of their language " ; out of school he extemporizes innumerable stories for his comrades, and becomes a daring leader in all athletic sports and ventures ; masters Latin fairly, but refuses to study Greek ; studies first at the High School at Edinburgh and then at a school in Kelso, where the master becomes a friend and an inspiration ; from boyhood, Scott is " a worshipper of the past " and an intense conservative ; he enters the University of Edinburgh in 1783, remains three years, and obtains, in addition to his Latin, some knowledge of French and German ;

displays a phenomenal memory, great power of physical endurance, and great fondness for romance; begins to study law, first as an apprentice to his father and afterward at the University; is admitted to the bar in 1796; in 1787 he suffers from a hemorrhage, and, during the absolute silence imposed as an essential of recovery, begins "his study of the scenic side of history"; reads voraciously in the line of military exploit, romance, and mediæval legend; learns Italian and Spanish, and reads Cervantes, whose novels, he says, "first inspired me to excel in fiction"; he tramps about the country so much in search of natural beauty and historic associations that his father pronounces him "better fitted for a peddler than a lawyer"; often walks thirty miles a day, though still very lame, and has many adventures and some carousals; he studies the law carefully, however, and succeeds respectably, though he is a poor debater; practises law more or less for fourteen years, never earning over £230 a year; he serves as Clerk of Session for several years without a salary; in 1790 he falls violently in love with the daughter of Sir John Belcher, but the lady marries another in 1796; Scott's success as a lawyer is marred by his "dabbings in poetry" and by his reputation for "wild and unprofessional adventurousness"; he visits London and becomes widely known for his ballads of love, etc.; in 1797 he marries Miss Charpentier (Carpenter), daughter of a French Royalist of Lyons—"a bird of paradise mating with an eagle"; his first serious literary attempt is a translation of Burger's "Lenore," made in 1795 and published in 1796; in 1798 he publishes a translation of Goethe's "*Goetz von Berlichingen*," and in 1799 the ballads "Glenfinlas," "The Eve of St. John," and "The Grey Brother"; in January, 1802, publishes the first two volumes of "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" (including several ballads from his own pen); the first edition (eight hundred copies) is sold within one year, and Scott becomes famous; he publishes the third vol-

ume of the "Minstrelsy" in 1803; in 1805 publishes "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (begun in 1802), of which 44,000 copies were sold regularly during the following twenty-five years, bringing Scott £769; he publishes, "Marmion" (largely composed in the saddle) in 1808, and receives one thousand guineas for the copyright before publication; during 1808 he also edits elaborate editions of Dryden and Swift, adding critical notes and a biography to each; from 1798 to 1804 he resides at Lasswade, six miles from Edinburgh; he then removes to Ashestiel, in Selkirkshire, a few miles up the Tweed from Abbotsford, where he resides till 1812; while at Ashestiel he writes and publishes "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake" (for which he receives £2,000 at its publication), "The Bridal of Triermain," a part of "Rokeby," and a vast amount of other material; in 1799 he is made Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300 a year, an office that he holds till shortly before his death; he becomes an officer in the Edinburgh volunteer cavalry, and gives much attention to military affairs; in 1812, having come into the salary of the Clerkship of Session, Scott buys "a mountain farm" of one hundred acres, five miles down the Tweed from Ashestiel, paying £4,000, half of which he borrows from his brother on the security of a poem ("Rokeby") not then written; he takes to Abbotsford much of the material forming the present "armory" there, and resides at Abbotsford till his death, repeatedly enlarging the estate by buying up adjacent lands until his estate reaches 1,000 acres, and costs, for the land alone, £29,000; he surrounds himself at Abbotsford with numerous pet dogs and other animals, devotes much time to tree-planting, and entertains there many noted people; in 1802 he sends £500 to James Ballantyne, a former school-fellow at Kelso, who had printed Scott's first work, and induces him to remove to Edinburgh; in 1805 Scott becomes a silent partner with Ballantyne in the printing business, and in 1809 the admission of John, brother

to James Ballantyne, results in the firm of John Ballantyne & Co., booksellers and publishers; in 1812-14 the concern is saved from bankruptcy only by the receipts from "Waverley" (begun in 1805 and published in 1814); "Waverley" is published anonymously, and meets with astounding success, over 60,000 copies being sold up to 1825; during 1811-14 Scott corresponds with Byron, Southey, and his friend Sir Humphry Davy; publishes "Rokeby" in 1812 and the "Bridal of Triermain" in 1813; 10,000 copies of "Rokeby" are sold within three months after publication; Scott declines the offer of the laureateship in 1813; visits the Shetland Isles in 1814; in January, 1815, publishes "The Lord of the Isles," and in February, "Guy Mannering," in two volumes; he receives £2,000 for "Guy Mannering," of which 2,000 copies were sold the day after its publication and 50,000 up to 1838, in Great Britain alone; he publishes, also, "Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk" early in 1815; visits London in March, 1815, remaining two months, and meeting Byron and the Prince Regent, who gives a dinner in Scott's honor; visits Brussels and the field of Waterloo soon after the battle, in August, 1815, and returns to Abbotsford in September, after spending some time in Paris; publishes his poem "The Field of Waterloo" in October, 1815, and "The Antiquary" in May, 1816; 6,000 copies of the latter were sold within six days after publication; in December, 1816, still preserving his incognito, Scott publishes, through Murray, the first series of "Tales of My Grandfather," containing "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality"; 4,000 copies were sold within six weeks; in January, 1817, he publishes "Harold the Dauntless," begun several years before, and makes a fruitless effort to secure an appointment as Baron of the Exchequer; he is severely ill during the winter of 1817, and later in that year entertains, at Abbotsford, Lady Byron and Washington Irving; in December he completes and publishes "Rob Roy," of which 40,000 copies were sold in Great Britain up to

1838; publishes "The Heart of Midlothian" in June, 1818; at this time the annual profits on his novels were about £10,000; for several years prior to 1818 Scott edits the "Edinburgh Annual Register," a history of the world for each preceding year, making an annual volume of about four hundred pages; while in Edinburgh he lives in Castle Street; declares in 1818 that his annual expenditure for postage alone reaches £150; in November, 1818, he accepts the offer of a baronetcy; in December, 1818, sells all his existing copyrights to Constable & Co. for £12,000, they agreeing not to reveal the author's name under a forfeit of £2,000; Scott suffers a return of his stomach malady in the spring of 1819, and dictates "The Bride of Lammermoor," "The Legend of Montrose" (both published in 1819), and the greater part of "Ivanhoe" while suffering intense physical pain; he entertains Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg and Miss Edgeworth in the summer of 1819, and publishes "Ivanhoe" during the following autumn; it is received "with clamorous delight"; during the winter of 1819-20 he publishes the essays entitled "The Visionary," giving his views "on certain popular doctrines and delusions"; entertains Prince Gustavus Vasa at Edinburgh in the winter of 1820, and publishes "The Monastery" in the following March; proceeds to London to receive his baronetcy, and, at the request of George IV., sits for his portrait, to be hung in the royal gallery at Windsor; sits also for the bust that now best represents him; becomes "Sir Walter Scott" March 30, 1820, King George conferring the honor in person; in May, 1820, Scott receives tenders of the degree of D.C.L. from both Oxford and Cambridge; in September, 1820, he publishes "The Abbot," a continuation of "The Monastery," but the novel is not a success; in November is elected president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; publishes "Kenilworth" in January, 1821, and begins to edit Ballantyne's "Novelist's Library"; in November, 1821, sells to Constable the copyrights of "Ivanhoe," "The Mon-

astery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth" for five thousand guineas, repeating the forfeit clause of £2,000 to insure his incognito; Scott had already received £10,000 profit from these four novels; signs a contract, also, for "four works of fiction yet to be written"; publishes "The Pirate" in December, 1821, "The Fortunes of Nigel" in May, 1822 and "Halidon Hill" in June, 1822; superintends repairs to the ruin of Melrose Abbey and manages the popular reception to George IV. at Edinburgh in the summer of 1822; publishes "Peveril of the Peak" in January, 1823, "Quentin Durward" in June, and "St. Ronan's Well" in December; the comparatively cold reception given to the last two novels alarms both Scott and Constable, his publisher; he publishes "Redgauntlet" in June, 1824, and completes his mansion at Abbotsford in November; publishes "Tales of the Crusaders," including "The Talisman" and "Betrothed," in June, 1825; visits Ireland in July, and is publicly honored at Dublin; entertains Moore at Abbotsford in the autumn; is alarmed by rumors of the failure of Constable, with whom Scott and the Ballantynes had been long and intricately involved in business, but "the storm blows over"; Scott gives up hunting and begins his diary in November 1825, registering his purpose "to practise economics"; on January 17, 1826, both Constable and the Ballantyne firm become bankrupt, and Scott is left, in his own words, "a beggar"; January 21st he writes in his diary: "Naked we entered this world, and naked we leave it—blessed be the name of the Lord"; on the next day, spurring himself for his heroic undertaking (which was nothing less than to earn over half a million dollars by his pen and so to pay up the debts of the firm), he writes: "Well! Exertion—exertion—exertion! O invention, rouse thyself! may man be kind! may God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong"; he disdains to take advantage of the bankrupt act, and begins "Woodstock," averaging thirty pages a day;

is greatly depressed by the illness of Lady Scott, who dies May 15, 1826; publishes "Woodstock" in April, 1826, and receives £8,228 in cash for the copyright; leaves Abbotsford for London in October, and proceeds thence to Paris in search of material for his "Life of Napoleon"; is received with great public honors in both cities, and returns to Abbotsford late in November; first acknowledges the authorship of the Waverley novels in February, 1827; publishes "Chronicles of the Canongate" and the second series of "Tales of a Grandfather" in December, 1828; during the same month, after being unconsciously rescued from the clutches of a firm of London Jewish brokers by friends, Scott sells his remaining copyrights, including the "Chronicles," for £8,500, and pays the Ballantyne creditors six shillings in the pound; that is, he had earned, during the previous two years, about £40,000; during 1828 he begins a new edition of his poems, with biographical prefaces, and a new edition of the novels, with elaborate notes; publishes "The Fair Maid of Perth" in March, 1828, and the third series of "Tales of a Grandfather" in December; during 1829, though in continual ill-health, he publishes "Anne of Geierstein," the fourth series of "Tales of a Grandfather," and the first volume of "Scottish History" (in Lardner's Cyclopædia); during 1830 he publishes the second volume of the "Scottish History" and the new edition of his poems; suffers a stroke of paralysis in February and another soon afterward; declines a royal pension and the rank of Privy Councillor in the summer of 1830; publishes "Demonology" and "The History of France" during the same summer, and by September has paid over one-half of the vast debt; in December, 1830, he pays his creditors another three shillings in the pound, and they release to him his Abbotsford furniture, linens, plate, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, on which they had held a claim (the estate of Abbotsford had previously been entailed to Scott's oldest son);

Scott has another attack of apoplexy in August, 1831, but rallies, and, against the advice of all his physicians and the entreaties of friends, completes and publishes "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous"; during the summer he entertains at Abbotsford the artist Turner, who comes to make drawings for illustrating Scott's poems, and also Wordsworth, who comes to bid Scott farewell before the latter's tour to Italy in search of health; Wordsworth afterward commemorates the visit in his "Yarrow Revisited"; Scott leaves Abbotsford September 23, 1831, spends a month in London, meeting again Moore, Irving, and many other old friends, and sails from Portsmouth October 29th in the *Barham*, a royal frigate placed at his disposal by the king; he is accompanied by his eldest son, Major Walter Scott, then connected with the British embassy at Rome; reaches Malta November 25th; thence to Naples, where his younger son, Charles, awaits him and where Scott receives royal attentions; in spite of remonstrances, he begins and nearly finishes "The Siege of Malta" and "Bizzano," neither of which he publishes; leaves Naples April 16, 1832, accompanied by his son Charles, and starts homeward by way of the Tyrol and the Rhine; spends several weeks in Rome, leaving there May 11th; hastens through Florence, Bologna, Venice, Innsbruck, Munich, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, travelling night and day in the hope of reaching Abbotsford before his death, which he knew to be near; thence down the Rhine to Cologne; suffers another severe stroke of apoplexy when near Mingen, June 9th, which renders him helpless; by steamer from Rotterdam, reaching London June 13th, where he remains till early in July, unconscious most of the time; thence, accompanied by his two daughters and by Lockhart, by steamer to Edinburgh and thence to Abbotsford, which he reaches July 12th; Lockhart writes: "At the sight of his own towers he sprang up with a cry of delight"; his health improves during the first weeks after reaching Abbotsford, but then steadily de-

clines till his death there, September 21, 1832; his unmarried daughter, Anne, receives from the privy purse of William IV. a pension of £200 till her death, in 1833; his eldest son succeeds him in the baronetcy, and his daughter, the wife of Lockhart, is buried by the side of Sir Walter, at Dryburgh, in 1837; his obligations to his creditors, amounting to £54,000 at his death, are settled by means of £22,000 of life insurance, the balance being assumed by Cadell, the publisher, on the security of unexpired copyrights.

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- Nineteenth Century Magazine*, 7 : 941-962 (Ruskin).
- Blackwood's Magazine*, 19 : 152-160 ; 110 : 229-256.
- New Monthly Magazine*, 46 : 79-85 (Scott).
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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Vivid Personal Portraiture.—Sainte Beuve, w perhaps the greatest critic whom the nineteenth century produced, calls Sir Walter Scott "an immortal painter o manity." Richard Henry Hutton says: "Indeed, wh Scott draws truly or falsely, he draws with such genius his pictures of Richard and Saladin, of Louis XI. and Ch

the Bold, of Margaret of Anjou and René of Provence, of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth Tudor, of Sussex and Leicester, of James and Charles and Buckingham, of the two Dukes of Argyle—the Argyle of the time of the Revolution and the Argyle of George II.—of Queen Caroline, of Claverhouse and Monmouth and Rob Roy, will live in English literature beside Shakespeare's pictures—probably less faithful if more imaginative—of John and Richard and the later Henries and all the great figures by whom they are surrounded. No historical portrait that we possess will take precedence—as a mere portrait—of Scott's brilliant study of James I. in 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' ”

“You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineations, which proceed from his comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by lifelong studies and observations and a daily discussion of the most important relations. He is equal to his subject in every direction in which it takes him; the king, the royal brother, the prince, the head of the clergy, the nobles, the magistracy, the citizens and mechanics, the Highlanders, are all drawn with the same sure hand and hit off with equal truth.”—*Goethe*.

“It seemed as if the author had transferred into his page the strong delineations of the Homeric pencil, the rude but generous gallantry of a primitive period, softened by the more airy and magical inventions of Italian romance.”—*W. H. Prescott*.

“The characters, whether historical or fictitious, are as lifelike and natural as if drawn from personal acquaintance. . . . He chiefly delights and excels in describing peculiar people, like Baillie Jarvie, Dominie Sampson, Meg Merriels, David Deans, etc., and also in delineating historical characters with astonishing force and accuracy. . . . Even when placing these historical characters in imaginary situations, he adheres so carefully to all that is known of

them that the most practical reader will own that they would, in all consistency, have acted in those situations precisely as the novelist has made them."—*A. S. G. Canning.*

"We cannot say, of course, that figures in Scott's pages talked as he makes them talk, but the reader feels sure that if they did not they ought to have done so."—*J. Dennis.*

"When he comes to the character of his heroes, he seizes at once upon the master-passion, and, by two or three leading strokes, stamps the man's history on his face in hues which impart a meaning to the least of his actions. . . . By bringing the new in contact with the old, men were enabled to trace the same bounding hopes and fears, the same hatreds and loves, the same rivalries and aspirations, arrayed in different attire, developed under conflicting institutions, which now actuate them and animating a social structure they had hitherto vainly striven to piece together from the dry investigations of the lawyer or the tedious narrative of the historian."—*J. Devey.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"He [Mr. Holdenough] was a tall, thin man, with an adust complexion, and the vivacity of his eye indicated some irascibility of temperament. His dress was brown, not black, and over his other vestments he wore, in honor of Calvin, a Geneva cloak of a blue color, which fell backward from his shoulders. His grizzled hair was cut as short as shears could perform the feat and covered with a black silk skull-cap, which stuck so close to the head that the two ears expanded from under it as if they had been intended as handles by which to lift the whole person. Moreover, the worthy divine wore spectacles and a long, grizzled, peaked beard, and he carried in his hand a small pocket Bible with silver clasps."—*Woodstock.*

"Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed; his gesture, language, and manners were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited ever feminine regularity. An oval face, a straight and well-former

nose, dark hazel eyes, a complexion just sufficiently tinted with brown to save it from the charge of effeminacy, a short upper lip, curved upward like that of a Grecian statue and slightly shaded by small mustachios of light brown, joined to a profusion of long curled locks of the same color, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon."—*Old Mortality*.

"Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of her superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sat enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown, sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that in the present instance the exercise of habitual superiority and the reception of general homage had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with and qualified that bestowed by nature."—*Ivanhoe*.

2. Realistic Description—Imaginative Power.—

This quality is in part the same as the first except that it is applied to things rather than persons. Scott himself was fully conscious of his descriptive power; for, early in life, he writes of his boyish powers to a friend: "But show me an old castle or field of battle, and I was at home at once, filled it with its combatants in their proper costume, and overwhelmed my hearers by the enthusiasm of my description."

"Everything appears before us in its true colors, with its true light and shade and true proportion and peopled with figures so varied, so life-like and individual that, after reading the novel, we cannot divest ourselves of a firm conviction of the reality of persons, places, and events. So much so, indeed, is this the case with nearly all Scott's historical novels that, when we afterward find in authentic history any proofs of occasional incorrectness or even anachronisms in these fic-

tions, we deny the evidence of our reason, and cannot be induced to think that the manners, the characters, or the events *could* have been otherwise than as the artist has represented them."—*T. B. Shaw*.

"All that portion of the history of his country that he has touched upon (wide as the scope is)—the manners, the personages, the events, the scenery—lives over again in his volumes. Nothing is wanting—the illusion is complete. There is a hurtling in the air, a trampling of feet upon the ground, as these perfect representations of human character or fanciful belief come thronging back upon our imagination."—*Haslitt*.

"Nature, history, tradition, life, everything and every place, were shown by this new and vigorous spirit to be full to overflowing with what had been, in the dim eyes of former *soi-disant* geniuses, only dry bones, but which, at the touch of this bold necromancer, sprung up living forms of the most fascinating grace. . . . The whole land seemed astir with armies, insurrections, pageantries of love, and passages of sorrow, that for twenty years kept the enraptured public in a trance, as it were, of one accumulating marvel of joy. There seemed no bounds to his powers or to the field of his operations."—*William Howitt*.

"Whatever age he chooses for his story lives before us: we become contemporaries of all his persons and sharers in all their fortunes. . . . In the vivid description of natural scenery, our author is wholly without a rival. . . . Every gentle swelling of the ground, every gleam of the water, every curve and rock of the shore, all varieties of the earth, from the vastest crag to the soft grass of the woodland walk, and all changes of the heavens from 'morn to morn, from noon to latest eve'—are placed before us in his works with a distinctness beyond that which the painter's art can attain, while we seem to breathe the mountain air, to drink in the freshness of the valleys."—*T. N. Talfourd*.

"He can describe a battle with a vividness unequalled by

any poet since Homer. . . . The homelier characters are as much alive as if they were flesh. . . . He is a master of description of commonplace affairs and people."—*J. Dennis.*

"The manners, customs, language, ideas, together with the armor, dresses, and furniture of the period are described with a force and accuracy never surpassed, and perhaps never equalled, by any other author in prose fiction."—*A. S. G. Canning.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"One end of this long and dusky apartment was entirely occupied by a gallery, which had in ancient times served to accommodate the musicians and minstrels. There was a clumsy staircase at either side of it, composed of entire logs of a foot square; and in each angle of the ascent was placed, by way of sentinel, the figure of a Norman foot-soldier, having an open casque on his head, which displayed features as stern as the painter's genius could devise. Their arms were buff-jackets, or shirts of mail, round bucklers, with spikes in the centre, and buskins which adorned and defended the feet and ankles but left the knees bare. These wooden warders held great swords or maces in their hands, like military guards on duty."—*Woodstock.*

"The floor was composed of earth mixed with lime, trodden into a hard substance, such as is often employed in flooring our modern barns. For about one-quarter of the length of the apartment the floor was raised by a step, and this space, which was called the dais, was occupied only by the principal members of the family and visitors of distinction. For this purpose, a table richly covered with scarlet cloth was placed transversely across the platform, from the middle of which ran the longer and lower board, at which the domestics and inferior persons fed, down toward the bottom of the hall. The whole resembled the form of the letter T or some of those ancient dinner-tables which, arranged on the same principles, may be still seen in the antique colleges of Oxford or Cambridge. Massive chairs and settles of carved oak were placed upon the dais, and over these seats and the more elevated table was fastened a canopy of cloth, which served in some degree to protect the dignitaries who occupied

that distinguished station from the weather, and especially from the rain, which, in some places, found its way through the ill-constructed roof."—*Ivanhoe*.

"The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest and fringed on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length and about half a mile broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, so that the corners were considerably rounded-off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game."—*Ivanhoe*.

3. Picturesqueness — Scenic Effect. — While the first quality is often found in combination with the second, they are by no means identical. There may be picturesqueness without vividness and vividness without picturesqueness. Prescott says: "Scott was, in truth, master of the picturesque. He understood better than any historian since the time of Livy how to dispose his lights and shades so as to produce the most striking results. . . . If he wanted passion and fire of Moore and Campbell, his pictures were more true to nature than those of either. It ['The Lady of the Lake'] seemed like the breathings of his native pibroch stealing over glen and mountain, and calling up all the delicious associations of rural solitude."

"A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous, and graceful

ful things, a genuine love . . . this is the highest quality to be discovered in him."—*Carlyle*.

"Nothing could be more picturesque and animated than the panorama of brilliant and highly colored mediæval life thus made to pass before us."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"Scott was eminently a painter of words. The picturesque was his forte. Witness the magnificent descriptions of natural scenery—sunsets, stormy seas, deep woodland glades—with which many of his chapters open."—*W. F. Collier*.

"He is in history as he is at Abbotsford, bent on arranging points of view and Gothic halls. The moon will come well there between the towers; here is a nicely placed breastplate; the ray of light which it throws back is pleasant to see on these old hangings; suppose we took out the feudal garments from the wardrobe and invited these guests to a masquerade? The entertainment would be a fine one, in accordance with their reminiscences and their aristocratic principles. . . . Moreover, there are ladies and young girls, and we must arrange the show so as not to shock their severe morality and their delicate feelings—make them weep becomingly. . . . As he has the greatest supply of rich costumes, and the most inexhaustible talent for scenic effect, he makes all his people get on very pleasantly, and composes tales which, in truth, have only the merit of fashion, though that fashion may last a hundred years yet."—*Taine*.

"What picturesqueness! from the castle to the cottage, from the religious zealot and the soldier of fortune to the very hounds snuffing the odor of supper in 'Redgauntlet'! If he seldom or never penetrates into the innermost regions of men, how fresh are all his outside sketches!"—*B. W. Procter*.

Ruskin has testified how true was Scott's sense of color and with what fidelity he describes the scenery which was familiar to him. Pitt said of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" that it was the sort of thing he might have expect-

ed in painting, but could never have fancied capable given in poetry. Mrs. Landon calls Scott "the fo a new school—the picturesque," and adds: "All h actors give the idea of portraits rather than invention

"It is in the embellishment of his plots by grap dents as well as in his matchless delineations of chara Scott's powers as a poet are most conspicuous. I how to crowd his canvas with those lights and shad have the effect of conveying the poet's creations with freshness and reality into the reader's heart. The p delicate beauty comforting giant strength, of the qui of nature disturbed by the shaggy panoply of arms silence and darkness of midnight broken by the war-v the trooper or the torch of the incendiary—these ar kindred points of contrast the poet brings out with a ness of touch which sets up the entire scene in all geous coloring before our eyes, while the faintest i ation of the sounds echoes in the ear. . . . rived as in a glass all the artistic features of the Ages, just as the last vestige of them had sunk ben tide of modern innovation."—*J. Devey.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"As she passed for the third time the kneeling cr part of a little and well-proportioned hand, so beautifull as to give the highest proportions of the form to whi longed, stole through the folds of the gauze, like a m through the fleecy cloud of a summer night, and again a lay at the feet of the Knight of the Leopard."—*The Tal*

"At the upper and eastern end of the chapel stood behind which a very rich curtain of Persian silk, eml deeply with gold, covered a recess containing, unques some image or relic of no ordinary sanctity, in honor this singular place of worship had been erected. Unde pression that this must be the case, the knight advanc shrine and, kneeling down before it, repeated his devot

servency, during which his attention was disturbed by the curtain being suddenly raised, or, rather, pulled aside, how or by whom he saw not ; but in the niche which was thus disclosed he beheld a cabinet of silver and ebony, with a double folding-door, the whole formed into a miniature resembling a Gothic church."

The Talisman.

"The glorious beams of the rising sun, which poured from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls and crags, lay the head of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering into its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks waving with natural forests of birch and oak formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water ; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity."—*Rob Roy.*

4. Vivacity—Animation—Sustained Vigor.—This quality, while kindred to the three already considered, is distinct. It is found mainly in Scott's narration, while they are found mainly in his description. Leslie Stephen says : "The vivacity of the description—the delight with which Scott throws himself into the pursuit of his knick-knacks and antiquarian rubbish—has something contagious about it." Dulcken declares that "when one has said that Scott is exceedingly spirited, one has expressed the most salient and the finest of his excellencies."

"His store of images is so copious that he never dwells upon one long enough to produce weariness in the reader ; and, even when he deals in borrowed or in tawdry wares, the rapidity of his transition and the transient glance with which he is satisfied as to each, leave the critic no time to be offended, and hurry him forward along with the multitude,

enchanted with the brilliancy of the exhibition. . . . His narrative, in this way, is kept constantly full of life, variety, and color, and is so interspersed with glowing descriptions and lively illusions and flying traits of sagacity and pathos as not only to keep our attention continually awake but to afford a pleasing exercise to most of our other faculties."—*Jeffrey*.

"The poet could only supply his want of abstract grandeur, of mental introspection, of profound pathos, by thrilling incident, by startling contrasts of situation, by grand scenic effects, by powerful delineation of character. . . . It is owing to his success in breathing into the martial relics of chivalry the spirit of human life that Scott is entitled to a high place in narrative poetry. . . . His heroes stride before us with an earnestness rather than with the sentimentality which speaks the atmosphere of romance."—*J. Devey*.

"He had no philosophic meditateness, but he knew how to tell a story. . . . There is a confident ease in his way of telling a story which no other writer of English fiction has ever possessed in anything like the same degree. He has made history live."—*R. L. Stevenson*.

"Scott's poetry abounds in vigorous, rushing lines, which no one familiar with them in youth is likely to forget in after years. . . . His genius was fed less on meditation than on action, and there is a strength and swiftness of movement in his verse which carries the reader with it. The author of 'Marmion' never fails for want of vigor, and never loiters by the way when the plot requires that he should move over the ground swiftly."—*J. Dennis*.

"The first quality of his character, or, rather, that which forms the basis of it, is his energy."—*W. H. Prescott*.

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"'He blenches not! He blenches not!' said Rebecca. 'I see him now; he heads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the fields of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds.'"—*Ivanhoe*.

"'I assure you, Colonel,' said Waverley, 'that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders.'

"'Not a whit, not a whit; I cannot spare them a jot—I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon, if they have a mind; but what business have they to come where people wear breeches and speak an intelligible language?' . . .

"'A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot.'

"'Oh Justice Shallow,' said the Colonel, 'will save me the trouble—'Barren, barren—beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air"—and that only when you are fairly out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leith, as is our case at present.'"—*Waverley*.

"'Nay, I cannot tell what to make of you,' answered the chief of MacIvor; 'you are blown about with every wind of doctrine. Here have we gained a victory—and your behavior is praised by every living mortal to the skies—and the prince is eager to thank you in person—and all our beauties of the White Rose are pulling caps for you—and you, the *preux chevalier* of the day, are stooping on your horse's neck like a butter-woman riding to market and looking as black as a funeral.'

"'I am sorry for our poor Colonel Gardiner's death; he was once very kind to me.'

"'Why, then, be sorry for five minutes, and then be glad again; his chance to-day may be ours to-morrow. And what does it

signify?—the next best thing to victory is honorable death ; but it is a *pis-aller*, and one would rather a foe had it than one's self."—*Waverley*.

5. Quiet, Kindly Humor—Toleration—Sympathy.

—"Walter Scott is never bitter ; he loves men from the bottom of his heart, excuses or tolerates them ; does not chastise vices, but unmasks them, and that not rudely. His greatest pleasure is to pursue at length, not, indeed, a vice, but a hobby ; the mania for odds and ends in an antiquary, the archæological vanity of the Baron of Bradwardine, the aristocratic drivel of the Dowager—Lady Bellenden—that is, the amusing exaggeration of an allowable taste ; and this without anger, because, on the whole, these ridiculous people are estimable and even generous. Even in rogues like Dirk Hatteraick, in cut-throats like Bothwell, he allows some goodness. In this critical refinement and in this philosophy he resembles Addison. . . . A continuous archness throws its smile over these interior and *genre* pictures, so local and minute. . . . Most of these good folk are comic. Our author makes fun of them, brings out their little deceits, parsimony, fooleries, vulgarity, and the hundred thousand ridiculous habits people always contract in a narrow sphere of life. . . . By this fundamental honesty and broad humanity he was the Homer of modern-citizen life."—*Taine*.

"It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humor throughout his works. He played with the foibles of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand characteristic and whimsical lights ; but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist."—*Washington Irving*.

"There is no keen or cold-blooded satire, no bitterness of heart or fierceness of resentment in any part of his writings. His love of ridicule is little else than a love of mirth, and savours throughout of the joyous temperament in which it ap-

pears to have its origin ; while the buoyancy of a raised and poetical imagination lifts him continually above the region of mere jollity and good-humour, to which a taste by no means nice or fastidious might otherwise be in danger of sinking him."—*Jeffrey*.

"In dry humour, and in that higher humour which skilfully blends the ludicrous and the pathetic so that it is hardly possible to separate between smiles and tears, Scott is a master. . . . [He produces] creations that make one laugh inwardly as one reads."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"And no man has ever seen with more genial vision that mingling of noble qualities with abundant weaknesses which humorists love, . . . with a luminous perception of every man 'ganging his ain gait,' and all the wonderful curves and diversities of path through which he does so, and an amused, affectionate sense of the special foibles, broken bits of folly and wisdom, obstinacies, prejudices, absurdities, which envelop here and there the best heart and nature."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"His heart was an unfailing fountain, which not merely the distresses but the joys of his fellow-creatures made flow like water. . . . Rarely, indeed, is this precious quality found united with the most exalted intellect. . . . He had a ready sympathy, a word of contagious kindness or candid greeting for all. . . . He did not deal in sneers. . . . 'Sir Walter,' said one of his old retainers, 'speaks to every man as if he were his blood-relation.' His heart overflowed with that charity which is the life-spring of our religion."—*W. H. Prescott*.

"There is a genial and, withal, sober manliness about him which is very noticeable. Since his day we have had many varieties of novels, but in this quality of genial humanity Scott still stands unrivalled. . . . His genial healthfulness preserves in him a cordial and sympathetic view of life. . . . Scott has dealt with every form of human trag-

edy, but he has done so with the large and tolerant spirit of a great master. . . . Above all, he is a great humorist. He is quick to see the fun of a situation, and his laughter is Homeric. It is this element of health in which Scott stands supreme, and it is precisely this quality which we most need to-day in our contemporary fiction and poetry."—*W. J. Dawson.*

"What a fine, easy, natural, out-of-door air his scenes possess! What great geniality he has! . . . Scott seems to have had no vanity. He never thrusts himself into the narrative. . . . His books are an evidence of an abnormally well-balanced mind."—*B. W. Procter.*

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"‘Truly,’ said Wamba, without stirring from the spot, ‘I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that to carry my gay garments through these sloughs would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and his royal wardrobe; wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call the Fangs and leave the herd to their destiny, which, whether they meet with bands of travelling soldiers, or of outlaws, or of wandering pilgrims, can be little else than to be converted into No-mans before morning, to thy no small ease and comfort.’"—*Ivanhoe.*

"I must do Balmawhapple, however, the justice to say that he not only kept the rear of his troops, and labored to maintain some order among them, but, in the height of his gallantry, answered the fire of the castle by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect."—*Waverley.*

"Inglewood was, according to her description, a whitewashed Jacobite; that is, one who, having been long a non-juror, like most of the other gentlemen of the country, had lately qualified himself to act as justice by taking the oaths to Government—and this inactivity does not by any means arise from actual stupidity. On the contrary, for one whose principal delight is in eating and drinking, he is an alert, joyous, and lively old soul, which makes

his assumed dulness the more diverting. So you may see Jobson on such occasions like a bit of broken-down bloodlet, condemned to drag an overloaded cart, puffing, strutting, and spluttering, to get the Justice put in motion, though while the wheels groan, creak, and revolve slowly, the great and preponderating weight of the vehicle fairly frustrates the efforts of the willing quadruped, and prevents its being brought into a state of actual progression."—*Rob Roy*.

6. Excessive Detail—Diffuseness.—"He is elaborately minute in the specification of the dress and equipage of his heroes; he will suspend his narrative until he has settled the martlets on their shields and told us whether the field of their escutcheons is argent or d'or. . . . Scott's painstaking description of articles of attire, which occasionally has the air of an inventory, though frequently censured, was to some extent necessary, in order to impart an appearance of reality to those few touches on which he relied for breathing animation into figures decorated with so much skill. . . . The truth is, Scott wrote about no subject in which his heart was not profoundly interested, or with the details of which he was not perfectly familiar. This is the real secret of his success. . . . And this was done with a brilliancy of effect, with a splendor of coloring, with a fidelity to nature, down to the most minute detail, which has never been surpassed; with a truthful accuracy which simulated life in every degree of rank, and which may be said to have generalized history."—*J. Devey*.

"The antique relics, the curious works of art, the hangings and furniture, even, with which his halls are decorated, were specially contrived and selected by him; and to read his letters at this time [when he was writing his novels] to his friend Terry, one might fancy himself perusing the correspondence of an upholsterer, so exact and technical is he in his instructions."—*W. H. Prescott*.

"Scott bestows an apparently disproportionate amount of

imagination upon the mere scene-painting, the external trappings, the clothes or dwelling-places of his performers. A traveller into a strange country naturally gives us the external peculiarities which strike him. Scott has to tell us what completed the costume of his Highland chiefs or mediæval barons. . . . He fairly carried away the hearts of his contemporaries by a lavish display of mediæval upholstery."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"His faults may be summed up thus: frequent carelessness of language; occasional quaintness of thought; a trick of introducing learned terms into conversation, and, as with Baron Bradwardine and Jonathan Oldbuck, pursuing the humors of an odd character to a wearisome length; . . . occasional repetition of himself, and an overloading of his page with antiquarian details."—*George Gilfillan*.

"He is terribly long and diffuse; his conversations are interminable; he is determined, at all events, to fill three volumes."—*Taine*.

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"The recesses within them were raised a step or two from the wall. In one was placed a walnut-tree reading-desk and a huge stuffed arm-chair, covered with Spanish leather. A little cabinet stood beside, with some of its shuttles and drawers open, displaying hawk's-bills, dog-whistles, instruments for trimming falcons' feathers, bridle-bits of various construction, and other trifles connected with sylvan sport."—*Woodstock*.

"The human figures which completed this landscape were, in number, two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garments were of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and

served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it on over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's-hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing, etc."—*Ivanhoe*.

"The livery cupboards were loaded with plate of the richest description and the most varied; some articles tasteful, some perhaps grotesque in the invention and decoration, but all gorgeously magnificent, both from the richness of the work and value of the materials. Thus, the chief table was adorned by a salt ship-fashion made of mother-of-pearl, garnished with silver and divers warlike ensigns and other ornaments, anchors, sails, and sixteen pieces of ordnance. It bore a figure of Fortune, placed on a globe, with a flag in her hand. Another salt was fashioned of silver, in form of a swan in full sail. That chivalry might not be outwitted amid this splendor, a silver Saint George was presented, mounted, and equipped in the usual fashion in which he bestrides the dragon. The figures were moulded to be in some sort useful. The horse's tail was managed to hold a case of knives, while the breast of the dragon presented a similar accommodation for oyster-knives."—*Kenilworth*.

7. False Antiquarianism—Anachronism.—"Scott knew the Middle Ages perhaps better than any other man of his time; but he did not know them as they are known now; and an antiquary would pick many holes in his costume. His baronial mansion at Abbotsford was bastard Gothic, and so are many details of his poems."—*Goldwin Smith*.

"From Walter Scott we learned history; and yet is this

history? All these pictures of a distant age are false. Costumes, scenery, externals alone are exact; actions, speech, sentiments, all the rest—is civilized, embellished, arranged in modern guise. We might suspect it when looking at the character and modern life of the author; for what does he desire? And what do the guests eager to hear him demand? Is he a lover of truth as it is, foul and fierce? An inquisitive explorer, indifferent to contemporary applause, bent alone on defining the transformations of living nature? By no means. He is in history as he is at Abbotsford, bent on arranging points of view and Gothic halls. . . . Walter Scott pauses on the threshold of the soul and in the vestibule of history, selects in the Renaissance and the Middle Ages only the fit and agreeable, blots out plain-spoken words, licentious sensuality, bestial ferocity. After all, his characters, to whatever age he transports them, are his neighbors—‘cannie’ farmers, vain lairds, gloved gentlemen, marriageable ladies—all more or less commonplace, that is, steady; by their education and character at a great distance from the voluptuous fools of the Restoration or the heroic brutes and fierce beasts of the Middle Ages.”—*Taine*.

“What did Scott care for a few anachronisms that would be the ruin of one of our contemporaries? He thought nothing of confusing all the dates about Shakespeare in his ‘Woodstock’—and the list of his sins in this respect might be made a long one.”—*T. S. Perry*.

“Many inaccuracies of fact might be pointed out in them [Scott’s historical novels]. His study of the character of James I. in ‘The Fortunes of Nigel’ is in several respects entirely mistaken. His description of a euphuist in ‘The Monastery’ bears no resemblance whatever to the followers of John Lyly.”—*Bayard Tuckerman*.

“The murder of Amy Robsart is placed in the same year with Leicester’s magnificent revel at Kenilworth in Elizabeth’s honor. It was, in fact, long before. . . . Scott connects

Lady Derby with the Papist plot, though she had been dead many years, and was no Roman Catholic, but a member of one of the most distinguished Huguenot families of France."

—*C. D. Yonge.*

"The study of antiquarian lore became a necessity of Scott's being. He read up old churches, devoured legendary tales, tracked to its source every heraldic distinction, and studied feudal customs until chivalry became to him the only real thing in the world which had any meaning. . . . He could sing only of ancient feuds, of magical enchantments, of mailed knights bent upon feats of war or gallantry, of gentle dames and cowed priests crossing each other's paths in the intrigues of love and statecraft, of errant damsels in moated castles perplexed by the claims of rival chieftains. In intermingling weird superstitions with his narrative, Scott was true to the character of the times he was endeavoring to depict; but in confounding these with the whole machinery of the supernatural then existing, the poet committed an error, which should not be overlooked in any fair estimate of his powers. . . . When he sacrifices that broad spirit of Christianity permeating all the institutions of chivalry to a few wild legends, he dwarfs the leading element of the age and substitutes an excrescence. . . . Of the abysmal depths of religious feeling, and of the deeper mysteries of the human heart, he knew very little and discoursed less. In not diving beneath the surface, in giving us a mere travesty of the external embodiment in which this intensity of religious feeling had enwrapped itself, Scott so far was untrue to the spirit of the age he would represent. . . . The individual scenes are so artistically finished, the minor incidents are so elaborated, that we lose sight of the incongruities marring the framework of the design in the lavish shower of beauties flung with reckless profusion at our feet."—*J. Devey.*

Sufficient indications of this characteristic have been given in the critical quotations.

8. Romanticism.—"Wordsworth turned from the Titanic confusion of the French Revolution to the study of nature; Scott to the study of the romantic past. . . . It was the splendor of the past rather than the thrilling struggles of the present which fascinated his imagination. . . . From childhood, his memory had been stored with fantastic relics of a legendary past. Old snatches of ballad poetry, curious stories of second-sight, all the odds and ends which the literary antiquary loves and cherishes, were the natural heritage of Scott. The grotesque, the heroic, the romantic, were the diet on which his imagination had been fed. . . . He rekindled the love of chivalry, the old admiration of the troubadour, in the English heart."—*W. J. Dawson.*

"He obeyed an easy and fertile inspiration, independent of passing questions, a stranger to the struggles of the time, loving past ages, whose ruins he frequented and whose spirits he invoked, searching out every tradition to revive and rejuvenate it."—*Sainte-Beuve.*

"Diving into the human heart, Scott discovered the secret of gratifying taste by the mysterious. . . . His love for the mysterious led him early to haunt ruined castles and to repeople them with the phantoms of their past existence. That the poet has raised the ghost of chivalry from the tomb in such a manner as to interest the public in its lineaments, is sufficiently evident from the popularity which his works still command."—*J. Devey.*

"A feeling of superstition seemed to hover about Scott's mind like some strange, mysterious dream, giving a romantic coloring to his conversation and his writings."—*W. H. Prescott.*

"With Scott, the romantic movement, the movement of an extended curiosity and enfranchised imagination, has begun."—*R. L. Stevenson.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Attended by this gallant equipage, himself well mounted and splendidly dressed in crimson and gold, bearing upon his hand a falcon, and having his head covered by a rich fur bonnet adorned with a circle of precious stones, from which his long, curled hair escaped and overspread his shoulders, Prince John, upon a gray and high-mettled palfrey, caracoled within the lists at the head of his jovial party, laughing loud with his train, and eying with all the boldness of royal criticism the beauties who adorned the lofty galleries."—*Ivanhoe*.

"Gradually the galleries became filled with knights and nobles in their robes of peace, whose long and rich-tinted mantles were contrasted with the gayer and more splendid habits of the ladies, who, in a greater proportion than even the men themselves, thronged to witness a sport which one would have thought too bloody and dangerous to afford their sex much pleasure. The lower and interior space was soon filled by substantial yeomen and burghers, and such of lesser gentry as, from modesty, poverty, or dubious title, durst not assume any higher place."—*Ivanhoe*.

"A spectre may, indeed, here and there still be seen of an old, gray-headed and gray-bearded Highlander with war-worn features, but bent double by age, dressed in an old-fashioned cocked-hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace; and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of a muddy-colored red, bearing in his withered hand an ancient weapon called a Lochaber axe—such a phantom of former days still creeps, I am informed, about the statue of Charles the Second."—*Heart of Midlothian*.

9. Patriotism.—Scott, even more than Burns, has made almost every district of Scotland classic ground. His spirit and his memory pervade every scene. The number of visitors to Scotland from foreign lands is an annual testimony to the literary as well as religious truth, "The things which are unseen are eternal." This quality did not appear in his earlier writings so clearly and fairly as in his novels, for Jeffrey wrote, when "Marmion" first appeared: "There is

scarcely one trait of true Scottish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem." But the following years abundantly reversed this verdict on Scott's work as a whole. John Dennis says: "No man of letters ever did so much for his country. . . . He removed the antagonism that had always existed between the Lowlander and the Highlander. Indeed, the Scotland we know may almost be called his creation. . . . The love of country animated all Scott's life and inspired all his best work."

"He idolized the wild scenery of his native country, and has described it in imperishable language."—*J. Devey*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"No, Cleveland; my own rude country has charms for me even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can present to me. I endeavor in vain to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves which my eye never saw, but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime than those waves when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful than when they come, as they do now, rolling in calm tranquillity to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land, not the brightest sunbeam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would win my thoughts for a moment from that lofty rock, misty hill, and wide-rolling ocean. Hialtland is the land of my deceased ancestors and of my living father; and in Hialtland will I live and die."—*The Pirate*.

"'Let us have his company, by all means,' answered my companion. 'I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honor the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their filth and poverty; but commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as highway robbery.'"—*Rob Roy*.

"'You do not know the genius of that man's country, sir,' answered Rashleigh; 'discretion, prudence, and foresight are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited but yet ardent patriotism, which forms, as it were, the outmost of the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies

himself against all the attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still dearer barrier—the love of his province, his village, or most probably his clan; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the ninth generation.’ ”—*Rob Roy*.

10. High Moral Tone—Reverence.—Dean Stanley speaks justly of “the profound reverence, the lofty sense of Christian honor, purity, and justice that breathe through every volume of the romances of Walter Scott.”

“True virtue and religion are always reverently treated by him; and if he laughs at the eccentricities and quaint expressions of a Puritan or a Covenanter, he never despises a man.”

—*J. Dennis*.

“There is no man that we now recall, of historical celebrity, who combined in so eminent a degree the highest qualities of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical.”—*W. H. Prescott*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“Go to the king himself; speak, speak to him, as the servants of God have a right to speak even to earthly sovereigns. Point out to him the folly and the wickedness of the course he is about to pursue; urge upon him that he fear the sword, since wrath bringeth the punishment of the sword. Tell him that the friends that died for him in the fields of Worcester, on the scaffolds and on the gibbets, since that bloody day—that the remnant, who are in prison, scattered, fled, and ruined on his account—deserve better of him and of his father’s race than that he should throw away his life in an idle brawl; tell him that it is dishonest to venture that which is not his own, dishonorable to betray the trust which brave men have reposed in his virtue and in his courage.”—*Woodstock*.

“The sincere and earnest approach of the Christian to the throne of the Almighty teaches the best lesson of patience under affliction. Since wherefore should we mock the Creator with sup-

plications, when we insult Him by murmuring under His decrees?"—*The Talisman*.

"The clergyman had reminded them that the next congregation they must join would be that of the just or the unjust; that the psalms they now heard must be exchanged, in the space of two brief days, for eternal hallelujahs or eternal lamentations; and that this fearful alternative must depend upon the state to which they might be able to bring their minds before the moment of awful preparation; that they should not despair on account of the suddenness of the summons, but rather feel this comfort in their misery, that, though all who now lifted their voices or bent the knee in conjunction with them lay under the same sentence of certain death, they only had the advantage of knowing the precise moment at which it would be executed upon them. 'Therefore,' urged the good man, his voice trembling with emotion, 'redeem the time, my unhappy brethren, which is yet left, and remember that, with the grace of Him to whom space and time are but as nothing, salvation may yet be assured, even in the pittance of delay which the laws of your country afford you.'"
—*Heart of Midlothian*.

II. Dramatic Power.—"He is superior to any of his rivals in the creation of incidents, in the manipulation of events, and in the grouping of his characters with a view to secure that dramatic interest so necessary to the dramatic success of a narrative poem."—*J. Devey*.

"Almost every appearance of Meg Merrilies is a stage effect as dramatic in situation as it is in language. . . . Pleydell is a comedy in himself."—*L. E. Landon*.

"I see in no other author such a combination of truth and ease and dramatic power."—*B. W. Procter*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"'Repeat your defiance when I have counted thrice,' said Everard, 'and take the punishment of your insolence. Once—I have cocked my pistol. Twice—I never missed my aim. By all that is sacred, I fire if you do not withdraw. When I pronounce the next number, I will shoot you dead where you stand.

am yet unwilling to shed blood—I give you another chance of fight. Once—twice—*Thrice!*’

“Everard aimed at the bosom, and discharged the pistol. The pure waved its arm in an attitude of scorn, and a loud laugh rose, during which the light, as gradually growing weaker, glanced and glimmered upon the apparition of the aged knight, and then disappeared. Everard’s life-blood ran cold to his heart. ‘Had it been of human mould,’ he thought, ‘the bullet must have pierced him; but I have neither will nor power to fight with supernatural beings.’”—*Woodstock*.

“As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester’s inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride to burst its strong conjunction and overwhelm him in its ruins. But the cemented stones stood fast, and it was the proud master himself who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

“‘Leicester,’ said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, ‘could I think thou hast practised on me—on me, thy sovereign—on me, thy confiding, thy too-partial mistress—the ease and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion assumes—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were as great peril as ever was thy father’s.’”—*Kenilworth*.

“‘I agree to it, sir; I agree to it, perfectly,’ said Morris, shrinking back as Campbell moved his chair toward him to fortify his appeal; ‘and I incline, sir,’ he added, ‘to retract my information as to Mr. Osbaldistone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business and me to go about mine, also; your worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone.’ ‘Then, there be the declarations,’ said the Justice, throwing them into the fire; and now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldistone. And you, Mr. Morris, are set quite at ease.’

“‘Ay,’ said Campbell, eying Morris as he assented with a sly grin to the Justice’s observations, much like the ease of a dog under a pair of harrows. ‘But fear nothing, Mr. Morris; you and I maun leave the house together.’ With such a lingering look of terror as the condemned criminal throws when he is

informed that the cart awaits him, Morris arose ; but, when legs, appeared to hesitate. ' I tell thee, man, fear nothing iterated Campbell ; ' I will keep my word with you. Bid Justice farewell, man, and show your Southern breeding.'

" Morris, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, the escort of Mr. Campbell ; but apparently new scruples and fears struck him before they left the house, for I heard Campbell reiterating assurances of safety and protection as they left the ante-room."—*Rob Roy*.

" On the lower step of this throne, the champion was made to kneel down. And it was observed that he tottered as they gave him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the crown which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion when the marshals exclaimed, with one voice, ' It must needs be thus—his head must be bare ! ' " —*Ivanhoe*.

DE QUINCEY, 1785-1859.

Biographical Outline.—Thomas De Quincey, born at Greenheys, Manchester, August 15, 1785; father a merchant of some literary reputation and culture, a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; De Quincey's father dies in 1792, leaving an income of £1,600 a year to De Quincey and his five brothers and sisters; the death of three sisters, before he was six years old, had made a profound impression on him, which is recorded in his "Autobiographic Sketches"; he is first taught by his guardian, the Rev. Samuel Hall, at Salford, and rejoices at the absence of his brother William at a boarding-school, leaving the sensitive Thomas to be surrounded by his sisters and not by "horrid, pugilistic brothers"; De Quincey is precocious; he enters the school of Dr. Morgan, at Bath, in 1796, accompanied by his brother Richard ("Pink"); at Bath he attracts attention by his skill in Latin and Greek, writing the latter language easily when thirteen, and conversing in it fluently when fifteen; he is removed from Bath because of illness, due to a blow on the head by an usher; after a period of seclusion with his mother ("to subdue his intellectual vanity"), he enters a school at Winkfield, Wiltshire, more religious than thorough; while at Wiltshire he aids in publishing a school-paper called *The Observer*; he visits his friend Lord Westport at Eton and also Lord Westport's family in Ireland; visits, also, the family of Lord Carberry, in Northamptonshire, where Lady Carberry has much influence over him; he enters the Manchester Grammar-School in 1801, hoping to remain three years and thus to gain an "exhibition" of forty guineas, which, with his allow-

ance of £150 a year, would carry him through Oxford; and at Manchester, De Quincey's liver becomes torpid through lack of exercise and unwise drugging; he becomes wretched and begs his guardians to remove him, but they refuse; he borrows ten guineas from Lady Carberry (then visiting at Manchester) and runs away in July, 1802; he walks to Chester, meets an uncle and is permitted to proceed to Wales, with an allowance of one guinea a week; he wanders among the Welsh mountains, learns German, and partly makes his living by writing letters for the peasantry; feeling the need of books and educated companions, he goes to London, and tries in vain to secure a loan of £200 with which to support himself till attaining his majority; he is put off by money-lenders, is reduced almost to starvation, sleeps in a deserted house in Soho with a neglected child for his companion, and wanders about London during the day; at one time he is saved from a fainting-fit by the generosity of an outcast woman, immortalized in his autobiography under the name of "Ann"; eventually he becomes reconciled with his friends, and enters Worcester College, Oxford, with an allowance of £100 a year; he is quiet and studious at Oxford, and distinguishes himself in Latin, but he never takes a degree, partly because he despised the examination-system and partly out of diffidence as to oral tests (he insisted on answering questions about Greek *in* Greek); while at Oxford he suffers from a violent toothache, and, at the advice of student friends, takes laudanum for relief, thus beginning his use of opium; in 1803 he had begun a correspondence with Wordsworth, whom he greatly admired; he meets Coleridge at Nether Stowey in 1807, accompanies Coleridge's family to Grasmere, where he meets Wordsworth and Southey, and, on returning, aids Coleridge by lending him anonymously, through Cottle, the bookseller, £300; De Quincey is again at Oxford early in 1808; he goes thence to London, where he meets Davy, Lamb, and others, and studies law in a desultory way at the Middle Temple; he visits

Wordsworth at Grasmere early in 1809, and, after returning to London and doing some proof-reading, etc., for Wordsworth, settles at Townend, Westmoreland, in November, 1809, in a cottage previously occupied by Wordsworth, which he proceeds to "fill with books"; he forms an intimate friendship with Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"), takes long nocturnal rambles with him, and visits him at Edinburgh during the winters of 1814-15 and 1815-16; De Quincey continues to read German metaphysics, and seeks relief in laudanum for an irritation of the stomach; by 1813 he is taking three hundred and forty grains of opium daily; he becomes attached to Margaret Simpson (daughter of a "statesman" of Westmoreland), reduces his opium allowance to forty grains a day, improves in health, and is married; the opium-habit soon masters him again, he gives up a projected philosophical work to be called "*De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*," and becomes incapable of mental work; he reads Ricardo in 1819, and proceeds to draw up "Prolegomena of all Future Systems of Political Economy," which he does not complete; his indulgence in opium causes him to be haunted by monstrous dreams; by the failure of a bank, he loses most of his fortune, and is compelled to do something for support; he contributes to *Blackwood's Magazine* (edited by his friend Wilson) and to the *Quarterly Review*, and, in the summer of 1819, becomes editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette*; he is recklessly liberal in his financial affairs; in 1821 he again attempts to give up opium, goes to London, and is befriended by the Lambs; he meets Hood, Talfourd, and Hazlitt, and settles for a time at 4 York Street, Covent Garden, where he writes "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," which he publishes in the *London Magazine* for October and November, 1821; the "Confessions" attract much attention, and are reprinted in 1822 and again in 1823, with an appendix giving a tabulated statement of his daily doses of opium; he continues his contributions to the *London Magazine*, including

"Letters to a Young Man Whose Education Has Been Neglected" (1823), "The Dialogue of the Three Templars" (1824), and others; in 1825 he translates, modifies, and ridicules the German novel *Walladmoor*, falsely attributed to Scott, and contributes to *Knight's Quarterly*, sometimes lodging with Knight, and manifesting amusing simplicity in practical business affairs; he becomes recognized as a writer, and is mentioned by Wilson in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*;" he publishes in *Blackwood's Magazine* a translation of Lessing's "Laocöon" (1826) and "Murder as One of the Fine Arts" (February, 1827); his relations with *Blackwood's* cause him to settle in Edinburgh, where he lodges in Wilson's rooms, late in 1828; he contributes to the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette* during 1828-30; is joined by his family at Edinburgh in 1830, and does not return to Westmoreland; in 1832 he publishes "Klosterheim," which, though never popular, was successfully dramatized in London; after 1834 he contributes to *Tait's Magazine* many autobiographical reminiscences of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and other literary friends, in which certain indiscreet revelations caused De Quincey trouble afterward, though he was hardly in a responsible mental condition when the reminiscences were written; between 1833 and 1837 he loses his wife and two sons; he lodges for a time at 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, apart from his children; in 1840 he takes a cottage at Mavis Bush, Lasswade, where his daughters settle permanently, and where he stays in the intervals between his sojourns in various places; he returns to his opium excesses after his wife's death; in 1844, after much suffering, he makes a final effort, and reduces his daily dose to six grains, which (his daughter says) he never again exceeded; he hands over his business affairs in full to his daughter, and is not afterward troubled about finances, except as he is embarrassed by his persistent extravagance and "wanton charity"; he develops a mania for accumulating papers, and leaves six rooms full at different places at the time of his death; from March, 1841, to

June, 1843, he is at Glasgow as the guest of Professor Lushington and Professor Nichol; he lodges at Glasgow much of the time from 1843 to 1847; he contributes to *Blackwood's* from 1837 to 1841, and writes biographies of Shakespeare, Pope, and others for the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; publishes "The Logic of Political Economy" in 1844, and contributes to *Tail's Magazine* during 1846 and 1847; he meets James Hogg, who projects a collected edition of De Quincey's works; he is visited, in 1851-52, by James T. Fields, of Boston, who gives him a share of the profits arising from the sale in America of De Quincey's seven volumes of collected writings; he afterward revises his collected writings, which are published during 1853-60; he contributes, also, to *Hogg's Instructor*; he lodges again at 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh, and, at seventy, is able to walk fourteen miles daily for exercise; he attracts much attention by his marvellous powers of conversation; dies December 8, 1859.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

1. Excessive Qualification and Suspense.—A trait of De Quincey closely allied to his habit of digression, and one which the general reader must always regard as a defect, is his tendency to overload his sentences with irrelevant particulars. He appends relative clause to relative clause in several degrees of subordination, and often adds to such a combination a parenthesis within a parenthesis. Obviously, this excessive qualification is generally due to De Quincey's sometimes finical desire for exactness. Another cause of his "long evolutions" is to be found in his continued study of German authors. Many of his constructions are essentially Gothic. "Specially inclined to the elaborate, periodic order of sentence," says T. W. Hunt, "he found himself, at times, so involved midway in the structure as to make clearness impossible."

"His sentences are stately, elaborate, crowded with qualifying clauses and parenthetical allusions, to a degree unparalleled among modern writers. If we try De Quincey by his own rule of 'unwieldy comprehensiveness,' we must convict him of many violations."—*Minto*.

"He is, from the very principles on which his style is constructed, the most diffuse of writers. . . . His commendable desire for lucidity of expression makes him nervously anxious to avoid any complexity of thought. . . . He abounds in diffuse discussions of irrelevant topics. . . . Why, on the very first page, having occasion to mention Christendom in the fifteenth century, should he provide against some eccentric misconception by telling us that it did not, at that time, include any part of America?"—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He generally knows his conclusion from the first, and sometimes announces it dogmatically at the outset; but, whether for inquiry toward his conclusion or for proof of it

after it has been announced, his habit is to choose a point of entry and thence, by subtle and intricate windings, to the centre, where the concurrent trains will meet, and become clear."—*Masson*.

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"Cæsar, the Dictator, at his last dinner party, on the evening before his assassination, when the minutes of his career were numbered, being asked what death, in his judgment might be pronounced the most eligible, replied, 'That should be most sudden.'"—*On Cæsar*.

"Whatever we may swear with our false, feigning lips, faithful hearts; we still believe, and must forever believe, of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread fear every chamber in their father's house, and to whom the door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision, which sometime vealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with ease from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upward to the same God."—*An English Mail-Coach*.

"At this stage of advance, and when a true European has been created, a '*sensus communis*,' or community of opinion on the main classification of wars, it will become possible to establish an operative tribunal, or central Amphictyonic Council of Christendom, not with any commission to suppress wars—which would react as a fresh cause of war, since high-spirited nations would arm for the purpose of resisting such arrogant decrees—but with the purpose and effect of oftentimes healing or momentary animosities, and also (by publishing the opinions of Europe assembled in Council) with the effect of taking away the shadow of dishonor from the act of making concessions."—*War*.

"I was then fifteen years old and a trifle more, and, as I came to the knowledge of Mr. G., a banker in Lincolnshire, hitherto I have omitted to notice among my guardians too generally prevented from interfering by his remoteness from the spot, but whom otherwise I should have recorded with as by much the ablest among them), that some pecuniary advantages were attached to a residence at the Manchester Gr

School, while in other respects that school seemed as eligible as any other, he had counselled my mother to send me hither."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater.*

2. Inveterate Digression.—In one respect De Quincey is far from a model writer, and that is in his ungovernable habit of digressing from his given theme. He not only digresses from his main theme, but he digresses from his first digression, and sometimes even from his third. Says Masson: "His windings have often the appearance of wilful digressions. . . . His digressions, however, to use his own phrase, 'have a wonderful knack of *revolving* to the point whence they set out,' and generally with a fresh freight of meaning to be incorporated at that point. . . . But there are cases, his greatest admirers must admit, in which the subsidiary swallows up the primary, and the captain's luggage all but sinks the ship and cargo." "At times," says another critic, "his mind seems to move vaguely round in vast, unreturning circles. The thoughts catch hold of nothing, but are heaved and tossed like masses of cloud by the wind." Minto also finds palliation for this offence in De Quincey's consciousness that he is digressing and his care in informing the reader when he leaves the main theme and when he returns. To use a homely figure, the railway-track of De Quincey's thought is notable for the abundance of switches, and switches from switches; but the point where he leaves the main track and the point where he returns are generally marked by very distinct signals.

"You can as soon calculate on the motions of a stream of the aurora as on those of his mind. From the title of any one of his papers, you can never infer whether he is to treat the one announced or a hundred others, or into how many foot-notes he is to draw away, as if into subterranean pipes, its pith and substance. . . . At every possible angle of his road he contrives to break off."—*Gilfillan.*

"De Quincey often offends beyond the possibility of justification, overloading his sentences, in a gossiping kind of way, with particulars that have no relevance whatever to the main statement."—*Minto*.

"The goal, indeed, is always kept in view ; however circuitous the wandering may be, there is always a return to the subject."—*Peter Bayne*.

"Like Bishop Berkeley, who commenced one of his treatises on the virtues of tar-water and ended it on the immortality of the soul, when he [De Quincey] begins a subject, no one can tell what it will include."—*S. Davey*.

"It is absolutely impossible for him to keep his subject, or any subject. It is as impossible for him to pull himself up briefly in any digression from that subject. In his finest passages, as in his most trivial, he is at the mercy of the will-o'-the-wisp of divagation."—*Saintsbury*.

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"I have used my privilege of discursiveness to step aside from Demosthenes to another subject, not otherwise connected with the Attic orator than, first, by the common reference of both subjects to rhetoric ; but, secondly, by the accident of having been jointly discussed by Lord Brougham in a paper which (though now forgotten) obtained at the moment most undue celebrity."—*On Demosthenes*.

"Looking back to the foot-note on the oriental idea of the *hakim*, as a mask politically assumed by Christ and the evangelists, under the conviction of its indispensableness to the free propagation of Christian philosophy, I am, indeed, inclined for the sake of detaining the reader's eye a little longer upon a matter so important in the history of Christianity, if only it may be regarded as true, to subjoin an extract from a little paper written by myself heretofore, but not published. I may add these two remarks, viz.," etc.—*On Judas Iscariot*.

"Out of this digression, for the purpose of showing how inextricably my feelings and images of death were entangled with those of summer, as connected with Palestine and Jerusalem, let

he come back to the bed-chamber of my sister."—*Autobiography*.

"I beg the reader's pardon for this disproportioned digression, to which I was hurried by my love for our great national literature, my anxiety to see it among educational resources invested in a ministerial agency of far ampler character, but, at all events, to lodge a protest against that wholesale neglect of our supreme authors which leaves us open to the stinging reproach of 'treading daily with our clouted shoon' (to borrow the words of Comus) upon that which high-minded foreigners regard as the one paramount jewel in our national diadem.

"This incident I have digressed to mention because this Malay partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterward upon my fancy, and through *that* upon my dreams, bringing with him other Malays worse than himself, that he 'amuck' at me and led me into a world of nocturnal troubles."—*Opium-Eater*.

3. Scrupulous Precision—Subtlety.—De Quincey is one of the most accurate of our writers in his use of language. The highest attainment in style is always to use the right word in the right place, then the estimate placed upon De Quincey by Masson, William Mathews, and others must be accepted as correct. Mathews calls him "by universal acknowledgment the most powerful and versatile master of the English language in our time." He is certainly the most scholarly, the most subtle and analytic of the great essayists. De Quincey once said of himself: "From my birth I was made an intellectual creature. . . . My proper vocation, as I well knew, was the exercise of the analytic understanding." Masson declares that "De Quincey's sixteen volumes of magazine articles are full of brain from beginning to end." It is, in fact, at least, the marvellous range of De Quincey's scholarship that gives him "his wonderful power of alighting on the exact word that is fittest." As Wilson puts it: "The best word always comes up." De Quincey has what Masson calls

"the metaphysical mood." Says another critic: "We are struck at once by the exquisite refinement of mind, the subtleness of association, and the extreme tenuity of the threads of thought." "Nothing can be more exquisite," says Minto, "than De Quincey's subtlety in distinguishing wherein things agree and wherein they differ. . . . The strong point in his diction is his acquaintance with the language of the thoughts and feelings, with the subjective side of the English vocabulary. . . . None of our writers in general literature have shown themselves so scrupulously precise." De Quincey sometimes carries this quality to an extreme by needlessly cumbering his sentences with definitions of the terms used and with too minute explicitness of statement. He delights in subtle speculations, in the analysis of motives, in conjecture as to the possible results of an action. He has what he himself calls "an inner eye and power of intuition for the unseen." He "revels in nice distinctions and scrupulous qualifications."

"So far as one might acquiesce in the description of some of De Quincey's mental products as 'wire-drawn,' it is in cases where one might agree with Carlyle, that the kind of matter dealt with was not worth so much manipulation, and that simple assumption or asseveration or decision by a toss-up, would have saved time and answered all practical purposes. . . . Very rarely, however, will one of De Quincey's subtlest ingenuities be voted useless by any reader who does come qualified with the due amount of preliminary interest in the kind of matter discussed—so much pleasure is there in observing the ingenuity itself, and so certain it is, as has been already said, that some germ of future thought will be left if the immediate result has been disappointing. Then, with what a passion for scientific exactness does De Quincey treat everything, and in what a state of finished clearness at the end he leaves every speculation of his, so far as it may have been carried! His numerical divisions and subdivisions, so un

usual in literary papers, are themselves signs of the practised thinker refusing to part with any of the habits or devices of scientific analysts wherever they will help him. In short, very seldom has there been such a combination of the purely logical intellect with so much of scholarly erudition."—*Masson*.

"He has all the characteristics of a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language."—*Saintsbury*.

"Each step of his argument, each shade of meaning, and each fact in his narrative, must have its own separate embodiment; and each joint and connecting link must be carefully and accurately defined."—*Leslie Stephen*.

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"In that great social organ which, collectively, we call literature there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend, and often do so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. The function of the first is to teach; the function of the second is to move. The first is a rudder; the second, an oar or a sail."—*Essays*.

"Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and admirations, to the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active and passive; and, with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

"What, then, is religion? Decomposed into its elements, as they are found in Christianity, how many powers for acting on the heart of man does, by possibility, this great agency include? According to my own view, four. I will state them and number them. Firstly, a form of worship, a *cultus*. Secondly, an idea of God. . . . Thirdly, an idea of the relation which man occupies to God. . . . Fourthly, a doctrinal part, . . . and

this [doctrinal part] divides into two great sections."—*Christianity an Organ of Political Movement*.

"In general, whenever a paramount interest of human nature is at stake, a suicide which maintains that interest is self-homicide; but, for a personal interest, it becomes self-murder."—*Murder as a Fine Art*.

4. Stately Rhythm.—De Quincey ranks with Hooker and Milton as a master of stately, melodious cadence. Says Leslie Stephen: "De Quincey stands absolutely alone as the inventor and sole performer on a new musical instrument—for such an instrument is the English language in his hands. . . . The sentences are so delicately balanced and so skillfully constructed that his finer passages fix themselves in the memory without the aid of metre. . . . His most exquisite passages are intended to be musical compositions in which words have to play the part of notes. . . . If De Quincey obtains, without the aid of metre, graces which few other writers have won by the same means, it is all the more creditable to De Quincey. One may fancy that, if De Quincey's language were emptied of all meaning whatever, the mere sound of the words would move us, as the lovely word Mesopotamia moved Whitefield's hearers." The Opium-Eater gloried in this power of his; he delights in what he calls "bravura," "melodious ascents." "His prose," says T. W. Hunt, "possesses what Beethoven calls 'pronunciability,' and what Masson calls 'musical beauty.' . . . Intellectual as his style was, it was conspicuously artistic, and this pictorial and artistic quality rises at times to magnificence." Mathews calls De Quincey's prose "the most passionately eloquent, the most thoroughly poetical prose our language has produced, the organ-like variety and grandeur of its cadence affecting the mind as only perfect verse affects it." Masson calls it "the style of sustained splendor, of prolonged wheeling and soaring, as distinct from the style of crackle and brief glitter, of chirp and short flight." One critic says of certain

passages in De Quincey's "*Suspiria*," "The mind is swept away by them into some shadowy region, where one vision of innocence, or beauty, or fear, or sorrow chases another till all at last 'fade into the light of common day.' " In one of his essays, De Quincey interrupts himself to explain that he might have ended the sentence more briefly by substituting for the last nine words the single term *master-builder*, but adds that his ear could not endure "a sentence ending with two consecutive trochees, and each of these trochees ending with the same syllable—*er*." "Ah, reader," he exclaims, "I would the gods had made thee rhythmical, that thou mightest comprehend the thousandth part of my labors in the evasion of cacophony!"

"The acutest and, at the same time, the most gorgeous and eloquent writer of English prose in the nineteenth century, combining the rarely harmonizing elements of severe logic and exuberant fancy."—*William Mathews*.

"Many passages might be quoted from De Quincey of which the melody is so striking as irresistibly to attract attention and make us linger lovingly over them, apart altogether from the matter they contain."—*H. G. Nicoll*.

"De Quincey is rich in the language of elaborate stateliness. . . . He takes rank with Milton as one of the masters of stately cadence as well as of sublime composition. . . . He finds the happiest exercise of his powers in sustained flights through the region of the sublime."—*Minto*.

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"From the silence and deep peace of this summer night—from the pathetic blending of this sweet moonlight, dawnlight, dreamlight—from the manly tenderness of this flattering, whispering, murmuring love—suddenly, as from the woods and fields—suddenly, as from the chambers of the air opening in revelation—suddenly, as from the ground yawning at her feet, leaped upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, Death, the crowned phantom,

with all the equipage of his terrors and the tiger-roar of his voice."—*The Stage-Coach*.

"O just, subtile, and mighty opium! that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal and for 'the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,' bringest an assuaging balm; eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, and, to the guilty man, for one night givest back the hopes of youth and hands washed pure from blood."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

"Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause than ever yet the world had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; darkness and light; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms and the features that were worth all the world to me; and, but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with such a sigh as the cave of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!"—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

5. Sense of the Mysterious.—A profound sense of awe in the presence of the phenomena of nature characterize De Quincey's mind and style. Says Leslie Stephen: "He appeals to our terror of the infinite, to the shrinking of the human mind before astronomical distances and geological periods of time. He paints vast perspectives, opening in long succession, till we grow dizzy in the contemplation. . . . Melancholy and an awe-stricken sense of the vast and vague are the emotions which he communicates with the greatest power." Minto observes that De Quincey's tendency was to "discover and develop lurking objects of admiration and astonishment." He seems constantly to be under the impression that certain mysterious and occult agencies, not conceivable

by ordinary men, are interfering with human affairs. Masson suggests that "the best name for this variety of the affection for the mysterious in De Quincey's mind is Druidism, or the Druidic element. He was wrapt in religious wonder; he went through the world, one may say, in a fit of metaphysical musing. . . . The thunder and the lightning, the sun in the heavens, the nocturnal sky, the quiet vastness of a mountain range, the roar of the unresting ocean, the carnage of a great battle-field, the stealthy ravage of a pestilence—such were the physical grandeurs, and such the facts and moments of historic majesty, with which De Quincey's mind delighted to commune. It was a saying of his own that he could not live without mystery. No man that is worth much can."

"He is to some extent an intellectual mystic—meaning a certain affinity for the mysterious—a strange idiosyncrasy, in which associations of terror, of gladness, or of gloom link themselves with certain seasons and places."—*Peter Bayne*.

"None, we think, have so dipped their pens in the varied lines of sunshine and gloom, or been able to fix that which is fleeting and transient. . . . De Quincey lived in a dream-world until dreams became, as it were, the substantial realities of his existence."—*S. Davey*.

"He is much of a thinker on the metaphysics of things, and he feels the mystery of being; he is much of an inquirer into the constitution of things, and he feels the mystery of creation; he is much of a muser on this full world, this vital world, throbbing in every speck of it with a quickening pulse, and he feels the mystery of life."—*H. Giles*.

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"The sun of midsummer, at mid-day, was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for the eye to behold or for the heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life. . . . A

solemn wind began to blow—the saddest that ear ever heard. It was a wind that might have swept the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries; whose hollow, sad, Memnonian but saintly swell was the one great audible symbol of eternity. Then a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far, blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; some mighty relation between God and death dimly struggled to evolve itself from the dreadful antagonism between them.”—*Autobiography*.

“The awful stillness oftentimes of summer noons, when no winds were abroad, the appealing silence of gray or misty afternoons—these were fascinations as of witchcraft. Into the woods, into the desert air I gazed, as if some comfort lay hid in them. Obstinate I tormented the blue depths with my scrutiny, sweeping them forever with my eyes and searching them for one angelic face that might perhaps have permission to reveal itself for a moment.”—*Autobiography*.

“Great is the mystery of Space, greater is the mystery of Time. Either mystery grows upon man as man himself grows; and either seems to be a function of the godlike which is in man. He trembles at the abyss into which his bodily eyes look down.”—*Autobiography*.

6. Erudition—Extensive Range.—“One may mark the indications of a gigantic receptive faculty seizing hundred-handed, and gathering into one store-house, from all lands and centuries, what intellectual treasures it chooses to make its own.”—*Peter Bayne*.

“One of the first things that strikes us is the multifariousness of his knowledge. A systematic student in none of the sciences, nevertheless he had gleaned technical terms from every science.”—*Minto*.

“An obvious characteristic of De Quincey’s writings is their extreme multifariousness. They range over an extraordinary extent of ground, the subjects of which they treat being themselves the most diverse kinds, while their illustrative references and allusions shoot through a perfect wilderness of miscellane-

ous scholarship. . . . There are few courses of reading from which a young man of good natural intelligence would come away more instructed, charmed, and stimulated, or, to express the matter as definitely as possible, with his mind more *stretched*. Good natural intelligence, a certain fineness of fibre, and some amount of scholarly education, have to be presupposed, indeed, in all readers of De Quincey. But, even for the fittest readers, a month's continuous course of De Quincey would be too much. Better have him on the shelf, and take down a volume at intervals for one or two of the articles to which there may be an immediate attraction. An evening with De Quincey in this manner will always be profitable. Not only was it De Quincey's laudable habit to put brain into all his articles, but it so chanced that the brain he had at his disposal was a brain of no common order. Let us get rid, however, of the disagreeable word *brain*, and ask, in more manly and less physiological fashion, what were the chief characteristics of De Quincey's peculiar mind and genius. At the basis of all, as we have seen, was his wealth of miscellaneous and accurate knowledge."—*Masson*.

"Few English writers have touched so large a number of subjects with such competence, both in information and in handling."—*Saintsbury*.

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"Such is man, though a Deucalion elect; such is woman, though a decent Pyrrha. . . . Against thugs, I had Juvenal's license to be careless in the emptiness of my pockets (*cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*). . . . The first, to borrow a technical distinction from medicine, is a case of acute, the second of chronic pleasure. . . . I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old pagan legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius. . . . Being an oracle, it is my wish to behave myself like an oracle and not to evade any decent man's questions in the way that Apollo too often did at Delphi."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

"Lord Bacon it is who notices the subtle policy which may lurk in the mere external figure of a table. A square table, having an undeviable head and foot, two polar extremities of what is highest and lowest, a perihelion and an aphelion, together with equatorial sides, opens at a glance a large career to ambition; while a circular table sternly represses all such aspiring dreams, and so does a triangular table. Yet if the triangle should be right-angled, then the Lucifer seated at the right angle might argue that he subtended all the tenants of the hypotenuse; being, therefore, as much nobler than they as Atlas was nobler than the globe which he carried."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

7. Affected Familiarity—Forced Homeliness—Slang.—De Quincey seems to have realized that the diffuseness and stateliness of his style would prevent him from becoming a popular writer, for we frequently find evidences of a deliberate and forced attempt to be popular in his diction. Like all forced attempts in writing, these are melancholy failures. The result, in De Quincey's case, comes nearer vulgarity than anything else, and can but be regarded as a blemish on a style possessed of many rare beauties. Says Stephen: "He is conscious that, as a great master of language, he can play what tricks he pleases, without danger of remonstrance. And therefore he every now and then plunges into slang, not irreverently, as a vulgar writer might do, but of malice prepense. The shock is almost as great as if an organist performing a solemn tune should suddenly introduce the imitation of the mewing of a cat." Another critic calls De Quincey's slangy apostrophes "exquisite foolery."

"By a kind of reaction from his other extreme of stateliness, he is apt to be too familiar and colloquial and to help himself to slang and kitchen-rhetoric."—*Masson*.

"He has a singular facility of fusing his most learned speculations into the idiom of English thinking, even into the idiom of its drollery and its slang."—*H. Giles*.

"He does not disdain to use the slang of all classes, from Cockney to Oxonian."—*Minto*.

"He is a complete master of the English language—even of its slang."—*S. Davey*.

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"Wicked Joseph, listen to me : You've been telling us a fairy-tale ; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy-tale in any situation, because, if one can make no use of it oneself, always one knows that a child will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie ; secondly, a fraudulent lie ; thirdly, a malicious lie."—*The Essenes*.

"'I (said Augustus Cæsar) found Rome built of brick, but I left it built of marble.' Well, my man, we reply, for a wondrously little chap, you did what in Westmoreland they call a good *darrock* (day's work) ; and if *navvies* had been wanted in those days, you should have had our vote to a certainty."—*Essay on Cæsar*.

"If, quitting the one great blazing jewel, the Urim and Thummim of the Iliad [Achilles], you descend to individual passages of poetic effect, and if among these a fancy should seize you of asking for a specimen of the *sublime* in particular, what is it that you are offered by the critics? Nothing that we remember beyond one single passage, in which the god Neptune is described in a steeplechase and making play at a terrific pace. And certainly, enough is exhibited of the old boy's hoofs and their spanking qualities to warrant our backing him against a railroad for a rump and dozen ; but after all, there is nothing to grow frisky about, as Longinus does, who gets up the steam of a blue-stocking enthusiasm, and boils us a regular gallop of routing."—*A Brief Appraisal of Greek Literature*.

"Joanna never was in service ; and my opinion is that her father should have mended his own stockings, since probably he was the party to make the holes in them, as many a better man than D'Arc does, meaning by that not myself, because, though probably a better man than D'Arc, I protest against doing anything of the kind. . . . The better men that I meant were the sailors in the British Navy, every man of whom mends his

own stockings. Who else is to do it? Do you suppose that the junior lords of the admiralty are under articles to darn for the navy?"—*Joan of Arc.*

8. Grotesque, Playful Humor.—De Quincey's humor has little of the genial quality which marks that of Lamb and Goldsmith. In many cases it consists of treating horrible themes in a cool, deliberate way, as if he were talking of the most innocent actions of every-day life or the data of some science. Minto calls it "the humour of bringing the ideas of fine art and ordinary business into ludicrous collision with solemn or horrible transactions." In the opinion of another critic, "the first paper on Murder as One of the Fine Arts, with its various and out-of-the-way lore, with its mixture of subtle discrimination and satire and rollicking humor, is worthy of Professor Wilson or Charles Lamb."

"He shows us grotesque and fanciful shapes, with beautiful devices; faces of cherubims and archangels, side by side with goblin-like forms and unearthly shapes of monstrous divinities."—*S. Davey.*

"De Quincey's humor is odd, unique, as original as his genius. Always playful and stingless, it takes at one time the form of a banter, at another that of mock dignity. At one hour it greets us in the grave robe of the critic, and pokes fun at the learned; at another, in the scarlet dress of the satirist, and blasts hypocrisy with its ridicule."—*William Mathews.*

"The delicate wit and irony of the essay upon 'Murder as a Fine Art' has moved many a reader to such a laugh, tempered with a thrill of visionary excitement and horror, as is rare among the laughers of literature."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"A sense of fun follows him into his most serious disquisitions, and reveals itself in freaks of playfulness and jets of comic fancy. . . . In its display on a smaller scale, it is generally good-natured and kindly. . . . It cannot be said that his humour is of the largest-hearted kind, so dependent is

it on deliberate irony, a Petronian jostling of the ghastly with the familiar or the express simulation of lunacy."—*Masson*.

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"If once a man indulge in murder, he comes very soon to think little of robbing; from robbing he comes to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and procrastination. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other that perhaps he thought little of at the time."—*Murder as a Fine Art*.

"Gentlemen—I have had the honor to be appointed by your committee to the trying task of reading the Williams' Lecture on Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts—a task which might be easy enough three or four centuries ago, when the art was little understood and few great models had been exhibited; but in this age, when masterpieces of excellence have been executed by professional men, it must be evident that, in the style of criticism applied to them, the public will look for something of a corresponding improvement. Practice and theory must advance *pari passu*. People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and to be killed—a knife—a purse—and a dark lane. Design, gentlemen, grouping, light and shade, poetry, sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature."—*Murder as a Fine Art*.

"It has been repeatedly affirmed by the learned that opium is a tawny brown in color—and this, take notice, I grant; secondly, that it is rather dear—which also I grant; and thirdly, if you eat a good deal of it, most probably you must do what is disagreeable to any man of regular habits, viz., die."—*Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

"Hobbes—but why, or on what principle, I never could understand—was not murdered. This was a capital oversight of the professional men of the seventeenth century; because in every light he was a fine subject for murder, except, indeed, that he was lean and skinny; for I can prove that he had money, and (what is very funny) he had no right to make the least resistance; since, according to himself, irresistible power creates the very highest species of right, so that it is rebellion of the blackest dye

to refuse to be murdered when a competent force appears to murder you."—*Murder as a Fine Art.*

9. Perception of Resemblances.—De Quincey has what he himself calls "the higher faculty of an electric aptitude for seizing analogies . . . —the logical instinct for feeling in a moment the secret parallelisms that connect things apparently remote"—what T. W. Hunt calls "the detection of those hidden analogies that escape most men." He is a model of exact comparison.

"Another rare endowment, which he has to a wonderful degree, is the power of detecting resemblances."—*Mathews.*

"It is a logical intellect, acute in the discovery of agreement and difference, fertile in methods of comparison, and decisive in rectitude of inference."—*H. Giles.*

"To point out with deliberate—some would say with tedious—scrupulosity the resembling circumstances in the things compared, peculiarly suits his subtilizing turn of mind. He never seems to be in a hurry, and does not aspire to hit off a similitude in a few pregnant words; his characteristic is punctilious accuracy, regardless of expense in the matter of words. Nothing can be more exquisite than his subtlety in distinguishing wherein things agree and wherein they disagree."—*Minto.*

"In the act of thinking anything, metonymies, metaphors, anecdotes, illustrations, historical or fantastic, start up in his mind, become incorporate with his primary thought, and are, in fact, its language."—*Masson.*

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"But strange, indeed, where everything seems strange, is the arrangement of the Ceylonese territory and people. Take peach; what you call the flesh of the peach, the substance which you eat, is massed orbicularly round a central stone—often as large as a pretty large strawberry. Now, in Ceylon the central district, answering to this peach-stone, constitutes a fierce little

Lilliputian kingdom, quite independent, through many centuries, of the lazy belt, the peach-flesh, which swathes and enfolds it, and perfectly distinct by the character and origin of its population. The peach-stone is called Kandy and the people Kandyans."—*Essays*.

"To take an image from the language of eclipses, the correspondence between the disk of the original nord and its translated representative is, in thousands of instances, not annular; the centres do not coincide; the nords overlap."—*An English Mail Coach*.

"The town of L—— represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean in everlasting but gentle agitation, and brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind and the mood which then swayed it."—*Autobiography*.

"In the twinkling of an eye, at a sudden summons, as it were from the sounding of a trumpet, or the oriental call by the clapping of hands, gates are thrown open, which have an effect corresponding in grandeur to the effect that would arise from the opening of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien, viz., the introduction to each other—face to face—of two separate infinities. Such a canal would suddenly lay open to each other the two great oceans of our planet, the Atlantic and the Pacific; while the act of translating *into* Greek and *from* Hebrew, that is, transferring out of a mysterious cipher as little accessible as Sanscrit, and which never *would* be more accessible through any worldly attractions of alliance with power and civic grandeur of commerce, *out* of this darkness *into* the golden light of a language the most beautiful, etc."—*On the Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity*.

10. **Profound Religious Faith—Reverence.**—

"De Quincey is a Christian on epicurean principles. He dislikes an infidel because his repose is disturbed by the arguments of free-thinkers."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"De Quincey is distinctly and avowedly a Christian."—*H. Giles*.

"We find a profound and sincere religious feeling. . . .

As a moralist, De Quincey takes his stand upon Christianity, and his whole system of belief is built upon it. He is a sincere Christian believer, without compromise or reserve. He everywhere extols the Christian religion, and is jealous for its character and sanctity."—*C. C. Smith*.

"With all his errors, De Quincey has not ceased to believe in Christianity."—*Harper's Magazine*.

"De Quincey ever shows himself a believer in revealed religion and a firm adherent of the Established Church."—*Christian Examiner*.

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"The great principles of Christian morality are now so interwoven with our habits of thinking that we appeal to them no longer as Scriptural authorities but as the natural suggestions of a sound judgment. For instance, in the case of any wrong offered to the Hindoo races, now so entirely dependent upon our wisdom and justice, we British immediately, by our solemnity of investigation, testify our sense of the deep responsibility to India with which our Indian supremacy has invested us. We make no mention of the Christian oracles. Yet where, then, have we learned this doctrine of far-stretching responsibility? In all Pagan systems of morality there is not the vaguest and slightest appreciation of such relations as connect us with our colonies. But from the profound philosophy of Scripture we have learned that no relations whatever, not even those of property, can connect us with even a brute animal but that we contract concurrent obligations of justice and mercy."—*Essay on Christianity*.

"All false religions have perished by their own hollowness and by internal decay, under the searching trials applied by life and the changes of life, by social mechanism and the changes of social mechanism, which wait in ambush upon every mode of religion. False modes of religion could not respond to the demands exacted from them or the questions emerging. One after one they have collapsed, as if by palsy, and have sunk away under new aspects of society and new necessities of man which they were not able to face. Commencing in one condition of society, in one set of feelings, and in one system of ideas, they sank instinc-

tively under any great change in these elements, to which they had no natural power of plastic self-accommodation. A false religion furnished always a key to one subordinate lock; but a religion that is true will prove a master-key for all locks alike. This transcendental principle, through which Christianity transfers herself so readily from climate to climate, from land to land, from century to century, from the simplicity of shepherds to the utmost refinement of philosophers, carries with it a corresponding necessity (corresponding, I mean, to such infinite flexibility) of an infinite development."—*Essay on Protestantism*.

"How grand a triumph, if, even then, amidst the raving of all around him and the frenzy of the danger, the man is able to confront his situation—is able to retire for a moment into solitude with God and to seek his counsel from Him."—*The English Mail Coach*.

II. Originality—Independence.—"The originality, the independence of his exposition is in every case the most remarkable part of it. You have the subject treated at first hand."—*S. H. Hodgson*.

"He had the independence of a true critic. . . . He brings to light and to being that which is his own. He follows here the guidance of no master."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"Few, if any, have the indefinable quality of freshness in so large a measure."—*Saintsbury*.

"Of his multifarious writings all are strongly marked by the individuality of the author."—*S. Davey*.

"It is rare to find an author whose works seem to bear more truly and clearly the stamp of his own mind, and whose judgments—moral, political, and literary—are set down with less apparent reference to the opinions of contemporaries."—*G. G. Brown*.

"No one can better develop the utmost possibility of a rusty adage, a threadbare proverb, a flavorless bit of slang, or a joke that has seen better days."—*Littell's Living Age*, from the *Press*.

"He was as original a thinker as most men are who take

comparatively little for granted and who inquire before they conclude."—*B. A. Page.*

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"War stands, or seems to stand, upon the double basis of necessity ; a primary necessity that belongs to our human degradations, a secondary one that towers by means of its moral relations into the region of our impassioned grandeurs. The two propositions on which I take my stand are these : first, that there are nowhere latent in society any powers by which it can effectually operate a war for its extermination. The machinery is not there. The game is not within the compass of the cards. Secondly, that this defect of power is not a curse, but on the whole a blessing from century to century, if it is an inconvenience from year to year. The Abolition Committees, it is to be feared, will be angry at both propositions. Yet, gentlemen, hear me—strike, but hear me. That's a sort of plagiarism from Themistocles. But never mind. I have as good a right to the words, until translated back into Greek, as that most classical of yellow admirals. I protest that I should have used these words even if Themistocles had absconded into Scythia in his boyhood."—*Essay on War.*

"My own impressions incline me to represent the earth as a fine, noble young woman, full of the pride which is so becoming to her sex, and well able to take her own part, in case that, at any solitary part of the heavens, she should come across one of those vulgar, fussy comets disposed to be rude and take improper liberties. But others there are, a class whom I perfectly abominate, that place our earth in the category of decaying, nay, of decayed women. Hair like arctic snows, failure of vital heat, palsy that shakes the head as in the porcelain toys on our mantelpieces, asthma that shakes the whole fabric—these they absolutely fancy themselves to see; they absolutely hear the tellurian lungs wheezing, panting, crying, 'Bellows to mend!' periodically as the earth approaches her aphelion."—*Essay on Systems of the Heavens.*

12. *Insight into Character.*—"He had an extraordinary insight into practical human life; not merely in the

abstract, but in the concrete; not merely as a philosopher of human nature, but as one who saw into those who passed him in the walk of life with the kind of intuition attributed to expert detectives."—*Burton*.

"While it was a peculiarity of his intellect to be exquisitely introspective, he was yet marvellously swift in his appreciation of men and things."—*William Mathews*.

"He had that mental acumen which found such fitting exercise in the study of men."—*T. W. Hunt*.

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"Knowing that she would reap nothing from answering her persecutors, why did she not retire by silence from the superfluous contest? It was because her quick and eager loyalty to truth would not suffer her to see it darkened by frauds which *she* could expose. . . . It was through that imperishable grandeur of soul which taught her to submit meekly and without a struggle to her punishment, but taught her not to submit—no, not for a moment—to calumny as to facts or to misconstruction as to motives."—*Joan of Arc*.

"It is unintelligibly but mesmerically potent, this secret fascination attached to features oftentimes that are absolutely plain; and as one of many cases within my own range of positive experience, I remember, in confirmation, at this moment, that in a clergyman's family, counting three daughters, all on a visit to my mother, the youngest Miss F—— P——, who was strikingly and memorably plain, never walked out on the Clifton Downs unattended but she was followed home by a crowd of admiring men, anxious to learn her rank and abode; whilst the middle sister, eminently handsome, levied no such visible tribute on the public; I mention this fact—one of a thousand similar facts—simply by way of reminding the reader of what he must himself have often witnessed, viz., that no woman is condemned by nature to any ignoble necessity of repining against the power of other women; her own may be far more confined, but within its own circle may possibly, measured against that of the haughtiest beauty, be the profounder."—*Autobiography*.

MACAULAY, 1800-1859

Biographical Outline.—Thomas Babington Macaulay, born at Rothby Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800; father a merchant and publicist, who was active in abolishing the slave-trade; removes to Birchin Lane and, in Thomas's third year, to Clapham; Macaulay begins reading at three, and exhibits marvellous powers of memory at four; is petted by Hannah More; at seven he begins a compendium of universal history, and at eight writes a theological discourse; memorizes Scott's poems and begins writing poems and hymns; first attends a private school in Clapham, then (in 1812) to the school of one Preston, at Little Shelford, near Cambridge; reads with astonishing voracity and rapidity; enters Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818; exchanges Tory for Whig political views; wins college prizes in Latin declamation and in English poetry; is refused college honors because of his dislike for mathematics; is made a fellow of Trinity in October, 1824; takes private pupils in 1823, because of his father's business reverses; his family remove to London in 1821; Macaulay lives with his parents till 1829; is called to the bar in 1826; does not practise, but frequents the House of Commons, makes political speeches, and writes for the magazines; first contributes to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* an article on "Ivry and the Armada;" in August, 1825, publishes in the *Edinburgh Review* his essay on Milton, which is highly praised by Jeffrey; is offered the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* on Jeffrey's retirement, but declines; his other essays, twenty-six in number, appear in the *Edinburgh Review* from 1825 to 1844; is made a Commissioner in Bankruptcy in 1828, by Lord Lyndhurst, a political opponent;

this, with his fellowship and his receipts from the *Review*, give him an income of £900; he is elected a member of Parliament for Calne in 1830; wins great fame by a speech on the second reading of the Reform Bill in 1831; is courted by Sydney Smith, Hallam, and other literary celebrities; by the abolition of his commissionership and the expiration of his fellowship Macaulay is reduced to selling his university gold medals; he engages in controversy with J. W. Croker; is made a Commissioner of the Board of Control [of Indian affairs] in 1832, and soon afterward becomes secretary of the board; continues in Parliament, representing Leeds; although needing the income as commissioner to help pay his father's debts, Macaulay resigns his office so as to be free to oppose a Government bill for apprenticing liberated slaves; his resignation is not accepted; he is offered a seat in the Supreme Council of India, at £10,000 a year for five years; he accepts only on condition that his sister Hannah shall accompany him to India; sails for India in February, 1834; resides at Calcutta till December, 1838, when he returns to England; is made president of a committee which founds the educational system of India; prepares, also, a criminal code for India, which was published in December, 1837; his penal code became law in 1860; meantime Macaulay reads a vast amount of classical literature, and learns German on his homeward voyage; on arriving he is challenged to a duel by one Wallace, whose life of McIntosh Macaulay had condemned in the *Edinburgh Review*; Macaulay accepts the challenge, but friends arrange a bloodless settlement; he makes a tour of Italy in the autumn of 1838, and receives impressions for his "Lays of Ancient Rome;" returns to London, and begins his "History of England" in March, 1839; is elected to Parliament for Edinburgh in 1839, and becomes Secretary of War in September of that year; till 1841 he lives in London with Sir George Trevelyan, who had married Macaulay's sister Hannah; he is reluctantly forced to publish his essays in 1843, as

Americans had already published them ; the annual sales of the essays reach 6,000 by 1864 ; publishes his " Lays of Ancient Rome " in 1842 ; 18,000 copies are sold during the first ten years ; in 1841-42 Macaulay advocates and secures important changes in the law of copyright ; he advocates the repeal of the corn-laws ; is made Paymaster-General in 1846, and is re-elected for Edinburgh ; is defeated at the Edinburgh election of 1847 because of his approval of the Established Church and his independent views in general ; he declines further participation in politics and devotes himself to literature ; the first two volumes of his " History " appear in November, 1848 ; 13,000 copies are sold the first four months ; he is ordained Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in March, 1849 ; declines the professorship of Modern History at Cambridge ; declines a Cabinet position in 1852 ; his health suddenly and seriously fails ; makes his last speech in the House of Commons in July 1853 ; prepares civil-service rules and examinations for India in 1854 ; publishes the third volume of his " History " in December, 1855 ; 26,500 copies are sold during the first ten weeks ; the " History " is at once translated into twelve languages, and in March, 1856, Macaulay receives from his publishers royalties amounting to £20,000 ; he buys and settles at Holly Lodge, Kensington, in 1856 ; accepts a peerage in 1857 ; is made high steward of the borough of Cambridge in 1857 ; continues work upon his " History," and contributes several articles to the " Encyclopædia Britannica ; " dies at Holly Lodge, December 28, 1859, and is buried in Westminster Abbey ; the fifth volume of the " History," edited by Lady Trevelyan, appeared in 1861.

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1. Fondness for Contrast — Balance — Point — Epigram.—"Macaulay delights to leave us face to face with contrasts. He likes to represent a man as a bundle of contradictions, because it enables him to obtain startling results."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He makes considerable use of the conventional balanced phrases for amplifying the roll of a sentence. . . . His pages are illuminated not only by little sparks of antithesis but by broad flashes. Not only is word set off against word, clause against clause, and sentence against sentence; one group of sentences answers another, and paragraphs are balanced against paragraphs. . . . A favorite and characteristic way of getting up an antithesis is, before narrating an event, to recount all the circumstances that concurred to make it different from what it ultimately proved to be. Another favorite device is in the course of his narrative to speculate what might have happened had circumstances been different. . . . A large portion of his sentences contain words and clauses in formal balance. . . . Passages show balance combined with antithesis. . . . The striking characteristic of abruptness in Macaulay's style is caused chiefly by his way of transition and connection. We are constantly being jerked from the immediate subject and back again with a 'but.' . . . Very often all the sentences up to the last are a preparation for the shock of astonishment administered at the close. He likes to occupy the first sentences of the paragraph with circumstances leading us to expect the opposite of what is really the main statement. . . . A preference is given to flash and startling facts—to

material that is good for pictures and for dazzling paradoxes. The scintillations of antithesis are almost incessant."—*Minto*.

"As nimble and concise in wit as Sydney Smith, . . . the wonderful clearness, point, and vigor of his style send his thoughts right into every brain. . . . His spice is of so keen a flavor that it tickles the coarsest palate. . . . Common historical events he narrates with all the brilliancy of epigram."—*Walter Bagehot*.

"He delights to cram tomes of diluted facts into one short, sharp antithetical sentence and to condense general principles into epigrams. . . . His words overflow with antithetical forms of expression and thoughts condensed into sparkling epigrams. His page is brightened by them, gleaming over the discussion of a question of taste like incessant flashes of heat-lightning—thrown off like glittering sparks in the rush of his declamatory logic."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Macaulay's style was like Pope's . . . artificial by nature; deficient in flexibility and compass, as inferior to Burke as Pope was to Dryden; below Johnson in elegance and below Hume in combination of strength, polish, and simplicity, he had something which all three wanted, and has in consequence had a thousand readers for every one of theirs. . . . No one of these writers ever leaves us at a loss for his meaning, but they do not pointedly call attention to it. . . . We cannot read a page of his work without finding ourselves continually laying stress upon particular words, whether we will or no. To such perfection has he carried this practice that he seldom or never stands in need of italics, and his argument remains impressed upon the mind like a clearly marked tune upon the memory. So much indeed is this the case that in his later writings his style not infrequently degenerates into a mere jig."—*T. E. Kebbel*.

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“We charge him with having broken his coronation oath ; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow ! We accuse him of having given up his people to the merciless inflictions of the most hot-headed and hard-hearted of prelates, and the defense is, that he took his little son on his knee and kissed him.”—*Essay on Milton.*

“Among statesmen of the age Halifax was, in genius, the first. His intellect was fertile, subtle, capacious. His polished, luminous, and animated eloquence set off by the silver tones of his voice was the delight of the House of Lords. His conversation overflowed with thought, fancy, and wit. Yet he was less successful in politics than many who enjoyed smaller advantages.”—*Essay on Bacon.*

“He applied to the government ; and it seems strange that he should have applied in vain. His wishes were moderate. Hereditary claims on the administration were great. He had himself been favorably noticed by the Queen. His uncle was Prime Minister. His own talents were such as any minister might have been eager to enlist in the public service. But his solicitations were unsuccessful. The truth is that the Cecils disliked him and did all that they could decently do to keep him down.”—*Essay on Bacon.*

“This great commander [Lord Galway] conducted the campaign of 1707 in the most scientific manner. On the plain of Almanza he encountered the army of the Bourbons. He drew up his troops according to the methods prescribed by the best writers, and in a few hours lost eighteen thousand men, a hundred and twenty standards, all his baggage, and all his artillery.”—*War of the Succession in Spain.*

“Melville was not a great statesman : he was not a great orator : he did not look or move like the representative of royalty : his character was not of more than standard purity : and the standard of purity among Scottish senators was not high : but he was by no means deficient in prudence and temper : and he succeeded, on the whole, better than a man of much higher qualities might have done.”—*History of England.*

2. Profuse Repetition.—“It seems as if he were making a wager with his reader and said to him : ‘Be as absent

in mind as you will, as stupid, as ignorant ; in vain you be ignorant, you shall learn ; I will repeat the same in so many forms.' "—*Taine*.

" [He has] a profuse way of repeating a thought in different sentences. . . . His ideal is evidently to subject over on every side, to place it in all lights."—

" He remembers that he has not only to exhibit his but to hammer them into the heads of his audience by incessant repetition. . . . He goes on blacking the chimney with a persistency which somehow amuses us because he puts so much heart into his work."—*Leslie Stephen*.

" The style of Macaulay is a diorama of political pictures. You seem to begin with a brilliant picture—its colors are distinct, its lines are firm ; on a sudden it changes, at first imperceptibly, you can scarcely see how or in what, but truly and unmistakably—a slightly different picture is before you ; then the second vision seems to change—it too is another and yet the same ; then the third shines forth and fades : and so we go on to the end. The unity of this delineation is the identity—the apparent identity of the picture—in no two moments does it become quite different, in no two is it identically the same."—*Bagehot*.

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" That these practices were common we admit. But the common just as all wickedness to which there is a strong temptation always was and always will be common. They were common just as theft, cheating, perjury, adultery have always been common. They were common, not because people did not know what was right, but because people liked to do what was wrong. They were common though prohibited by law. They were common though condemned by public opinion. They were common because in that age law and public opinion had not sufficient power to restrain the greediness of powerful and unprincipled states. They were common as every crime will be common when the gain to which it leads is great and the chance of punishment small."—*History of England*.

"Thus was it with that famous assembly. They formed a force which they could neither govern nor resist. They made it powerful. They made it fanatical. As if military insolence were not of itself sufficiently dangerous, they heightened it with spiritual pride; they encouraged the soldiers to rave from the tops of tubs against the men of Belial till every trooper thought himself a prophet. They taught them to abuse popery till every drummer fancied that he was as infallible as a pope."—*Essay on Milton.*

"Pitt was emphatically the man of parliamentary government, the type of his class, the minion, the child, the spoiled child, of the House of Commons. For the House of Commons he had a hereditary, an infantine love. Through his whole boyhood, the House of Commons was never out of his thoughts or out of the thoughts of his instructors; . . . he was constantly in training for the conflicts of the House of Commons. He was a distinguished member of the House of Commons at twenty-one. The ability which he displayed in the House of Commons made him the most powerful subject in Europe before he was twenty-five, etc."—*Essay on William Pitt.*

3. Rapidity—Profusion—Erudition.—"This abundance of thought and style, this multitude of explanations, ideas and facts, this vast aggregate of historical knowledge, goes rolling on, urged forward by an internal passion, sweeping away objections in its course, and adding to the dash of eloquence the irresistible force of its mass and weight."—*Taine.*

. . . "Take at hazard any three pages, and you see one, two, three, a half dozen, a score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, and poetry with which you are acquainted. . . . He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."—*Thackeray.*

"There is a fulness and a rapid continuance of utterance that hurry us triumphantly along the stream of expression. . . . The swiftness of its speed is as the rush of the eager victor through the broken wreck of the terrified foe that

flees. . . . [It is] transparent but flushed rapidly."

—*J. H. Stirling.*

"Knowledge and important principles generalized from knowledge are scattered with careless ease and prodigality, although they would hardly be missed in the fulness of mind from which they proceed. . . . The most gorgeous trappings of his rhetoric are radiant with thought."—*Walter Bagehot.*

"He has gathered only those flowers that grow far out of the common path, in the by-ways of history and poetry—and these he scatters over his pages with what might be called an elaborate carelessness and profusion. . . . His pictures float past the reader like the cumulus clouds of a summer's day, clear, swiftly flying, and touched with the loveliest hues."

—*Peter Bayne.*

"Hastings' trial is a picture . . . which in its thick and crowded magnificence reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connection!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstance each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers. . . . His papers are thickly studded with facts."—*George Gilfillan.*

"The author has weighted himself with a load of minute detail such as no historian ever uplifted before."—*J. C. Morrison.*

"Quotations from obscure writers or from obscure works of great writers; multitudinous allusions to ancient classics or to modern authors whom his mention has gone far to make classics; references to some less-studied book of Scripture; names which have driven us to the Atlas to make sure of our geography, or to the Biographical Gallery to remind us that they lived—they crowd upon us so thickly that we are bewildered in the profusion, and there is danger to our physical symmetry from the enlargement of our bump of wonder."—*Morley Punshon.*

"There is a certain music, but it is the music of a man

everlastingly playing for us rapid solos on a silver trumpet, never the swelling diapason of the organ, never the deep ecstasies of the four magic strings. . . . He revels in bold assertion, gratuitous assumption, ingenious illustration, brilliant rhetoric, and eloquent declamation. With these he confuses, confounds, captivates, overpowers, and carries along his readers. He so excites their admiration as to disqualify them for cool and deliberate reflection. He dethrones their judgment and enthrones their passions and prejudices. He is irresistible on first reading. His splendid paradoxes, his boldness, his audacity, his very outrageousness, hurry us along and leave no time for thought or criticism. . . . A large portion of the wide historic realm is traversed in that ample flight of reference, allusion, and illustration; and what unsparing copiousness of knowledge gives substance, meaning, and attraction to that blaze and glare of rhetoric! . . . Figures from history, ancient and modern, sacred and secular; characters from plays and novels, from Plautus down to Walter Scott and Jane Austen; images and similes from poets of every age and every nation; shrewd thrusts from satirists, wise saws from sages, pleasantries, caustic and pathetic, from humourists; all through, Macaulay's pages are alive with the lustle and variety and animation of some glittering masquerade and cosmoramic revel of great books and heroical men.

. . . Macaulay's knowledge was not only very wide; it was both thoroughly accurate and instantly ready. For this wealth of apt illustrations he was indebted to his extraordinary memory and his rapid eye for contrasts and analogies. They come to the end of his pen as he writes; they are not laboriously hunted out in indexes and then added by way of after-thought and extraneous interpolation. Hence quotations and references . . . find their place in a page of Macaulay as if by a delightful process of complete assimilation and spontaneous fusion."—*John Morley*.

His style was like a full-blooded steed on the race-course,

fleet, direct, and of simple but splendid proportions. . . . Nearly every one of his essays is a good example of his versatility, an ample *résumé* of the best student's knowledge not only of the character or subject treated, but of its epoch, summarized with a marvellous tact and colored by an artist's hand."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"His history is like a cavalry charge. Down go horse and man before his rapid and reckless onset. His 'rush' is irresistible save by the coolest judgment and the most cultivated intellects. Ranks are broken, guns are spiked, and away sweeps the bold dragoon to arrive at a fresh square."—*T. E. Kebbel*.

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"Twice, within the memory of men yet living, the natives had attempted to throw off the alien yoke; twice the intruders had been in imminent danger of extirpation; twice England had come to the rescue, and had put down the Celtic population under the feet of her own progeny. Millions of English money had been expended in the struggle. English blood had flowed at Boyne and at Athlone, at Aghrim and at Limerick. The graves of thousands of English soldiers had been dug in the pestilential morass of Dundalk. It was owing to the exertions and sacrifices of the English people that, from the basaltic pillars of Ulster to the lakes of Kerry, the Saxon settlers were trampling on the children of the soil."—*History of England*.

"India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant's hut; the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums and banners and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the riverside, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, all these things were to him as

the objects amidst which his own life had been passed."—*Essay on Warren Hastings.*

"Such a prince as our Henry the Fifth would have been the idol of the North. The follies of his youth, the selfish ambition of his manhood, the Lollards roasted at slow fires, the prisoners massacred on the field of battle, the expiring lease of priest-craft renewed for another century. The dreadful legacy of a causeless and a hopeless war bequeathed to a people who had no interest in its event, everything is forgotten but the victory of Agincourt."—*Essay on Machiavelli.*

4. Harsh Invective—Open Derision.—"In proportion as his praise is eloquent and hearty for what is noble and good in character, his scorn is severe for what is little and mean. . . . He carries his austerity beyond the bounds of humanity. His harshness to the captive of his criticism is a transgression of the law against cruelty to animals. . . . He is both judge and executioner; condemns the prisoner—puts on the black cap with a stinging sneer—hangs, quarters, and scatters his limbs to the four winds—without any appearance of pity or remorse. . . . He breathes upon them the hot breath of scorn; he crushes and grinds them in the whirling mill of his logic. Over the burning marl of his critical pandemonium he makes them walk with unsandaled feet, and views their ludicrous agonies with mocking glee. . . . His denunciation is frequently awful in its depth, earnestness, and crushing force. All cant about the rights of man, all whining and whimpering about the clashing interests of body and soul, are treated with haughty scorn and made the butt of contemptuous ridicule."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"Macauley has a rough touch; when he strikes he knocks down."—*Taine.*

"For a combination of sarcasm and crushing invective we hardly know where the sketch of Barère can find a parallel."

—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"We hold our breath while Nemesis descends to crucify the miscreant Barère. . . . That he was a good hater, there can be no question. . . . Dr. Johnson would have hugged him for the heartiness with which he lays on his dark shades of color."—*Morley Punshon*.

"In his contemptuous and derisive moods, he uses a studied meanness of expression that reminds us of the coarse familiarity of Swift."—*Minto*.

"Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. . . . He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. . . . Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Bozzy to ashes and even singed the awful wig of Johnson."—*George Gilfillan*.

"His fury expressed itself in a studied affectation of scorn and in that rueful laugh which is described in unclassical English as proceeding from the wrong side of the mouth. There is an unfading charm in the swing and vigor of the lines [of the 'Lays'] which brings to our ears the very songs of the battle, the clash of steel, and the rushing of the horses, the noise of the captains and the shouting—'a cut-and-thrust style,' Wilson calls it, without any flourish. . . . Though not malevolent, or even naturally an uncharitable man, Macaulay was too ready to form an unkindly judgment of his political adversaries. . . . He spoke his hatred out, as was his nature, and he refused to see any redeeming points in the character of his adversary; we may say indeed that he was incapable of seeing them."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"In his review of James Mill's 'Essay on Government,' he treated the author with such contemptuous vehemence of vituperation that he felt compelled to withdraw the article from publication and even to volunteer an apology for his language. . . . Nor is Macaulay's castigation, superfluously insulting and needlessly personal as that castigation was,

of Wallis, the editor of Macintosh's 'James II.' altogether creditable. It was a melancholy acknowledgment to make that he had 'attacked Mr. Wallis with an asperity which neither literary defects nor speculative difference can justify, and which ought to be reserved for offenders against the laws of morality and honor.'—*T. H. S. Escott.*

"When he hates a man he calls him knave or fool with unflinching frankness."—*Leslie Stephen.*

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"The suit, happily for Bacon, was unsuccessful. The lady, indeed, was kind to him in more ways than one. She rejected him; and she accepted his enemy. She married that narrow-minded, bad-hearted pedant, Sir Edward Coke, and did her best to make him as miserable as he deserved to be."—*Essay on Bacon.*

"The faults of James, both as a man and as a prince, were numerous; but insensibility to the claims of genius and learning was not among them. He was indeed made up of two men; a witty, well-read scholar, who wrote, disputed, and harangued, and a nervous, drivelling idiot, who acted."—*History of England.*

"A wise man might talk folly like this by his own fireside; but that any human being, after having made such a joke, should write it down, and copy it out, and transmit it to the printer, and correct the proof-sheets, and send it forth into the world, is enough to make us ashamed of our species."—*Essay on Southey's Colloquies on Society.*

"Honor and shame were scarcely more to him than light and darkness to the blind. His contempt of flattery has been highly commended, but it is possible to be below flattery as well as above it. One who trusts nobody will not trust sycophants. One who does not value real glory will not value its counterfeit."—*History of England.*

5. Sacrifice of Fact to Form and Effect.—"The real and weighty objection to his inaccuracy is his habit of making broad, sweeping statements. . . . He is con-

stantly misleading by innuendo suggestive of the false, by epithets, by generalizations, by rhetorical extensions of the actual fact or text."—*Saintsbury*.

"Exact balance cannot long be kept up without a sacrifice to strict truth. . . . Both sides are extremely exaggerated to make the antithesis more telling. . . . It is not denied that Macaulay had a tendency to make slight sacrifices of truth to antithesis. . . . He has been accused of coloring his facts to suit his prejudice in favor of modern cultivation and to gratify his favorite passion for antithesis."—*Minto*.

"Herein lies his essential defect as an historian. In his judgment men are all black or all white. He applies the logical doctrine of the excluded middle to the domain of ethics. The characters whom he draws deserve immortal glory or eternal infamy. . . . If Macaulay's account of the several periods which he describes were true, no honest man could have been a Royalist in the reign of Charles, and no patriot could have been a Tory in the time of William III."—*T. H. S. Escott*.

"His aptitude for forcing things into a firm outline and giving them a sharply defined edge—these and other singular talents all lend themselves to his intrepid and indefatigable pursuit of effect. . . . Macaulay's hardy and habitual recourse to strenuous superlatives is fundamentally unscientific and untrue."—*John Morley*.

"That his love for pointed diction leads him into many errors, cannot be denied."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay often stumbles, but more frequently stumbles over, truth."—*George C. Killan*.

"The desire for effect at any cost makes some of his characters, such as Bacon, mere heaps of contradictory qualities."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"We will not deny that in the heat of his animosity he

may have distorted facts ; for every student of history knows with what readiness those elastic trifles will assume all varieties of shape according to the glasses through which they are observed. But these at the worst are in a few extreme instances, for which we at least are ready to forgive the only historian who has been able to make his readers live in the period of which he writes. Colored his narrative may be, yet it is history, and history of the most profitable kind."

—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"The love of form may be cultivated to an unhealthy extent, engendering a comparative indifference to the matter which it clothes. . . . If history is made amusing, who will take the trouble to investigate its truth? and who will care if it be true? . . . The deliberate rejection of all minor points which would mar the clearness of a statement, a refusal to come within the circle of some sweeping generalization, must have created wrong impressions. . . . He had so much confidence in the truth of his general views that he doubtless considered himself justified in risking something to promote their popularity. Of these four volumes of bold and brilliant declaration we may say that they are beautiful, they are magnificent, but they are not history."—*T. E. Kebbel.*

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"For the public mind was possessed of the belief that the more conscientious a Papist was, the more likely he must be to plot against a Protestant government."—*Essay on Bacon.*

"The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping snake was but a type of the difference between Bacon the Philosopher and Bacon the Attorney-General, Bacon seeking for truth and Bacon seeking for the seals."—*Essay on Bacon.*

"His occasional remarks on the affairs of ancient Rome and of modern Europe are full of errors ; but he writes of times with respect to which almost every other writer has been in the wrong ; and therefore, by resolutely deviating from his predecessors, he

is often in the right. . . . His style would never have been elegant, but it might at least have been manly and perspicuous ; and nothing but the most elaborate case could possibly have made it so bad as it is."—*Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.*

"The King cringed to his rival that he might trample on his people, sank into a viceroy of France, and pocketed with complacent infamy her degrading insults and her more degrading gold. The caresses of harlots and the jests of buffoons regulated the policy of the state. The government had just ability enough to deceive and just religion enough to persecute. The principles of liberty were the scoff of every grinning courtier and the Anathema Maranatha of every fawning dean. In every high place worship was paid to Charles and James, Belial and Moloch ; and England propitiated those obscene and cruel idols with the blood of her best and bravest children. Crime succeeded to crime, and disgrace to disgrace, till the race accursed of God and man was a second time driven forth, to wander on the face of the earth and to be a byword and a shaking of the head to the nations."—*Essay on Milton.*

6. Narrative Power—Panoramic View.—"The first and most obvious secret of Macaulay's place on popular book shelves is that he has a true genius for narration, and narration will always, in the eyes of many all over the world, stand first among literary gifts. . . . His firmness and directness of statement, his spiritedness, his art of selecting salient and highly colored detail, and all his other merits as a narrator keep the listener's attention, and make him the easiest of writers to follow."—*John Morley.*

"Narrative was his peculiar forte."—*H. J. Nicoll.*

"The clearest and most fascinating of narrators."—*E. A. Freeman.*

"That a man like Macaulay is always fascinating, that his account of the Seven Years' War and the Silesian campaigns attests a descriptive power of the very highest kind, I need not tell those who have read his essay. . . . Nothing could

be more brilliant than his manner of depicting the conquest of India by Lord Clive."—*Grimm*.

"There is no lack of pictorial matter in Macaulay. He had no bent for the description of still life. It was vigorous and stirring movement—'the rush and the roar of practical life'—that was of interest to him. . . . The character of our author's style consists more in pictorial touches brought in by a side wind than in the direct description of objects."—*Minto*.

"The ease and charm of the narrative in such favorite essays as those on Clive and Warren Hastings cannot but be felt even by those who are most inclined to differ from his estimate of his subjects. . . . His history is one of the greatest efforts in narrative that have ever been made. From beginning to end we have a vast history—in the original sense of the word, which is usually denoted by lopping the first syllable—flowing on in a perfectly unbroken stream in a thousand little rivulets that converge into the main flood, neither neglected nor magnified into undue importance, but firmly and skilfully guided into their proper places as the component parts of a great whole. Nothing is more striking in Macaulay's style than this absolute continuity of story. . . . When we read Macaulay . . . we feel like a spectator of a great natural drama unrolling itself before our eyes. We are not even hearing the story told by one of the actors but actually looking on at what is taking place. This is, to our mind, the great superiority of Macaulay's writings over those of more exact historians. . . . In Macaulay's pictures of the past, the reader can see at a glance more of the real life of the world as it then was than the most toilsome examination of historical evidence can afford him."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

7. Eloquence—Oratorical Climax.—"Certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures

of his poetry, and the term Eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either."—*George Gilfillan*.

"Occasionally he uses the long oratorical, climactic period, consisting of a number of clauses in the same construction increasing gradually in strength so as to form a climax. . . . The compact finish [is] produced by the frequent occurrence of the periodic arrangement. . . . Very often his eloquence is lofty and inspiring. . . . In every paragraph we are conscious of being led on to a crowning demonstration—His arts of contrast have the effect of making a climax. He seems to pause in the course of his narrative or his argument and go back for a race that will carry him sweepingly over the next obstacle. He is careful to reserve the most telling for the end, and artfully prepares the way for a final resolution."—*Minto*.

"Rarely has eloquence been more captivating than Macaulay's. . . . He has the oratorical afflatus. . . . Of whatever subject he treats, he is impassioned for his subject."—*Taine*.

"He was one of the most eloquent speakers in Parliament."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"He displays much of the imperious scorn, passionate strength, and swelling diction of Brougham."—*Walter Bagehot*.

"Of climax, the coping-stone of the emphatic style, he is a master, and this it is which gives to his rapid antitheses a strength and cogency of their own. After he has accumulated his evidence and brought out point after point in his own favor . . . he never fails at the right moment to give the final blow which drives his conclusion home and leaves it embedded in our own minds to the exclusion of all subordinate ideas which might weaken our perception of its force."—*T. E. Kebbel*.

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"Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it; who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform; and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism."—*Essay on Addison.*

"Then came those days, never to be recalled without a blush, the days of servitude without loyalty and sensuality without love, of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices. The paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds, the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the knave."—*Essay on Milton.*

"The time was approaching when our island, while struggling to keep down the United States of America, and pressed with a still nearer danger by the too just discontents of Ireland, was to be assailed by France, Spain, and Holland and to be threatened by the armed neutrality of the Baltic; when even our maritime supremacy was to be in jeopardy; when hostile fleets were to command the straits of Calpe and the Mexican sea; when the British flag was to be scarcely able to protect the British Channel."—*Essay on Hastings.*

8. Clearness.—"Nobody can have any excuse for not knowing exactly what it is that Macaulay means. This is a prodigious merit when we reflect with what fatal alacrity human language lends itself, in the hands of so many performers upon the pliant instrument, to all sorts of obscurity, ambiguity, disguise, and pretentious mystification. . . . Macaulay never wrote an obscure sentence in his life."—*John Morley.*

"Clearness is the first of the cardinal virtues of his style; and nobody ever wrote more clearly than Macaulay."—*Leslie Stephen.*

"One can trace in his writing a constant effort to make himself intelligible to the meanest capacity. Macaulay's

composition is as far from being abstruse as printed matter : well can be. . . . For his perspicuity he certainly deserves all praise."—*Minto*.

"At the close of the last of a series of meetings in which a gentleman read the 'History' aloud to his poorer neighbor—one of the audience rose, and moved in North-Country fashion a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay 'for having written history which working men can understand.'"—*G. O. Trevelyan*.

"Many a reader of Macaulay is deceived by his perfect clearness, and will not admit that what appears so plain, visible, and obvious is in the least recondite or remote. A little haze would quadruple the distance, and a good Teutonic fog would have made him pass for one of the most profound thinkers of the age. . . . This lofty perspicuity, this power of sustaining himself at a height above a wide and complex subject, is as visible in the Essays as in the History."—*J. C. Morrison*.

"Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run."—*George Gilfillan*.

"He thought little of recasting a whole paragraph in order to obtain a more lucid arrangement."—*A. P. Russell*.

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"Where there was a good path he seldom failed to choose it. But now he had only a choice among paths every one of which seemed likely to lead to destruction. From one faction he could hope for no cordial support. The cordial support of the other faction he could retain only by becoming the most factious man in his kingdom, a Shaftesbury on the throne. If he persecuted the Tories their sulkiness would infallibly be turned into fury. If he showed favor to the Tories, it was by no means certain that he would retain their good-will; and it was but too probable that

he might lose his hold on the hearts of the Whigs. Something, however, he must do : something he must risk : a Privy Council must be sworn in : all the great offices, political and judicial, must be filled. It was impossible to make an arrangement that would please everybody and difficult to make an arrangement that would please anybody : but an arrangement must be made.”
—*History of England*.

“ To sum up the whole : we should say that the aim of the Platonic philosophy was to exalt man into a god. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to provide man with what he requires while he continues to be a man. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was to raise us far above vulgar wants. The aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble ; but the latter was attainable. Plato drew a good bow, . . . he aimed at the stars ; his arrows struck nothing. . . . Bacon fixed his eye on a mark which was placed on earth. . . . and hit it in the white.”—*Essay on Bacon*.

“ The heroic couplet was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle or shoeing a horse, and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn anything. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick.”—*Essay on Addison*.

9. Ornamentation—Splendor of Imagery.—“ What-
ever his subject, he contrives to pour into it with singular dex-
terity a stream of rich, graphic, and telling illustrations from
widely diversified sources. . . . He has a rapid eye for
contrasts and analogies.”—*John Morley*.

“ Macaulay was all fire and brilliancy. Every sentence
was a rhetorical flourish, and he naturally seemed to speak in
a dialect that can only be described as poetic.”—*T. H. S.*
Fraser

"From another pen such masses of ornament would be tawdry: with him they are only rich. . . . He embellishes the barrenest subject."—*W. E. Gladstone.*

"Our path glitters with 'barbaric pearl and gold.' . . . If we are wearied, it is from excess of splendor. . . . We are in a gorgeous saloon, from whose walls flash out upon us long array of pictures. He ransacks for precedents and illustrations the histories of almost every age and clime."—*Moly Punshon.*

"His similitudes are often brilliantly ingenious and expressed with his usual richness and felicity of language, but they are too artificial and gaudy finery to be worthy of serious imitation. . . . Instance is piled upon instance and comparison upon comparison, where a full statement would be enough to make the meaning clear to the smallest capacity. The fluent abundance of examples and comparisons is often greater than the subject demands. . . . His prodigious knowledge of particulars betrays him into a superfluity of illustration. . . . He has an incomparable command of examples and illustrations."—*Minto.*

"His powers of brilliant illustration have never been denied, and it would not be easy to name their equal."—*C. Morrison.*

"He has unbounded command of illustration. . . . Macaulay's most memorable things are chiefly happy illustrations, verbal antitheses, and clever alliterations. . . . Frequent, cool, and refreshing literary illustrations, blowing like breezes across the otherwise arid and blood-dried pages."—*George Gilfillan.*

"The grave and rich ornamentation which Macaulay throws over his narrative, a sort of potent vegetation, flowers of brilliant purple like those which spread over every page of 'Paradise Lost' and 'Childe Harold.'"—*Taine.*

"His early writings are overlaid with gaudy ornament."—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"He gives us the most vivid and effective figures. . . . It [his style] is bright, glittering, brilliant. . . . It is dyed in a thousand colors ; it glitters with a thousand points."

—*J. H. Stirling.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The person who on this occasion came forward as the champion of the Colonists, the forerunner of Swift and of Grattan, was William Molyneux. He would have rejected the name of Irishman as indignantly as a citizen of Marseilles or Cyrene, proud of his pure Greek blood and fully qualified to send a chariot to the Olympic race-course, would have rejected the name of Gaul or Libyan."—*History of England.*

"The people of India, when we subdued them, were ten times as numerous as the Americans whom the Spaniards vanquished, and were, at the same time, quite as highly civilized as the victorious Spaniards. They had reared cities larger and fairer than Saragossa or Toledo and buildings more beautiful and costly than the cathedral of Seville. They could show bankers richer than the richest firms of Barcelona or Cadiz, vice-roys whose splendor far surpassed that of Ferdinand the Catholic, myriads of cavalry and long trains of artillery which would have astonished the Great Captain."—*Essay on Lord Clive.*

"This is as absurd as it would be in a Haytian negro of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriotic regret and shame. . . . One of the ablest among them, indeed, attempted to win the hearts of his English subjects by espousing an English princess. But by many of his barons this marriage was regarded as a marriage between a white planter and a quadroon girl would now be regarded in Virginia."—*History of England.*

"Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo."—*History of England.*

10. Power of Personal Portraiture—Delineation of Character.—"He had a keen eye for the slightest hint that could be turned to account in sketching the portrait of a man. . . . All his portraits are drawn from life and stand out upon his canvas like Holbein's portrait of Wentworth; you know the man in an instant."—*C. Pebody*.

"We thank him for the vividness of delineation by which we can see statesmen like Somers and Nottingham, etc." *Morley Punshon*.

"[He paints] elaborate portraiture of the greatest English statesmen."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

"[He had] a delight in gathering and a power of painting personal peculiarities. [He was] a great master of portrait painting."—*J. H. Stirling*.

"To us there is an even greater attraction in the light and elaborate studies of character such as are contained in the papers on Sir William Temple and Addison. . . . There is no point in which his genius is more amply displayed than in the masterly, if occasionally prejudiced, sketches of character with which the 'History' is interspersed. . . . Thus we get those exquisite little portraits in miniature which Macaulay threw in with such wondrous skill when he had to present new characters upon the scene."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

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"He [William of Orange] was now in his thirty-seventh year. But both in body and mind he was older than other men of the same age. . . . His external appearance is almost as well known to us as to his own captains and counsellors. . . . His features were such as no artist could fail to seize. His name once calls up before us a slender and feeble frame, a lofty and ample forehead, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, an eye rivalling that of an eagle in brightness and keenness, a thoughtful and somewhat sullen brow, a firm and somewhat peevish mouth, a cheek pale, thin, and deeply furrowed by sickness and by care. That pensive, severe, and solemn aspect could scarcely have been

longed to a happy or a good-natured man. But it indicates in a manner not to be mistaken capacity equal to the most arduous enterprises and fortitude not to be shaken by reverses or dangers."—*History of England*.

"In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up—the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with a scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'"—*Essay on Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

"Steele had left college, been disinherited, led a vagrant life, served in the army, and had written comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting. He was, however, so good-natured that it was impossible to be seriously angry with him."—*Essay on Addison*.

II. Commonplace.—"More than once his explications are commonplace. He proves what all allow."—*Taine*.

"He abounds in the stock metaphor, the stock transition, the stock equipoise, the stock rhetoric, the stock expedients generally of Addison, Robertson, Goldsmith, etc."—*J. H. Stirling*.

"His work abounds in what is substantially commonplace. We may be sure that no author could have achieved Macaulay's boundless popularity among his contemporaries unless his works had abounded in what is substantially commonplace. . . . It is one of the first things to be said about Macaulay that he was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke. His superiority was not of that highest kind which leads a man to march in thought on the outside margin of

the crowd, watching them, sympathizing with them, hoping for them, but apart. Macaulay was one of the middle-class crowd in his heart, and only rose above it by extraordinary gifts of expression."—*John Morley*.

"He states the grounds of his judgments in a manner so intelligible to all of us; he appears to examine every action by a strict moral rule and yet by one which is not too high for us, which we can all recognize; which, in fact, is deduced for the most part from habits and practices where-with respectable people in our century are in general conformity."—*F. D. Maurice*.

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"It is better that mankind should be governed by wise laws well administered, and by an enlightened public opinion, than by priestcraft: but it is better that men should be governed by priestcraft than by brute violence, by such a prelate as Dunstan than by such a warrior as Penda. A society sunk in ignorance and ruled by mere physical force has great reason to rejoice when a class, the influence of which is intellectual and moral, rises to ascendancy. Such a class will doubtless abuse its power, but mental power even when abused is still a nobler and better power than that which consists merely in corporeal strength."—*History of England*.

"Of course, we do not mean to defend all their measures. Far from it. There never was a perfect man; it would, therefore, be the height of absurdity to expect a perfect party or a perfect assembly. For large bodies are far more likely to err than individuals. The passions are inflamed by sympathy; the fear of punishment and the sense of shame are diminished by partition. Every day we see men do for their faction what they would die rather than do for themselves."—*Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History*.

"These things produced great excitement among the populace, which is always more moved by what impresses the senses than by what is addressed to the reason."—*History of England*.

2. Patriotism.—"The commonplaces of patriotism and dom would never have been so powerful in Macaulay's ds if they had not been inspired by a sincere and hearty h in them in the soul of the writer."—*John Morley*.

'His love of liberty is expressed in passages as full of fire he poets.'"—*J. Skelton*.

'His country was England. In this little spot he concen- ed a force of admiration and of worship which might e covered all the world. . . . They [his works] are vaded by a generous love of liberty.'"—*W. E. Gladstone*.

'With Macaulay the love of country was a passion. How kindles at each stirring or plaintive memory in the annals was so glad to record !'"—*Morley Punshon*.

'The noble love of liberty animates his entire work.'" *Trevelyan*.

"He had a stout and noble patriotism.'"—*Saintsbury*.

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'I shall relate how, from the auspicious union of order and dom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human af- s had furnished no example ; how our country from a state ignominious vassalage rapidly rose to the place of umpire ong European powers ; how her opulence and her martial ry grew together ; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a ritime power compared with which every other maritime ver, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance, etc.'"—*His- r of England*.

'I hope that it will be in my power to inspire at least some my countrymen with love and reverence for those free and le institutions to which Britain owes her greatness and from ich, I trust, she is not destined soon to descend.'"—*Speech on tiring from Political Life*.

"The history of England is emphatically one of progress. . . . In the course of seven centuries this wretched and de- aded race have become the greatest and most highly civilized ople that ever the world saw, have spread their dominion over

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quarter of the globe, have scattered the seeds of mighty empires and republics over vast continents of which no dim intimations had ever reached Ptolemy or Strabo—have created a marine power which would annihilate in a quarter of an hour the empires of Tyre, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Genoa together, &c.”—*Essay on Mackintosh's History*.

13. Prejudice—Partiality—Bias.—“He reserved his magnanimity for quarrels undertaken on public grounds and brought out with the world looking on as umpire. . . . Independent, frank, and proud, almost to a fault, he detested the whole race of robbers and time-servers, parasites, scandal-mongers, led-captains, led-authors—and some of these antipathies have stamped themselves indelibly on literary history.”—*G. O. Trevelyan*.

“He is a terribly partial historian.”—*Saintsbury*.

“An incomparable advocate, he pleads an infinite number of causes.”—*Taine*.

“He is a brilliant advocate for or against a person or a party.”—*Grimm*.

“He sometimes allows his Whig propensities to interfere with better of strict justice.”—*H. J. Nicoll*.

“Partiality for some characters amounting to a hatred for others amounting to fury.”—*George*.

“His prejudices were sometimes strong and even they were honest.”—*Alexander H. Stephens*.

“Lord Macaulay was a great man, but he was not a Whig man.”—*J. H. Shirley*.

“Not only were his critical faculties of no great calibre as Johnson's, they were invested with a large amount of prejudice. . . . His history, written from his politics and not his politics from his history. The party under whom he was to serve had put him in their hand, . . . and having once given him the pen, he continued their faithful and successful soldier. What sort of history would be written by

is superfluous to inquire. . . . When he got to a Whig stratum of fact he wisely stopped digging, preconceived of the worthlessness of everything that lay beneath. His mind was already made up, and he only read for arguments to help out a foregone conclusion. . . . He did not consider that it was his business to discover truth. That, in his eyes, had been discovered already. He had to narrate the facts in which that truth lay embedded; and those he was at liberty to narrate in any way that he thought likely to prove most attractive or that was most agreeable to his own whims. . . . At the age of three or four and twenty he came mixed up with a great party struggle; he remained in his [Whig] ranks till the battle was won; and, like the battle of Nile, it was not a victory, but a conquest. . . . His short experience of public life was brief and brilliant, and had stamped a character upon his mind which was never afterwards changed. His political creed remained stationary from that moment, growing in intensity but closed to impressions from without. . . . Not only does he seem to have been indifferent to truth as an abstract object, he seems not to have been acquainted with the deeper principles at stake in religious and philosophic controversies which he undertook to discuss. . . . This defect is, of course, most conspicuous in his essay on Bacon. . . . Macaulay, of course, had a perfect right to consider metaphysics unworthy the attention of a man of sense. . . . But he had no right to assume it. . . . His criticism [though sensible and clear] . . . is not what, in these days, we should expect of philosophical criticism. . . . Though he was doubtless a vivacious reader, it is not equally clear that he was a conscientious student. He found himself possessed of a faculty which raised him above the necessity of research. With that he could command the homage of the people at will.”

-T. E. Kebbel.

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"There is, we have said, no consistency in Mr. Southey's political system. But if there be in his political system any leading principle, any one error which diverges more widely and variously than any other, it is that of which his theory about national works is a ramification. He conceives that the business of the magistrate is, not merely to see that the persons and property of the people are secure from attack, but that he ought to be a jack-of-all-trades, architect, engineer, school-master, merchant, theologian, a Lady Bountiful in every parish, a Paul Pry in every house, spying, eaves-dropping, relieving, admonishing, spending our money for us and choosing our opinions for us."
—*Essay on Southey's Colloquies.*

"Meanwhile the unquiet brain of Monmouth was teeming with strange designs. He had now reached a time of life at which youth could no longer be pleaded as an excuse for his faults; but he was more wayward and eccentric than ever. Both in his intellectual and in his moral character there was an abundance of those fine qualities which may be called luxuries and a lamentable deficiency of those solid qualities which are of the first necessity. He had brilliant wit and ready invention without common sense and chivalrous generosity and delicacy without common honesty."—*History of England.*

"It is, indeed, most extraordinary that a mind like Mr. Southey's, a mind richly endowed in many respects by nature and highly cultivated by study, a mind which has exercised considerable influence on the most enlightened generation of the most enlightened people that ever existed, should be utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood. Yet such is the fact. Government is to Mr. Southey one of the fine arts. He judges of a theory, of a public measure, of a religion or a political party, of a peace or a war, as men judge of a picture or a statue, by the effect produced on his imagination. A chain of associations is to him what a chain of reasoning is to other men; and what he calls his opinions are in fact merely his tastes."
—*Essay on Southey's Colloquies.*

14. Assurance — Self-Confidence — Egotism.—Macaulay's manner of writing gives the impression that he wholly infallible."—*Grimm*.

"What at first sight wore the air of dignity and elevation truth rather disagreeably resembles the narrow assurance of a man who knows that he has the battalions of public opinion with him. . . . It is overweeningness and self-content will that are the chief notes of Macaulay's style." *John Morley*.

"His essays are pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance. . . . His writings have all the stimulus of oracular denunciation."—*George Gilfillan*.

"When we find that he ignores all persons, however famous, with whom he was not intimately associated ; that he alludes only twice to Dickens ; that he merely mentions Bulwer to say that he has met him ; that on the rank and file of his contemporaries in literature, society, and politics, he is almost entirely silent, and yet that he writes so voluminously and so minutely about himself, his feelings, and his intentions—how is it possible to avoid feeling that an egotist in the ordinary use of the word is exactly what Macaulay was?"—*T. H. Stoddart*.

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"We think that the theory of Mr. Mill rests altogether on false principles, and that even on those false principles he does not reason logically. Nevertheless we do not think it strange that his speculations should have filled the Utilitarians with admiration. We have been for some time past inclined to suspect that these people, whom some regard as the lights of the world and others as incarnate demons, are in general ordinary men with narrow understandings and little information. The concept which they express for elegant literature is evidently the attempt of ignorance."—*Essay on Mill's Essay on Government*.

"We have for some time past been convinced that this was really the case ; and that, whenever their philosophy should be

boldly and unsparingly scrutinized, the world would see that it had been under a mistake respecting them [the Utilitarians]. We have made the experiment ; and it has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. A chosen champion of the school has come forth against us. A specimen of his logical abilities now lies before us ; and we pledge ourselves to show that no prebendary at an anti-Catholic meeting, no true-blue baronet after the third bottle at a Pitt Club, ever displayed such utter incapacity of comprehending or answering an argument as appears in the speculations of this Utilitarian apostle."—*Essay on the Utilitarian Theory of Government.*

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THACKERAY, 1811-1863

Biographical Outline.—William Makepeace Thackeray, born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811; father, in the employ of the East India Company, dies when Thackeray is five years old, and leaves him a fortune of £20,000; in 1816 Thackeray is sent to England, and is placed in the famous Harter House School, where he remains till 1828; enters Trinity College, Cambridge, in February, 1829; while in Cambridge he helps to edit a periodical called *The Snob*; leaves Cambridge in 1830, visits Paris, Rome, Dresden, and Weimar, and meets Goethe; reads law for a year or more in the Temple; is ambitious to become an artist, travels over Europe, and studies art at Paris and Rome; loses his fortune within two years, partly through the failure of an Indian bank, and mainly in an unsuccessful newspaper venture; during 1833-34 he helps to edit and partly owns a paper called the *National Standard*; resides in Paris, 1835-36, and publishes an illustrated folio called "*Flore et Zephyr*;" he is forced to take up literature as a means of support, and becomes a regular and frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*; contributes also to the *Times*, the *New Monthly Review*, the *Westminster Review*; under the pseudonym of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" he contributes to *Fraser's* "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" and "Barry Lyndon," the latter in 1837-38; in 1837 he marries Isabella Shawe, who becomes insane a few years later, and spends the remainder of her life in retirement, away from her family; under the pseudonym of "Titmarsh" Thackeray also publishes "The Irish Sketch-Book," in 1840, "The Second Funeral of

Napoleon," in 1841, "The Chronicle of the Dr 1841, and "The Irish Sketch-Book," in 1843; he connected with *Punch*, in 1840; in *Punch* appear "Snob Papers" then "Jeames's Diary;" he then "Vanity Fair" as a serial in twenty-four month beginning in January, 1847; Thackeray's reputation published by "Vanity Fair;" he is made widely known ber, 1847, by Charlotte Brontë, who dedicated to T the second edition of (*Jane Eyre*);" in 1851 he c America his lectures on "The English Humorist Eighteenth Century;" "Pendennis" is also put monthly numbers, beginning in November, 1848; his connection with *Punch* ceases in 1850; he begins in London, May 22, 1851, on George III. and on lish Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, and h his hearers Carlyle, Dickens, Hallam, Macaulay, Brontë, and Harriet Martineau; during 1851 T repeats the lectures in Manchester, Oxford, Cambr Edinburgh; publishes "Henry Esmond" in 1852 ceives £1,000 for the manuscript; he sails for Ame tober 30, 1852, having Lowell and Clough as fello gers; delivers his lectures on the Humorists in Bos York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Ri returns to London early in 1853; visits Paris an where he begins "The Newcomes," which he pu monthly numbers from October, 1853, to August, 1 ceives £4,000 for the novel; sails for America aga ber 13, 1855, and lectures on "The Four Georg Boston to Savannah; both American lecture-tours successful financially; Thackeray returns to London 1856; he repeats the lectures on "The Four (throughout England and Scotland during 1856, an fifty guineas a night; he stands for Parliament for (July, 1857, but is defeated by a slight majority; "The Virginians" in monthly parts from Novemb

to October, 1859; becomes a friend and correspondent of Motley; Thackeray is attacked unjustifiably in June, 1858, by Edmund Yates in *Town Talk*; Thackeray demands and secures Yates's dismissal from the Garrick Club; the result is an estrangement between Thackeray and Dickens, who had tried to protect Yates—an estrangement that ceased only a week before Thackeray's death; Thackeray becomes the first editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1859, and begins in its columns the publication of "Lovel the Widower" in January, 1860, together with the first of his "Roundabout Papers;" he publishes "The Adventures of Philip" in the *Cornhill* from January, 1861, to August, 1862; this is the first of his novels not originally illustrated by himself; he becomes didactic and somewhat despondent in his later work; he resigns the editorship of *Cornhill* in March, 1862, and removes to a fine new home at Palace Green; dies there suddenly and alone on Christmas eve, 1863; is buried in Kensal Green Cemetery.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Keen, Merciless Satire—Hatred of Shams—Hypercriticism.—"The satire of Thackeray is the recoil of an exquisite sensibility from the harsh touch of life. . . . He had not merely a smiling contempt but a deadly hatred of all manner of *shams*, an equally intense love for every kind of manliness and for gentlemanliness as its highest type. He had an eye for pretension as fatally detective as an acid for an alkali; and wherever it fell, so clear and seemingly harmless, the weak spot was sure to betray itself."—*Lowell*.

"Thackeray appears at first to have considered that his business was to find fault; to carry into literature the functions of the detective police; to pry into the haunts and arrest the persons of scoundrels who evaded the ordinary operations of the law. The most fashionable clubs and drawing-rooms were invaded to catch scamps whom a common policeman would have sought in low alleys and hells. . . . The latent weaknesses, foibles, follies, vices of the intelligent and good became the objects of his search, somewhat to the exclusion of their nobler and predominant qualities, and the result was, in many instances, woefully partial estimates and exhibitions of men and women. The truth was truth only from the satirist's point of view."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Thackeray had power to expose every kind of lie and humbug. . . . He was a man who had strong moral as well as intellectual qualities and that strong sense of justice without which no author ever became famous. . . . To those who read the 'Snob Papers' it was permitted to leaven the inherent pride and snobbishness of their nature by the absorption of those antidotes to pride and selfishness which Thackeray provided. He had an uncompromising hatred of wrong."—*Peter Bayne*.

"In 'The Newcomes' he deliberately states his intention of

leaving the bad alone, poor fellows, and solely attacking the so-called good, . . . the 'worldly holy,' as Laurence Oliphant afterward called them. . . . The crusade against this kind of hypocrisy was what Thackeray really enjoyed. To satirize vice was not half so attractive to him. . . . His detestation of humbug was so intense that he seems to forget that there is some of it which we could scarcely do without."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He saw something that was distasteful, and a man instantly became a snob in his estimation. . . . The little courtesies of the world and the little discourtesies became snobbish to him. A man could not wear his hat or carry his umbrella or mount his horse without falling into some error of snobbism before his hypercritical eyes."—*Anthony Trollope.*

"His great service to the world has been in his exposure of the prevailing faults of his time. . . . 'The Book of Snobs' should be read carefully at least once a year."—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"His pen alternately, at his own variable whim and pleasure, dropped honey and vitriol. . . . There were blent together in the nature of this one writer the sweetness of Goldsmith and the withering, pitiless scorn of Swift. . . . Sometimes the careless strokes dealt around him by the comic censor blight as visibly as a flare of lightning. . . . For long he was regarded as one whose inspiration was entirely of the brain without any promptings of the heart. He was accused of being a cold-blooded cynic, who could sneer at human sympathies, but whose passionless nature was incapable of arousing them. . . . His hatred of swindlers—of gigantic arch-soundrels—burst out in 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' and proclaimed itself in his works between that and 'The Newcomes.' The satirist was no respecter of persons; the tyranny and infamy of a nobleman were described as truthfully as the vulgar ignorance of a waiting-man or lodging-

house keeper. It was Thackeray who tore from social depravity her two-fold robe, one side of rags and one of spangled purple, and displayed her hateful proportions."—*J. C. Jeafreson.*

"A new delineator of life was at work in society, and one whose pen was as keen as the dissecting knife of the surgeon. An author had sprung up who dared to shame society by a strong and manly scorn. . . . Thackeray manages to find the one vulnerable point in our armor; he introduces the rapier of his sarcasm, and we are slain. . . . Surely, the world should be the better for the fearless work which this man has accomplished. . . . His wit does not preclude him from being fair and just. . . . With all his keen sense of the ridiculous, and his scathing powers of invective, there is no one instance where, for the sake of the brilliancy of his satire, he ever cast a slur upon truly philanthropic labor. When he laughs we know he will do it fairly."—*G. B. Smith.*

"He was very fond of looking into the tricks of genius. He liked to be by when the preacher arranged his last curl before mounting the pulpit and when the beadle was arranging his surplice so that it might fall in the best folds. . . . A man of the world, great and full of gracefulness, full of fun; criticising bishops, millionnaires, and tailors . . . a man who walked through life carrying the lamp of an upright character, a pure spirit, and a truth-telling tongue. . . . He had a fine eye for a snob, from the top to the bottom of society. He read it all, and knew where to find the particular bone—the snob bone. . . . Without exaggeration or fuss he painted us such a picture of life and gave us such lessons in morals that it is almost impossible to read them without getting wiser."—*George Dawson.*

"His men, if not absurd, are tyrants or rogues; his women, if not fools, are intriguers or flirts; he paints those who pursue nothing but wealth and those who pursue nothing but pleasure. . . . He paints the former as vain, greedy,

is proud, oppressive and overbearing in prosperity, grovel-
and base in adversity, and envious and suspicious at all
times. He describes the latter as frivolous, heartless, and
filled with as much selfishness and vanity and malignity as
the Russell Square neighbors, though concealed under a
different exterior. . . . He has penetrated into the
inner cells of pride, vanity, and selfishness, and has laid open
some of the secrets of the human prison-house which never
before revealed before. . . . His favorite amusement is
unmasking hypocrisy. He delights to show the selfishness of
humility, the pride of humility, the consciousness of sim-
plicity."—*W. W. Senior*.

The weak and wicked phases of human development were
brought too much into the light, while the better phases were
left in shadow. . . . But he took no satyr's delight in
offensive scenes and graceless characters; he was even
more tender than the reader could be at the horrible prospects before
him. . . . he chastised in no ill-natured or malicious vein,
in love; he cauterized only to cure."—*Parke Godwin*.
One critic calls him "usefully and delightfully cynical,"
and Hannay says: "He combined Addison's love of virtue
with Johnson's hatred of cant—Horace Walpole's lynx-like
eye for the mean and ridiculous with the gentleness and wide
sympathy of Goldsmith for mankind as a whole." But, like
other writers, Thackeray knew himself better than did any of
the critics, and he best expresses the general average of the
opinions already given. In the introduction to "Vanity
Fair" he says: "One is bound to speak the truth as one
sees it, whether one mounts cap and bells or a shovel hat;
a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course
of such an undertaking." And in 1854 Thackeray wrote to
his friend: "I suppose we all begin by being too savage. *I*
am one who did. . . . I hate Juvenal. I mean I
call him a truculent brute; and I love Horace better than
do. . . . I admire Swift's power, but I don't ad-

mire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago.
 . . . Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"He seldom drank too much, and never was late to business or huddled over his toilet, however brief had been his sleep or severe his headache. In a word, he was as scrupulously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality."—*The New-comer*.

"No, no; my master was a man of forty now, and behaved himself as sich. . . . He swore more and lower than anyone there; he abused the waiters, the wittles, the wines. With his glass in his i, he stared at everybody. . . . He talked about 'my carriage,' 'my currier,' 'my servant;' and he did right. I've always found through life that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalant to them, especially if you are a sprig of nobility. We like being insulted by noblemen—it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us! . . . While my master was hectoring in the parlor at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitchen; and the consequence was that we were better served and more liked than many pipple with twice our merit."—*Memoirs of C. J. Yellowplush*.

"If ever our cousins, the Smigmags, asked me to meet Lord Longears, I should like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world: 'Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior and guardian. Your eldest son, Fitz-Heehaw, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the DeBrays, . . . will represent us in foreign courts. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, etc.) pronounces to be your due; without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness, or your entire incapacity and folly.'"—*Concluding Observations on Snobs*.

2. Exact Portraiture—Natural Characterization.

—“Thackeray, in his more elaborate works, always paints character, and Dickens single peculiarities. Thackeray's personages are all men, those of Dickens personified oddities. The one is an artist, the other a caricaturist. . . . Thackeray's round of character is very limited, but his characters are masterpieces, always governed by those average motives and acted upon by those average sentiments which all men have in common. They never act like heroes and heroines but like men and women.”—*Lowell*.

“It would be difficult to name a writer of fiction of equal excellence who had so little of the inventive or imaginative faculty. Keeness of observation and a nice appreciation of character supplied him with all the materials of his creations. He wrote from the experience of life. The key to his works is to be found in his life. . . . The features of the old soldier [Colonel Newcome] appear before us as faithfully and as naturally as though limned by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds. . . . The faculty is very rare of being able to transfer the lineaments of commonplace people in such a manner as that others will care to study them. Yet this is the result that Thackeray achieves, and that without labor. Nothing transcendental or that which is beyond human nature is thrown in as a means of bribing the reader into a closer relationship. As men passed Thackeray he observed them; but in doing so he felt that to add to the original would destroy the identity, and the consequence of his consummate art is that throughout the whole of his varied picture-gallery there is no portrait which bears the impress of falsity or distortion.”—*G. B. Smith*.

“It is Thackeray's aim to represent life as it is actually and historically—men and women as they are, in those situations in which they are usually placed, with that mixture of good and evil, strength and foible, which is to be found in their characters, and liable only to those incidents which

are of ordinary occurrence. He will have no faultless characters, no demi-gods—nothing but men and brethren.'

David Masson.

"He has, in a very singular manner, the power of seizing humors or peculiarities. . . . Never before, we think fiction, did characters so uniformly speak exactly like the men and women in real life [as in 'Esmond']."—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"If he sets himself to draw a blackguard, he is too true an artist to omit the redeeming points that are to be found almost every case. . . . Thackeray desired to represent an unvarnished picture of man as he really is."—*Mrs. C. phant.*

"In 'Esmond' Thackeray reproduces for us the style which men wrote and talked in the days of Queen Anne. . . . reproduce the forgotten phraseology, to remember always, how his age would express an idea, but how Steele or Swift Addison would have expressed it, might have been pronounced impossible of accomplishment. Yet in 'Esmond' Thackeray did accomplish it, and with perfect success."—*J. Nicoll.*

"I know of no author save Balzac, whom he resembles other points, whose characterizations of men and of incidents are so sharply defined, so nicely and finely cut, so chiselled if from the block, like a piece of statuary, and yet so free and flowing and full of animation, the most unlike statuary of anything in the world."—*Parke Godwin.*

"George Osborne, Dobbin, and Amelia are characters almost literally true to nature. . . . His page swarms with personages whom we recognize at once as genuine"—*E. P. Whipple.*

"Whoever it is that speaks in his pages, does it not seem that such a person would certainly have used such words on such an occasion? Whether it be a great duke, such as who was to have married Beatrix, or a mean chaplain, such

Tusher or Captain Steele, the humorist, they talk—not as they would have talked, probably, of which I am no judge—but as we feel that they might have talked.”—*Anthony Trollope*.

Perhaps Henley unconsciously testifies to Thackeray's fidelity of portraiture when he says: “Esmond apart, there is scarcely a man or woman in Thackeray whom it is possible to love unreservedly or thoroughly respect.” A more favorable critic, writing anonymously, says of Thackeray's portraits: “In variety, truth, and consistency they are unrivalled. They are not caricatures, they are not men of humors; they are the men and women whom we daily meet; they are, in the fullest sense of the word, representative; and yet they are drawn so sharply and finely that we never could mistake or confound them.” As in considering his satire, so here, we find the best summary in Thackeray's own words. In “Catherine” he writes: “The only way in which poor authors can act honestly for the public and themselves is to paint thieves as they are; not dandy, poetical, rose-water thieves, but real, downright scoundrels, leading scoundrelly lives, drunken, profligate, dissolute, low, as scoundrels will be.” And again he writes: “My rascals are no milk-and-water rascals, I promise you.”

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“‘Where is Sir Pitt Crawley?’ said Miss Sharp, majestically.

“‘He, he! I'm Sir Pitt Crawley. Recklect you owe me a pint for bringing down your luggage. He, he! Ask Tinker if I aynt. Mrs. Tinker, Miss Sharp; Miss Governess, Mrs. Charwoman. Ho, ho!’

“The lady addressed as Mrs. Tinker at this moment made her appearance with a pipe and a paper of tobacco, for which she had been dispatched.

“‘Where's the farden?’ said he. ‘I gave you three-half-pence. Where's the change, old Tinker?’

“‘There!’ replied Mrs. Tinker, flinging down the coin; ‘it's

only baronets as cares about farthings. . . . He never gave away a farthing in his life,' growled Mrs. Tinker.

" 'Never, and never will ; it's against my principle.' "—*Vanity Fair*.

" Mr. Foker's behavior was quite different. He inquired for Rummer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rummer a riddle, asked Miss Rummer when she would be ready to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, the other young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these ladies in a giggle ; and he gave a cluck expressive of great satisfaction as he tossed off his mixture, which Miss Rummer prepared and handed to him."—*Pendennis*.

" As she is not a heroine there is no need to describe her person. Indeed, I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine, but her face blushed with rosy health and her lips with the freshness of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humor, except indeed when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary bird or over a mouse."—*Vanity Fair*.

3. Artistic Ease—Grace—Finish.—" His manner is the perfection of conversational writing ; graceful, yet vigorous ; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound, . . . easily and happily rhythmical, yet full of color ; . . . instinct with urbanity and instinct with charm, it is a type of high-bred English, a climax of literary art. . . . He was a rare artist in words. . . . Setting aside Cardinal Newman's, the style he wrote is certainly less open to criticism than that of any other modern Englishman. . . . He was neither super-eloquent, like Mr. Ruskin, nor a Germanized Jeremy, like Carlyle. . . . He neither dallied with antitheses, like Macaulay, nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms with Dickens ; he abstained from technology as carefully as George Eliot indulged in it. . . . He wrote as a very prince among talkers, and he interfused and impenetrated English with the

elegant and cultured fashion of Queen Anne."—*W. E. Henley*.

"Surely that style, so fresh, so rich, so full of surprises—that style which stamps as classical even his fragments of slang, and perpetually astonishes and delights—would alone give immortality to an author even had he little to say."—*Andrew Lang*.

"The grace, flexibility, and easy elegance of the style are especially notable. It is utterly without pretension, and partakes of the absolute sincerity of the writer; it is talk in print, seemingly as simple as the most familiar private chat, yet as delicate in its felicities as the most elaborate composition. . . . It ['The Newcomes'] seems written with a pen diamond-pointed, so glittering and incisive is its slightest touch."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"There is a certain Saxon flavor and colloquial ease in Mr. Thackeray's best writing which forms his chief literary attraction, and is the combined result of a familiarity with good English literature and an absence of that conventional erudition which is so apt to give a pedantic twinge to style."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Thackeray's style is beyond praise—so easy, so limpid, showing everywhere by unobtrusive allusions how rich he was in modern culture; it has the highest charm of gentlemanly conversation. And it was natural to him, his early works being as perfect, as low in tone, as the latest. He was in all respects the most finished example we have of what is called 'a man of the world.' "—*Lowell*.

"Addison's style suggests it, but Addison's was more artificial; Goethe's had much of the same clearness, but Goethe's was more staid and stately; Fielding's had the same naturalness, but was at times too careless and hurried, and, in fact, we can only speak of it as Thackeray's own—original, vigorous, natural, limpid, idiomatic, and flexible—a perfect vehicle for the man's peculiar spirit."—*Parke Godwin*.

"Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style." *Carlyle*.

"There is something in the exquisite finish and harmony of 'Esmond' which one can only express by the epithet *artistic*; it is a pure combination of perfect taste and perfect workmanship."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"Confessedly, at the last, he was the greatest master of pure English in our day. His style is never ornate, . . . is never forced or loaded, only entirely appropriate and entirely beautiful."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

Another declares that "there may have been men of greater genius than Thackeray; there may have been more forcible writers than he; but no one has approached him in the command of polished, idiomatic English in all its varieties." A contributor to the *Athenæum* calls Thackeray's diction "agreeable, manly, colloquial, English—the English of cultivated men, but still with as little bookishness about it as possible—such is the clear atmosphere we breathe in reading him. Very sparing in imagery, perfectly free from conceits." Skelton calls him "the most finished literary artist of his age;" and as early as 1839 Dr. McKenzie said: "He writes the best and purest English of any author now living." Of his own profession Thackeray once wrote: "We are but tradesmen, working for bread and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be prating pompously about our 'sacred calling.'"

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"The sun shines to-day as he did when he first began shining; and the birds in the tree overhead, while I am writing, sing very much the same notes they have sung ever since they were finches. . . . There may be nothing new under and including the sun; but it looks fresh every morning, and we rise with it to toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, suffer, until the night comes and quiet. And then will wake Morrow and the eyes that look on it; and so *da capo*."—*The Newcomes*.

"I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights and mysteries not permitted except among heathens; . . . when the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife; . . . when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman—don't you see . . . the Pagan protest?"—*English Humorists*.

"But where is the road and its merry incidents of life? Is there no Chelsea or Greenwich for the old honest pimple-nosed Coachmen? I wonder where they are, those good fellows? Is old Weller alive or dead? and the waiters, yea, and the inns at which they waited and the cold rounds of beef inside and the stunted Ostler, with his blue nose and clinking pail, where is he, and where is his generation? To those great geniuses now in petticoats who shall write novels for the beloved reader's children, these men and things will be as much legend and history as *Minerva* or *Cœur de Lion* or *Jack Sheppard*. . . . Alas! we shall never hear the horn sing at midnight or see the pike-gates fly open any more."—*Vanity Fair*.

4. Familiar Comment.—Self-Suggestion.—Unlike other great masters of dramatic art, Thackeray frequently allows himself to comment upon his own characters. In the preface to "*Pendennis*" he says, "It is a kind of confidential talk between writer and reader. . . . In the course of his volubility the writer must of necessity lay bare his own weaknesses, vanities, peculiarities." His critics have generally condemned this trait as a blemish in an otherwise almost perfect style. Anthony Trollope says: "Thackeray, too, has a strong flavor of Thackeray. I am inclined to think that his most besetting sin in style—the little ear-mark by which he is most conspicuous—is a certain affected familiarity. He indulges too frequently in little confidences with individual readers, in which pretended allusions to himself are numerous. . . . In the short contributions to periodicals on which he tried his 'prentice hand, such addresses were natural and efficacious; but in a larger work of fiction they

cause an absence of that dignity to which even a novel may aspire." Whipple, who is so warm an admirer of Thackeray, observes that "the continual presence of the writer himself, making himself the companion of the reader—gossiping, hinting, sneering, laughing, crying, as the narrative proceeds—combine to produce an effect which nobody, to say the least, ever found dull." A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is more positive in condemning this trait. He says: "Mr. Thackeray indulges in the bad practice of commenting on his *dramatis personæ*. He is perpetually pointing out to us the generosity of Dobbin, the brutality of the Osbornes, the vanity of Joseph Sedley, and so on, instead of leaving us to find out their qualities from their actions."

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"What man could be otherwise than happy to be allowed a momentary embrace of two such precious fingers? When a gentleman so favors me, I always ask, mentally, why he has taken the trouble at all, and regret that I have not had the presence of mind to poke one finger against his two. If I were worth ten thousand a year, . . . I cannot help thinking he would have favored me with the whole palm."—*The Newcomes*.

"No, we are not monsters of crime or angels walking the earth—at least I know one of us who isn't, as can be shown any day at home if the knife won't cut or the mutton comes up raw. . . . At the time when this story begins, I say, Lovel had his faults—which of us has not? He had buried his wife, having notoriously been henpecked by her. How many men and brethren are like him! He had a good fortune—I wish I had as much—though I dare say many people are ten times as rich. He was a good-looking fellow enough; though that depends, ladies, upon whether you like a fair man or a dark one."—*Lovel the Widower*.

"And, as we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand: if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's

sleeve ; if they are wicked and heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of."—*Vanity Fair*.

5. Sympathy—Sincerity—Manliness.—In the early days of his authorship Thackeray was frequently called cynical. But any critic who should make that charge to-day would convict himself of almost total ignorance of Thackeray's best work.

"We question much if society will ever be ministered to by a physician who will so sincerely compassionate the sores it was his duty to probe. . . . [We are impressed with] the open candor and gentlemanliness and the indulging gentleness and truth of his character. . . . Kindliness marked his relations with the meanest of his class. . . . It pained him beyond measure to refuse the manuscripts of his correspondents [when he was editor of the *Cornhill*], especially the poorer class of them—a tenderness that he expresses in his paper 'Thorns in the Cushion.' . . . It is said that he frequently sent the money out of his own pocket to needy contributors and their contributions to the waste-basket. . . . He fulminated his anathemas, not because he had tried anything or found anything wanting, but because the human race were going after Solomon's gods and pampering the same appetites and, unlike him, appearing to be immensely satisfied. The effect of his writings must surely be to make honest men hate all manner of cant."—*J. C. Watt*.

"The special text from which Thackeray preached was not past or future ideal but present and living goodness and beauty. . . . He levelled the keenest satire and most biting irony equally against ostentation of soul, speciosity of life, and falseness of heart. . . . A gentleman in heart and speech, he had no sympathy with swagger of any kind. . . . It has been often urged against him that he does not make us think better of our fellow-men. No, truly. But he does what is far greater than this—he makes us think worse of

ourselves. . . . The whole tendency of his writings is invariably been to inspire reverence for manliness and purity and truth."—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"Although from his experience of life he was completely *désillusionné*, the well of natural tenderness was never dried in his heart. He rejoiced, with a fresh, boyish delight, in every evidence of an unspoiled nature in others—in every utterance which denoted what may have seemed to him overfaith in the good. The more he was saddened by his knowledge of human weakness and folly, the more gratefully he welcomed strength, virtue, sincerity. His eyes never unlearned the habit of that quick moisture which honors the true word and noble deed."—*Bayard Taylor.*

"His humanity was the crown and glory of his work. . . . He was one of those men who are naturally full of sensibility to a degree. . . . Selfishness was as foreign to him as insincerity. . . . To veil at times this side of his character was essential, in order to give play to that satire which kills. . . . Men who understood him best knew that it cost him an effort to subdue that part of his nature which hastened to sympathize with others. . . . Whatsoever was good, honest, and true found in him a defender; whatsoever was base, unmanly, or false shrank abashed from his presence. A man with less pretence, less assumption, less sham never existed. . . . He is a man of feeling in the fullest sense of that word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth in sympathy with sadness and sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation."—*G. B. Smith.*

"[He is] the first social regenerator of the day, . . . the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped state of things. . . . He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture."—*Charlotte Brontë.*

Skelton, Thackeray's correspondent and intimate friend, speaks of him as "that noble, simple gentleman, . . ."

pure, healthy, honest, boyishly noble and chivalrous soul, . . . tender, gentle, upright, true in thought and deed." At Thackeray's death *Punch*, to which he had been so long a contributor, called him "a brave, true, honest gentleman, whom no pen but his own could depict as those who knew him best could desire," and contained a poem on Thackeray by Shirley Brooks, from which we quote one stanza :

"He was a cynic ! No ! By his life, all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways ;
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise."

In 1859, four years before Thackeray's death, we find a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thus expressing the best sentiment of his time in regard to the great novelist : "England may regard it as some proof of her moral soundness that her greatest novelist is, in all his sentiment and sympathies, the deadly enemy of hypocrisy but the constant friend of virtue." Another anonymous critic writes : "It is this constant quivering of a note of tenderness amidst all the despicable and shameful things which he attributes to his worst characters that really raises Thackeray's satire so high above the level of all preceding satire. . . . Thackeray is always trembling with sensitiveness as well as flashing with rage. He trains our nerves to a finer and more delicate sense of tune before he dashes his hand with a fierce jar over the strings. He teaches us to recognize every sweet note, even when it is all but lost in the discordant scream of passion. He relieves the mind by long intervals of genial insight before he rends it with his imaginative fury at the lurking baseness or at the imbecility of innocence."

In his "English Humorists" Thackeray discusses this very quality, and justly says : "The humourous writer, besides appealing to your sense of ridicule, professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for un-

truth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. . . . He takes upon him to be the week-day preacher, so to speak." Late in life he makes his "faithful old gold pen" say:

"Stranger, I never writ a flattery,
Nor signed the page that registered a lie."

And again he writes as an editor to his readers: "Dearly beloved, neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger or cleverer or wiser than any of you."

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"Many persons will call this description low; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as to be sure every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural."—*The Newcomes*.

"There is scarce any parent, however friendly or tender with his children, but must feel sometimes that they have thoughts which are not his or hers, and wishes and secrets quite beyond the parental control; and as people are vain long after they are fathers, ay, or grandfathers, and not seldom fancy that mere personal desire of domination is overweening anxiety and love for their family, no doubt that common outcry against thankless children might often be shown to prove, not that the son is disobedient, but the father too exacting."—*The Newcomes*.

"There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it, and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm and smiling like heaven into my face—ay, and took heaven too into the Fleet Prison with me—or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be *unhappy*, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman. I declare before heaven that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one—that little ride with my wife's cheek on my shoul-

er down Holborn to the prison."—*The Great Hoggarty Diamond*.

6. Intense Realism—Minute Observation.—

Thackeray was fond of saying, "I have no brain above the eyes; I describe what I see." We have already considered one phase of this quality—that which concerns his portrayal of personal character. We now come to his minute observation of things.

"Thackeray looked at everything—at nature, at life, at art—from a sensitive aspect. . . . The visible scene of life—the streets, the servants, the clubs, the gossip, the West end—fastened on his brain. These were to him reality; they burned in upon his brain; they pained his nerves; their influence reached him through many avenues which ordinary men do not feel much or to which they are altogether imperious. . . . He could not help seeing everything, and what he saw made so near and keen an impression upon him that he could not again exclude it from his understanding; it stayed there and disturbed his thoughts."—*Walter Bagehot*.

"His scenes never seem to be invented. They come to us. The author lifts the curtain, and the play goes on.

. . . Everybody, on reading his works, is quite convinced that the author has seen what he sets forth. . . . 'He simply puts down the reports of his eyes,' says Mr. Keen, 'as any well-informed gentleman might do.' But then, my friend, what eyes they are! How they take in every minute particular of the visible appearance; and having got that, have rangely pierced the entire significance of it! . . . There is something so sharp, so penetrating, so luminous in his look, that when he sees the thing he sees the whole of it—inside as well as out—and that not only with his eyes but with his brain and heart."—*Parke Godwin*.

"The realism of Thackeray represents the extreme point of reaction against the false idealism of the Minerva press. . . .

He is as little of an idealizer as it is possible to be. . . . He depends for success, not on the power of his personages to evoke sympathy, negative or positive, but on their strict correspondence with fact. . . . His popularity is the most powerful evidence to which we could easily point of the capacity residing in the exhibition of bare, or even repulsive, fact to interest mankind. . . . [He gives] the uncompromising recital of nature's facts."—*Peter Bayne*.

"Truthfulness to fact, eager and uncompromising, was his main characteristic. . . . He strove always to paint and show things as they really are."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

"'Vanity Fair' is a moving panorama of life, with a hundred side-scenes and episodes of interest and with a reality and fulness of humanity which have never been surpassed."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"As a work of art 'Esmond' is Thackeray's masterpiece; as the reproduction of a past age—as a historical novel—it is unrivalled. . . . The way in which Thackeray enters into the spirit as well as the letter of the times he describes is wonderful."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

"Thackeray takes us below the surface; we travel through the dark scenes of the human drama with him; he makes his notes and comments without flattery and with astounding realism. . . . He is true to the results of life as we see them daily. For example, he makes Newcome die before the family fortunes are restored. See, again, the fate of Beatrix Esmond. We are sorry, but it is natural. . . . There are but few occurrences in the whole series [of his works] that were not drawn either from his own individual history or the history of some one of his friends or acquaintances. . . . He is Fielding purified."—*G. B. Smith*.

"When Thackeray began to be known as a writer there was a small but select circle of intelligent readers who longed for something more *truthful* in fiction. . . . They wanted a stern painter of nature to arise who should not aim at touching

our sensibilities by the tricks and slights of authorship but so, seeing Nature and knowing her intimately, should resolve to interest men in an exact and complete portrayal of separate human characters such as constitute this society in which we pass our days, loving and hating, sinning and repenting.

. . . They exclaimed, 'Let us have less art and more truth!' To satisfy this craving was Thackeray's appointed work. From first to last simplicity and accuracy, without reserve, have been his characteristics as an author. . . . It was Thackeray's mission to renew the realistic spirit of 'fielding.'"—*J. C. Jeaffreson*.

"How thoroughly he understands the feelings of them that go down into the West in broughams! . . . Men weary of the cupboard drama, the tea-cup tragedies and check-book and band-box comedies which he regards as the stuff of human fiction and the web of human life. His intelligence is largely free of trifles. He is wise over trivial and trumpery things."—*W. E. Henley*.

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"How changed the house is, though! The front is patched over with bills, setting forth the particulars of the furniture in rising capitals. They have hung a shred of carpet out of an upstairs window—a half-dozen porters are lounging on the dirty steps—the hall swarms with dingy guests of oriental countenance, who thrust printed cards into your hand and offer to bid. Old men and amateurs have invaded the upper apartments, pulling the bed-curtains, poking into the feathers, shampooing the mattresses, and clapping the wardrobe drawers to and fro. Enterprising young housekeepers are measuring the looking-glasses and hangings to see if they will suit the new ménage (Snob will brag for years that he has purchased this or that at Mrs. Ves's sale), and Mr. Hammerdown is sitting on the great mahogany dining-table, in the dining-room below, waving the sledge hammer and employing all the artifices of eloquence, enthusiasm, entreaty, reason, despair; shouting to his people; criticizing Mr. Davids for his sluggishness; inspiring Mrs. Moss

into action ; imploring, commanding, bellowing, until down comes the hammer like fate, and we pass to the next lot."—*Vanity Fair*.

"We chat with our pretty neighbor or survey the young ones sporting ; we make love and are jealous ; we dance or obsequiously turn over the leaves of Cecilia's music-book ; we play whist or go to sleep in the arm-chair, according to our ages and conditions. Snooze gently in thy arm-chair, thou bald-head ! play your whist or read your novel or talk scandal over your work, ye worthy dowagers and fogies ! Meanwhile the young ones frisk about or dance or sing, or laugh ; or whisper behind curtains in moonlit windows ; or slink away into the garden, and come back smelling of cigars, nature having made them to do so."—*The Newcomes*.

"On entering the dining-room, by the orders of the individual in gaiters, Rebecca found that apartment not more cheerful than such rooms usually are, when genteel families are out of town. The faithful chambers seem, as it were, to mourn the absence of their masters. The turkey carpet has rolled itself up and retired sulkily under the sideboard ; the pictures have hidden their faces behind old sheets of brown paper ; the ceiling lamp is muffled up in a dismal sack of brown holland ; the window curtains have disappeared under all sorts of shabby envelopes ; the marble bust of Sir Walpole Crawley is looking from its black corner at the bare boards and the oiled fire-irons and the empty card-racks over the mantel-piece ; the cellaret has lurked away behind the carpet ; the chairs are turned up heads and tails along the walls ; and in the dark corner opposite the statue is an old-fashioned crabbed knife-box, locked and sitting on a dumb-waiter."—*Vanity Fair*.

7. Didacticism — Fondness for Moralizing.—"I open at random his three great works—'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' 'The Newcomes.' Every scene sets in relief a moral truth ; the author desires that at every stage we should form a judgment on vice and virtue ; he has blamed or approved beforehand, and the dialogues or portraits are to him only means by which he adds our approbation to his approbation, our blame to his blame. He is giving us lessons ;

d beneath the sentiments which he describes, as beneath the events which he relates, we continually discover rules for conduct and the intentions of a reformer."—*Taine*.

"His was not the hortatory method. He had no notion at much good could be done by telling people to be good.

. . . Yet he did not altogether neglect positive teaching. Any passages might be taken from his works which inculcate the beauty of goodness."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

"Our real sense of right is never led astray, our feelings of obedience toward the laws of God are not one whit diminished after we have perused his writings."—*Peter Bayne*.

"Thackeray's works are full of moral instruction of a kind, and it is of a kind which scarcely applies except to the higher orders. . . . His numerous asides to his readers are full of that sad wisdom which experience brings."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"Thackeray's morality is that of a highly respectable British cynic."—*W. E. Henley*.

Thackeray was himself well aware of this quality of his work, for he writes: "Perhaps of all novel-spinners now existent the present writer is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in this story and begin to preach to you?"

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"Have we not all such closets, my jolly friend, as well as the noble Marquis of Carabas? At night, when all the house is asleep but you, don't you get up and peep into yours? When you in your turn are slumbering, up gets Mrs. Brown from your side, steals down stairs like Amina to her ghoul, clicks open the secret door, and looks into her dark depository. Psha! who knows anyone save himself alone? Who, in showing his house to the closest and dearest, doesn't keep back the key of a closet or two?"—*The Newcomes*.

"The wicked are wicked, no doubt, and they go astray and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief which the very virtuous do?"—*The Newcomes*.

"If the best men do not draw the best prizes in life, we know

that it has been so ordained by the Ordainer of the lottery ; we own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor ; . . . we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness and stains of evil, and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero but only a man and a brother."—*Pendennis*.

8. Kindly Humor.—"First and foremost is his wonderful humor—a quality in which he is not inferior to Swift, Fielding, Dickens, or any other among the illustrious English humorists—and which in some form or other steepens and saturates every page of his writings."—*Parke Godwin*.

"The first characteristic which strikes the reader of Thackeray is unquestionably his humor. It does not gleam forth as flashes of lightning, rare and vivid, but is more like the ever-bubbling fountain, the perennial spring. It is a kind of permeating force throughout all his works, now lashed into sarcasm and now dissolved into pathos. . . . He is one of the best of English humorists simply because his nature is sensitive at all points. . . . His eye wanders round all ; and neither friend nor foe, if vulnerable, can keep out the arrows of his wit. . . . The pure humorist is the rarest of literary characters. His nature is not content with detecting foibles nor his pen with pointing them out for derision ; his purpose is infinitely higher and nobler. The humorist must have emotions, nerves, sensibilities, and that nameless sympathy with human nature which enables him to change places at will with other members of his species. Humor does not produce the sneer of Voltaire, it rather smiles through the tear of Montaigne. . . . It is not contempt, its essence is love ; it issues not in laughter but in still smiles, which lie far deeper.

. When to the faculty of originating ridicule is added power of concentrating pity or pathos upon the subject, may be styled humor. But the irony must be subjugated to the feeling. The heart must love while the countenance smiles."—*G. B. Smith.*

Mr. Thackeray's humor does not mainly consist in the creation of oddities of manner, habit, or feeling, but in so presenting actual men and women as to excite a feeling of incongruity in the reader's mind—a feeling that the follies and sins described are deviations from an ideal of humanity.

. No one could be simply amused with Mr. Thackeray's descriptions or his dialogues. . . . The moral antithesis between the actual and the ideal is the root from which springs the peculiar charm of his writings. . . . He could not have created 'Vanity Fair' as he has unless Eden had been shining brightly in his inner eyes."—*G. Brimley.*

'He ridiculed the ugly and the absurd in truth and purity. . . . Even when the necessities of his story compelled him to draw bad characters, he gives them as much good as he can. . . . If reproof is the main burden of his discourse, we must remember that to reprove, not to praise, is the duty of the preacher.'"—*H. H. Lancaster.*

'With the doubtful characters—those which hover on the boundaries of good and bad—how admirably Thackeray can show their good qualities toward us! . . . For all those stern moralists would sweep aside as worthless Thackeray had the truly catholic sympathy of a man who has seen enough to find good in everything. . . . Taken merely as a piece of humorous writing, the 'Book of Snobs' approaches the limit.'"—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

. C. Watt speaks finely of "the abundant and abiding pleasantness of Thackeray's wit." That he felt the injustice of those who regarded him as a mere cynic or satirist, appears from a letter which Thackeray wrote to Edinburgh in 1848. He there describes himself as "a writer who

has had some difficulty in making people understand . . . that under the mask satirical there walks about a sentimental person who means not unkindly to any mortal." And, in discussing abstractly the quality of humor, he says: "The first quality of an artist is to have a large heart. . . . Tears are the alms of gentle spirits. . . . I know of no such provocative as humour; it is an irresistible sympathizer; it surprises you into compassion. . . . Humour is mistress of tears."

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"When she had to stretch across the table to make a stroke, that youth caught glimpses of a little ankle, a little clocked stocking, and a little black satin slipper with a little red heel, which filled him with unutterable rapture, and made him swear that there never was such a foot, ankle, clocked stocking, satin slippers in the world. And yet, O you foolish Harry! your mother's foot was ever so much more slender, and half an inch shorter, than Lady Maria's. But somehow boys do not look at their mamma's slippers and ankles with rapture."—*The Virginians*.

"Andrea was here then in the loneliness that he loved,—a fantastic youth, who lived but for his art; to whom the world was like the Coburg Theatre, and he in a magnificent costume acting a principal part. His art and his beard and whiskers were the darlings of his heart. His long, pale hair fell over a high polished brow, which looked wonderfully thoughtful; and yet no man was more guiltless of thinking. He was always putting himself into attitudes; he never spoke the truth; and was so entirely affected and absurd as to be quite honest at last; for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer, and was when alone, when in company, nay, when unconscious and sound asleep snoring in bed, one complete lump of affectation. . . . To do him justice, he hated 'Don Juan,' and a woman was in his eyes an angel; a *hangel*, alas! he would call her, for nature and the circumstances of his family had taken sad Cockney advantages over Andrea's pronunciation."—*A Shabby Genteel Story*.

"Dr. Firmin's horror seemed to be because his noble friends

re horrified by Phil's radical doctrine. At that time of my ;, being young and very green, I had a little mischievous asure in infuriating Square-toes and causing him to pronounce it I was 'a dangerous man.' Now I am ready to say that Nero s a monarch with many elegant accomplishments and considerable natural amiability of disposition. I praise and admire success wherever I meet it. I make allowances for faults and shortcomings, especially in my superiors ; and feel that, did we know , we should judge them very differently. People don't believe e, perhaps, quite so much as formerly ; but I don't offend—rust I don't offend. Have I said anything painful ? Plague my blunders ! I recall the expression. I regret it. I contradict it flat."—*Adventures of Philip*.

9. Simple Pathos—Tenderness.—This is a quality closely verging on Thackeray's sympathy and his humor, rarely considered. He once told Dickens that he "never could see a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign." Anthony Trollope says : " I regard him as one of the most tender-hearted human beings I ever knew ; one who, with an exaggerated contempt for the foibles of the world at large, would entertain an almost equal sympathy with the joys and troubles of those around him. . . . Nothing sadder than the story of Beatrix can be imagined." " ' Esmond ' gives instructive exhibitions of the pathology of the heart—the pathos of secret home sorrow."—*R. A. Vaughan*.

" There was always the sad vein in whatever came from his pen. Nothing was without its vanity any more than without its comic element or urbanity."—*J. C. Watt*.

" A knowledge that his sorrows were great is necessary to the perfect appreciation of much of his deepest pathos."—*H. Lancaster*.

" There was to the last in him the sensibility of a child's sensitive heart. . . . He did in his writings what thousands of men do in their lives—shrouded an over-tenderness

in a transparent veil of cynicism. . . . The eye was a dull one that could not look through this muslin work into a mind that, so to speak, was always keeping Christmas."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

Some of the best comments on Thackeray's pathos are from the pens of anonymous contributors to the reviews. We append one :

"The pathos of Thackeray is not sentimentality carefully elaborated, nor is it an outgushing of emotion that moves us to tears and as quickly restores our smiles. It comes, like many scenes in life, unexpectedly before our eyes, and moves us to the heart with mute appeal. This pathos is saddening rather than affecting. It comes from a tender heart bleeding with sorrow for others in distress and gloom. It is the grief which comes when the most precious objects of love are taken away, and when there seems to be no comfort, no hope, no consolation. While it leaves the eye unmoistened, it too often makes the heart sad to the core and leaves it so. . . . Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged in, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos goes to the roots of the heart."—*Westminster Review*.

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"Half an hour after the father left the boy, and in his grief and loneliness was rowing back to shore, Clive was at play with a dozen other children on the sunny deck of the ship. . . . What a sad repast their parents had that day ! How their hearts followed the careless young ones home across the great ocean ! Mothers' prayers go with them. Strong men, alone on their knees, with streaming eyes and broken accents, implore Heaven for those little ones who were prattling at their sides but a few hours since. Long after they are gone, careless and happy, recollections of the sweet past rise up and smite those who remain : the flowers they had planted in their little gardens, the toys they played with, the little vacant cribs they slept in as father's eyes looked blessings down upon them."—*The Newcomes*.

"It is only in later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love were spent and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was ; how soft to soothe ; how eager to yield ; how ready to support and caress. The ears may no longer hear which would have received our words of thanks so lightly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are not all too late."—*The Newcomes*.

"Esmond came to this spot in one sunny evening of spring, and saw amidst a thousand black crosses, casting their shadows across the grassy mounds, that particular one which marked his mother's resting-place. . . . He fancied her, in tears and sickness, kneeling at the foot of her cross, under which her cares were buried. Surely, he knelt down and said his own prayer there, not in sorrow as much as in awe (for even his memory had recollections of her) and in pity for the pangs which the gentle soul in life had been made to suffer. . . . Might she sleep in peace—might she sleep in peace ; and we too when our struggles and pains are over. . . . I took a little flower off the stock and kissed it, and went my way like the bird that had alighted on the cross by me, back into the world again."—*Henry Esmond*.

10. Skill in Burlesque and Farce.—"In parody of every kind, from the most admiring imitation down to the most boisterous burlesque, Thackeray stands at the head of all her imitators. . . . 'Codlingsby,' the parody of Disraeli's 'Coningsby,' may be taken as the most effective parody in our language. . . . Those ten pages of irrepressible fooling are enough to destroy Disraeli's reputation as a serious romancer. . . . It is only the very greatest masters who can produce extravaganzas, puerile tomfooleries, rolлерies to delight children, and catchpenny songs of such a kind that mature and cultivated students can laugh over them a hundred and fiftieth time and read them till they are household words."—*Frederic Harrison*.

"In the burlesque, as it is commonly called, or the ludicrous, Thackeray is quite as much at home as in the realistic

division of pure fiction ; though, the vehicle being less powerful, he has achieved smaller results by it. . . . No writer ever had a stronger proclivity toward parody than Thackeray."—*Anthony Trollope*.

"In the riot of his burlesques . . . he is not seen at his best ; but his second-rate is much better than the first-rate of any one else in the same way."—*W. D. Howells*.

"The love of fun in him was something quite peculiar. Some writers have been more witty ; a few have had more delicate humor ; but none, we think, have had more of that genial quality which is described by that homely word *fun*."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

"Thackeray has distinctively exhibited the trivial aspect of life. . . . The characters he draws are neither the best men nor the worst, but the atmosphere of triviality which envelops them was never before so plainly perceivable. He paints the world as a great Vanity Fair, and none has done that so well."—*Peter Bayne*.

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"I wonder did she hear the bump-bumping of my heart? O heart!—O wounded heart! did I ever think thou wouldst bump-bump again? 'Egl—Egl—izabeth,' I say, choking with emotion, 'do—do—do—you—te—tell me—you don't—lo—love that apothecary?'

"She shrugs her shoulder—her charming shoulder.

"'And if,' I hotly continued, 'if a gentleman—if a man of mature age certainly, but who has a kind heart and four hundred a year of his own—were to say to you, 'Elizabeth! will you bid the flowers of a blighted life to bloom again? Elizabeth, will you soothe a wounded heart—?'

"'O, Mr. Batchelor!' she sighed, and then added, quickly, 'Please don't take my hand! Here's Pop!'" — *Lovel the Widower*.

"Away through light and darkness, storm and sunshine ; away by tower and town, highroad and hamlet. . . . Brave horse!

gallant steed ! snorting child of Araby ! On went the horse, over mountains, rivers, turnpikes, apple-women ; and never stopped until he reached a livery stable in Cologne, where his master was accustomed to put him up."—*Rebecca and Rowena*.

"I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon ; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove ! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench ? Did my estimation for the princess diminish ? No, lovely Amelia ! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one ! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips ! the reddest and loveliest in the world."—*The Snob Playfully Dealt With*.

II. Significant Appellations.—The fondness of Thackeray for caricaturing people by single appellations is rather a phase of the quality last considered than a new quality. But the feature is sufficiently prominent to warrant specific treatment. In speaking of "Jeames's Diary," Jeaffreson says : "Nothing could be more laughter-moving than the mere orthography of these wondrous autobiographical memoranda of the great archetype and representative man of 'lunkeydom.'"

"Many of the remote personages and minor characters whom other writers would refer to in general terms Thackeray introduces to us by name, and we know them by the earmark he has pointed out. Do we not know who Doctor Straightwaist is, although he never appeared on the stage or spoke a word ? Was contempt for the asinine M. P. ever better expressed than by calling him Lord Longears and asking after the health of his sons, Fitz-Heehaw and the De Brays ? Or how could impoverished and snobbish nobility be more pungently satirized than by introducing Sir Pitt Crawley, residing on Great Gaunt Street in Crawleycum, Snailby parish ? This is caricature in a word and with a single stroke of the pen, but its images we carry in our memory long after more elaborate portraits have faded. Other ex-

amples . . . are Grimby, the tomfool jester ; Bawler, of the House of Commons ; Sir Huddleston Fuddleston, the lord ; Jawkins, the club gossip ; Drencher, the doctor ; Captain Blacksheep, the inebriate ; Miss Prior, the ancient maiden ; Yellowplush, the footman ; Cuff, the boarding-school bully ; Hammerdown, the auctioneer, who does his best to inspire Mrs. Moss to a purchase ; Lords Castlemouldy and Bareacres of the poverty-stricken nobility ; Colonel Swallowtail, the military dandy in the box at the play."—*Frank McElwain*.

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" ' General Gulpin,' continued Rosa, ' eats a great deal and is very stupid, but he looks well at table with his star and ribbon. Let us put him down ! ' and she noted down ' Sir Thomas and Lady Gulpin 2, Lord Castlemouldy, 1.' . . . Mrs. Fitzroy insisted that the party should be of her very best company. Funnyman, the great wit, was asked because of his jokes and Mrs. Butt, on whom he practices."—*A Little Dinner at Timmins's*.

" Herewith slang takes the lead of the conversation, and I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life ; . . . how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair ; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches and rings on all her fingers : while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding-habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip."—*Sketches and Travels in London*.

" She listened with indefatigable complacency to his stories of the stable and the mess ; felt the greatest interest in Jack Spatterdash, whose cab-horse had come down, and Bob Martingale, who had been taken up in a gambling-house, and Tom Cinq-bars, who was going to ride the steeplechase."—*Vanity Fair*.

12. Alleged Injustice to Womanhood.—Thackeray has been frequently and severely criticised for presenting a low and unfair ideal of womanhood ; and the charge, while

not very strikingly sustained, is admitted by some critics who are otherwise most favorable in their comments. Senior calls "Vanity Fair" "a rich collection of deformities," and proceeds: "Having with great skill put together a creature of which the principal elements are indiscriminating affection, ill-requited devotion, ignorant partiality, a weak will, and a narrow intellect, he calls on us to worship his poor idol as the type of female excellence." On the other hand, those who say Thackeray is unjust to women should read "Mr. Brown's Letters to His Nephew," which Lancaster calls "next to the 'Snob Papers' and Sydney Smith's Lectures, the best modern work on moral philosophy." In the same vein Lowell declares: "We have yet to recall a single word of his calculated to bring a really womanly woman into contempt."

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"No, I am a woman scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and, simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?"—*Fitz-Boodle's Confessions*.

"O me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youth's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth, and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to save her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband."—*The Newcomes*.

"Add tears, scorn, frequent innuendo, long estrangement, bitter outbreak, passionate appeals to Heaven and the like, and we may fancy the widow's state of mind. Are there not beloved beings of the gentler sex who argue in the same way nowadays? The book of female logic is blotted all over with tears, and Justice in their courts is forever in a passion."—*The Virginians*.

NEWMAN, 1801-1890

Biographical Outline.—John Henry Newman, born in London, February 21, 1801; father a banker, mother of Huguenot descent; in 1808 he enters a private school at Ealing; shows an early love of literature; dates his "conversion" (of which he afterward wrote, "I am still more certain of it than that I have hands or feet") in the autumn of 1816; as a boy, reads widely in theology and church history; enters Trinity College, Oxford, December 14, 1816; gains a valuable Trinity scholarship in 1818; father suffers financial disaster in 1818, and Newman enters Lincoln's Inn, where he keeps a few terms, his father intending him for the law; he breaks down (through overreading) in his final University examination in 1820, and barely secures his B.A. degree; remains in Oxford as a private tutor; studies Latin, logic, and physics in competition for a fellowship in Oriel College, which he wins, April 12, 1822—"the turning point of his life;" becomes an intimate friend of Pusey, then also a fellow of Oriel; is ordained deacon, June 13, 1824, and becomes curate of St. Clement's Church, Oxford; does much hard parish work, and preaches for the following nineteen years as an Anglican clergyman; comes closely under the influence of Whately, then principal of Alban Hall, who makes Newman vice-principal; assists in composing Whately's "Logic;" resigns at St. Alban's and becomes a tutor in Oriel in 1826; contributes to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" an article on Cicero in 1824 and an essay on Miracles in 1826; in 1827 he is appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall Palace, London; becomes vicar of St. Mary's, the University church.

rd, in 1828; serves as pro-proctor in 1830, and begins his
c with the evangelical church party by writing a pamphlet
sising the Church Missionary Society at Oxford; begins a
matic study of the church fathers; is made one of the
t University preachers in 1831-32; disagrees with the
ost over the duties of his tutorship, and is forced to resign
832; visits Italy in December, 1832, and meets Dr.
r Cardinal) Wiseman; finds the religion of Rome at that
“polytheistic, degrading, and idolatrous;” while in
ie, collaborating with his companion, Hurrell Froude, he
ns the poems known as the “*Lyra Apostolica*,” visits
y in April, 1833; is dangerously ill, but repeatedly ex-
ns, “I shall not die, I have a work to do;” in June,
3, while becalmed on an orange-boat sailing from Palermo
Marseilles, Newman writes “Lead, Kindly Light;” he
hes London, July 9, 1833, five days before Keble starts
ie Oxford Movement” by his Oxford assize sermon on
onal apostasy; Newman begins his “Tracts for the Times”
eptember, 1833, and advances “The Oxford Movement”
is sermons at St. Mary’s; publishes his volume on the
ns at the close of 1833; publishes “The Prophetical Office
he Church” and “Justification” in 1837, and “Disqui-
n on the Canon” and the “Tractate on Antichrist” in
3; becomes editor of the *British Critic*, the organ of the
arian movement; publishes “Tract Ninety” in 1841,
ch, by its attitude toward Catholicism, excites great in-
ation; Newman consequently resigns his editorship of the
ic in 1841; he withdraws from Oxford and forms, with
ral disciples, the “Littlemore Monastery,” where he re-
ns three years in suspense; in February, 1843, he publishes
ie *Conservative Journal* a retraction of his charges against
Church of Rome, and in September resigns his living at
Mary’s; he formally joins the Church of Rome, October
845; leaves Oxford in February, 1846, soon visits Rome,
is there ordained priest in October; he returns to Eng-

land in 1847, and resides at Birmingham and other places; in 1849 he publishes his "Discourses to Mixed Congregations"—considered his greatest sermons; in 1850 he establishes the London Oratory, and publishes his "Twelve Lectures;" in 1851 he publishes his "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics;" makes charges against an apostate Romish priest, Dr. Achelli; is sued for libel and is fined £100 in January, 1853; in 1854 Newman becomes rector of the new Catholic University then just established at Dublin; he publishes "The Idea of a University;" returns to Birmingham in 1858, the Dublin institution having proved a failure; in 1859 he establishes a school at Edgbarton for Catholics of the upper class; is drawn into a controversy with Charles Kingsley in 1864, which leads to the publication of Newman's "*Apologia pro Vita Sua*," which revolutionized popular opinion in his favor; his works in thirty-six volumes are published in 1868; in 1874, replying to Gladstone's "Vatican Decrees," he publishes his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk;" is elected an honorary member of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1877; is created Cardinal in 1879; resided at Edgbarton till his death, August 11, 1890.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Finish—Urbanity.—"The finish and urbanity of Cardinal Newman's prose have been universally commended, even by those who are most strenuously opposed to his opinions."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"How tender is the style in the only sense in which we can properly attribute tenderness to style, its avoidance of every harsh word, its shrinking aside from anything like overstatement."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"Carlyle's style is like the full untutored swing of the giant's arm; Cardinal Newman's is the assured self-possession, the quiet gracefulness, of the finished athlete."—*Principal Shairp*.

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"Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises these various gifts in various ways, in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. He founds states, he fights battles, he builds cities, he ploughs the forests, he subdues the elements, he rules his kind. He creates vast ideas, and influences many generations. . . . He pours out his fervid soul in poetry; he sways to and fro, he soars, he dives in his restless speculations; his lips drop eloquence; he touches the canvas, and it glows with beauty; he sweeps the strings, and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning."—*Literature and Life*.

"Where are they who were so active, so sanguine, so generous? the amiable, the modest, and the kind? We were told that they were dead; they suddenly disappeared; that is all we know

about it. They were silently taken from us ; they are not met in the seat of the elders, nor in the assemblies of the people ; in the mixed concourse of men, nor in the domestic retirement which they prized. As Scripture describes it, 'The wind has passed over them, and they are gone, and their place shall know them no more.' And they have burst the many ties which bound them ; they were parents, brothers, sisters, children, and friends ; but the bond of kindred is broken, and the silver cord of love is loosed."—*The Lapse of Time.*

"Blessed portion indeed, thus to be tutored in the sweetest, softest strains of gospel truth and to range over the face of the earth pilgrims and sojourners, with winning voices singing, as far as in the flesh it is possible to sing, the song of Moses the servant of God and the song of the Lamb."—*Affliction, A School of Comfort.*

2. Self-Revelation.—"There is one quality which will give Newman's sermons perpetual interest. It is not the style, finished as that is ; it is not the thought, deep and true, as all must acknowledge ; but it is the fact that these sermons are the revelation of his inner experience."—*F. B. Hornebrooke.*

"Inferior styles express the purpose but conceal the man ; Newman's expresses the purpose by revealing the man."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"There are touching passages of another kind, which are characteristic of Dr. Newman's writings and give them a peculiar charm. They are those which yield momentary glimpses of a very tender heart that has a burden of its own, unrevealed to man. . . . It is, as I have heard it described, as though he suddenly opened a book and gave you a glimpse for a moment of wonderful secrets, and then as quickly closed it."—*Principal Shairp.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have that sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this busy world and see no reflection of the Creator. . . . Were it not for this voice speaking so clearly in my conscience

and my heart, I should be an Atheist or a Pantheist or a Polytheist when I looked into the world."—*Apologia*.

"I have never for an instant had even the temptation of repenting my leaving Oxford. The feeling of repentance has not even come into my mind. How could it? How could I remain at St. Mary's a hypocrite? how could I be answerable for souls (and life so uncertain) with the convictions, or at least persuasions, which I had upon me? It is indeed a responsibility to act as I am doing; and I feel His hand heavy upon me without intermission, who is all Wisdom and Love, so that my heart and mind are tired out, just as the limbs might be from a load on one's back. That sort of dull, aching pain is mine; but my responsibility really is nothing to what it would be to be answerable for souls, for confiding, living souls, in the English Church with my convictions."—*Apologia*.

"How soothing will then be the remembrance of His past gifts! We shall remember how we got up early in the morning, and how all things, light or darkness, sun or air, cold or freshness, breathed of Him—of Him the Lord of glory, who stood over us, and came down upon us, and gave himself to us, and poured forth milk and honey for our sustenance, though we saw Him not."—*Present Blessings*.

3. Penetration—Insight into Human Life.—"He was intimately acquainted with his own heart, and he so read the hearts of his fellow-men that he seemed to know their inmost secrets. In his own words, he could tell them what they knew about themselves, and what they did not know, till they were startled by the truth of his revelations. His knowledge of human nature, underived from books and philosophy, was intuitive, first hand, and practical."—*Principal Shairp*.

"I know no writings which combine, as Cardinal Newman's do, so penetrating an insight into the realities of the human world around us in all its details, with so unwavering an inwardness of standard in estimating and judging of that world; so steady a knowledge of the true vanity of human life, with so steady a love for that which is not vanity or vexation of spirit, but which appeases the hunger and

slakes the thirst which Vanity Fair only stimulates."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"His object is to convince and to convince by gaining your attention, exciting your interest, enlivening your fancy. It is not his general practice to address the pure reason. He knows (he well may) how little reason has to do with men's convictions."—*Augustine Birrell.*

"Often as he carries us away by his close dialectic, his wonderful readings of the human heart, his tender or indignant fervor, there remains a small dark speck of misgiving which we can never wipe out."—*James Martineau.*

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"Who can know ever so little of himself without suspecting all kinds of imperfect and wrong motives in every thing he attempts?"—*Private Judgment.*

"The heart is commonly reached, not through the reason, but through the imagination by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history and by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, books subdue us, and deeds inflame us."—*Sermons.*

"We grow up from boyhood ; our minds open ; we go into the world ; we hear what men say, or read what they put in print ; and thus a profusion of all kinds is discharged upon us. . . . Young people, especially, because they are young, color the assemblage of persons and things which they encounter with the freshness and grace of their own spring-tide, look for all good from their reflection of their own hopefulness, and worship what they have created. Men of ambition, again, look upon the world as a theatre for fame and glory. . . . Poets, too, after their wont, put their ideal interpretation upon all things, material as well as moral, and substitute the noble for the true."—*Discipline of Mind.*

4. **Subtlety.**—"You feel that you are in the hands of a thinker of the very highest powers ; yet they are powers rather of an intellectual conjurer than of a teacher who commands

our confidence. You are astonished at the skill which is displayed, and unable to explain away the results ; but you are conscious all the time that you are being played with ; you are perplexed, but you are not attracted. . . . Every one, every word, tells, from the opening sentence to the last. . . . Dr. Newman has watched and analyzed the process of the mind with as much care and minuteness as Ehrenberg the organization of animalculæ. The knotted and tangled skein is disengaged and combed out until every fibre of it can be taken up separately and examined at leisure.”

—*J. A. Froude.*

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“Conscience is no longer recognized as an independent arbiter of actions, its authority is explained away ; partly it is superseded in the minds of men by the so-called moral sense, which is regarded merely as the love of the beautiful ; partly by the rule of expediency, which is forthwith substituted for it in the details of conduct. Now conscience is a stern, gloomy principle ; it fills us of guilt and prospective punishment. Accordingly, when its terrors disappear, then disappear also in the creed of the day those fearful images of divine wrath with which the Scripture bounds.”—*Parochial Sermons.*

“And besides, a mean system is often nothing better than an assemblage of words ; and always looks such before it is proved to be something more. For instance, if we knew only of the colors white and black, and heard a description of brown or grey, and were told that those were neither white nor black, but something like both, yet between them, we should be tempted to convince our informant to use words either self-contradictory or altogether unmeaning ; as if it were plain that what was not white must be black and what was not black must be white.”—*The Use of Private Judgment.*

“Many a man supposes that his investigation ought to be attended with a consciousness of his making it ; as if it were scarcely pleasing to God unless he all along reflects upon it, boasts of it as a right, and sanctifies it as a principle. He says to himself and others, ‘I am examining, I am scrutinizing, I am judging, I am free to choose or reject, I am exercising the right of

Private Judgment.' What a strange satisfaction! Does it increase the worth of our affections to reflect upon them as we feel them? Would our mourning for a friend become more valuable by our saying, 'I am weeping; I am overcome and agonized for the second or third time; I am resolved to weep?'—*The Use of Private Judgment.*

5. **Erudition.**—"Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was and what was his destiny."—*J. A. Froude.*

"You have triumphed in every field of mental effort—as a philosopher, an historian, a theologian, an orator, and a poet. You have wielded the most varied powers with equal mastery."—*O' Hagan to Newman.*

"One thing I will mention which has always especially attracted my attention; the wonderful art of marshalling facts from all directions and sources as illustrations of his theme and casting new and strange side-lights upon it."—*Hewit.*

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"In neither the *Œdipus Coloneus* nor the *Plutocetes*, the two most beautiful plays of Sophocles, is the plot striking; but how excellent is the delineation of the characters of Antigone and *Œdipus* in the former tragedy, particularly in their interview with Polynese, and the various descriptions of the scene itself which the Chorus furnishes!"—*Poetry with Reference to Aristotle's Poetics.*

"Thus Optics has for its subject the whole visible creation, so far forth as it is simply visible; Mental Philosophy has a narrower province but a richer one. Astronomy, plane and physical, each has the same subject-matter, but views it or treats it differently. Lastly, Theology and Comparative Anatomy have subject-matters partly the same, partly distinct."—*Sermons.*

"The Council was opened by St. Cyril on June 22 of the current year, without waiting for the Bishops representing the great

Syrian patriarchate, who were a few days' journey from Ephesus, in spite of the protest on that account of sixty-eight Bishops already there. . . . The first session, in which Nestorius was condemned and a definition or exposition of faith made, was concluded before night. . . . At the end of the Acts of the first session the signatures of about two hundred Bishops are found, and writers of the day confirm this number, though there is nothing to show that the additional forty or fifty were added on the day on which the definition was passed, June 22, and it is more probable that they were added afterwards."—*Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*.

6. Vivid Imagination.—"His satire could not be as powerful as it is without his imaginative power of isolating what he wants to emphasize and contrasting it with its opposite. But it is when he exerts his flexible and vivid imagination in depicting the deepest religious passion that we are the most carried away by him and feel his great genius most truly. . . . Dr. Newman's style is far from magnificent, for it is delicately vivid."—*R. H. Hutton*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"She thought she was no longer in Africa, but in her own Greece ; more sunny and bright than before ; but the inhabitants were gone. Its majestic mountains, its rich plains, its expanse of waters, all silent ; no one to converse with ; no one to sympathize with. And, as she wandered on and wondered, suddenly its face changed, and its colors were illuminated tenfold by a heavenly glory, and each hue upon the scene was of a beauty she had never known, and seemed strangely to affect all her senses at once, being fragrance and music as well as light. And there came out of the grottoes and glens and woods and out of the seas myriads of bright images, whose forms she could not discern ; and these came all around her, and became a sort of scene or landscape, which she could not have described in words, as if it were a world of spirits not of matter."—*Callista's Vision*.

"For twelve miles they extended from front to rear, and the

whizzing and hissing could be heard for twelve miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies and was reflected from their quivering wings, and as they heavily fell earthward they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-colored snow, and like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive-woods, orangeries, palm-plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach."—*Our Locust Plagues of North Africa.*

7. Quiet Humor.—"Humour he possesses in a marked degree. A quiet humour, of course, as befits his sober profession and the gravity of the subjects on which he loves to discourse. It is not the humour that is founded on a lively sense of the incongruous. . . . It always takes us unawares."—*Augustine Birrell.*

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"Men speak as if the 'Apostolical Order' were (to use a homely illustration) like the roof of a house or the top of a box, shutting in and making fast and tight 'Evangelical Truth;' or like 'politeness,' the charge for which, in some dames' schools, used to be an extra two pence."—*The Anglo-American Church.*

"It is said that a man may go on sipping first white wine and then port till he loses all perception which is which; and it is very great good fortune in this day if we manage to escape a parallel misery in theology."—*The Anglo-American Church.*

"Oxford is like the almshouse for clergymen's widows. Self-importance, jealousy, tittle-tattle, are the order of the day. It has always been so in my time. The two great ladies, Mrs. Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Divinity-Professor, can't agree, and have followings respectively; or Vice-Chancellor himself, being a new broom, sweeps all the young masters clear out of Convocation House, to their great indignation: or Mr. Slavery Dean of St. Peter's does not scruple to say in a stage-coach that Mr.—Wood is no scholar; on which the said Wood calls him, in return—'Slandrous Slavery.'"—*Loss and Gain.*

8. Intense Idealism.—"In his mode of thought the first characteristic I would notice is his innate and intense idealism. . . . It is a thought of his, always deeply felt and many times repeated, that this visible world is but the outward shell of an invisible kingdom, a screen which hides from our view things far greater and more wonderful than any which we see, and that the unseen world is close to us and ever ready, as it were, to break through the shell and manifest itself."—*Principal Shairp*.

"In his "Grammar of Assent" he pursues his course in a serene atmosphere as though hardly conscious of the agnosticism or the materialism which were troubling the waters of thought with dirty bubbles. He wrote on principles which were above such human accidents, as much as to say, clear your minds of their distempers, and look down from the eternal principles of truth and right on to the shifting delusions of this folly or that sin."—*A. F. Marshall*.

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"Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of the heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound: they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels or the Magnificat of saints or the living laws of divine governance or the divine attributes; something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter; though mortal man, and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."—*University Sermons*.

"Whenever we look abroad, we are reminded of those most gracious and holy beings, the servants of the Holiest, who deign to minister to the heirs of salvation. Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts

of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven."—*Parochial Sermons*.

"And yet, in spite of this universal world which we see, there is another world, quite as far-spreading, quite as close to us, and more wonderful; another world, all around us, though we see it not, and more wonderful than the world we see, for this reason, if for no other, that we do not see it. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working or waiting, which we see not; this is that other world, which the eyes reach not unto, but faith only."—*The Invisible World*.

9. Sense of the Mysterious.—"The sense of the mysteriousness of our being—that we even now belong to two worlds, and that that part of ourselves which we cannot see is far more important than the part which we do see. . . . One way in which he shows this sense of mystery is the feeling of wonder with which he looks upon the brute creation."—*Principal Shairp*.

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"It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with, creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. . . . Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of being, with which we are connected without understanding what it is?"—*Parochial Sermons*.

"And to those who do thus receive the blessed doctrine under consideration, it will be found to produce special and singular practical effects on them on the very ground of its mysteriousness. There is nothing, according as we are given to see and judge of things, which will make a greater difference in the temper, character, and habits of an individual than the circumstances of his holding or not holding the Gospel to be mysterious."—*The Mysteriousness of Our Present Being*.

"We must not search curiously what is His present office, what is meant by His pleading, His sacrifice, and by His perpetual intercession for us. And, since we do not know, we will studiously keep to the figure given us in Scripture ; we will not attempt to interpret it or change the wording of it, being wise above what is written. We will not neglect it because we do not understand it. We will hold it as a mystery."—*Mysteries in Religion*.

10. Keen Irony—Satire.—"His sentences stab—his invective destroys."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"Newman's irony is directed against what he regarded as the real self-deception which went on in the minds of some of his own most intimate associates and friends of former days. . . . Keen as his irony is, there is a certain passion in it, too. . . . Let anyone who doubts Dr. Newman's power of satire read the closing chapters of 'Loss and Gain.' There are passages in these chapters containing comedy as effective as anything written in our time."—*R. H. Hutton*.

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"All things now are to be learned at once ; not first one thing, then another ; not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it ; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter the printing-press is to do with mind ; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously, enlightened by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes."—*Idea of a University*.

"Not by an act of volition but by a sort of mechanical impulse bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each in his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intenseness and thickening emotion and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has cared country and town this weary time ; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamoring and ringing the changes on these poor half-dozen notes all about 'the popish aggression,' 'insolent

and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent, and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and oppressive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptuous and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious,' bobs (I think the singers call them), bobs and bobs-royal and triple bob-majors and grandsires, to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honor of Queen Bess and to the confusion of the Pope and the princes of the church."—*Catholicism in England*.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888

Biographical Outline. — Matthew Arnold, born at Laleham, near Staines, England, December 24, 1822; father Mr. Thomas Arnold, afterward head-master of Rugby; Matthew first attends a private school, then spends a year at Winchester College; enters Rugby in 1837, and wins a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1840; while at Oxford, wins a Latin prize and the Newdigate prize, but graduates second class; is elected a fellow of Oriel College in 1845; forms an intimate friendship with Arthur Hugh Clough; becomes secretary to Lord Lansdowne, leader of the Whigs, in 1847; publishes "A Strayed Reveller, and Other Poems" in 1848; teaches at Rugby as assistant master for a time; in 1851 marries a daughter of Justice Weightman, and is appointed lay-inspector of non-conformist schools; does much to elevate elementary education; in 1853 publishes "Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems;" is called to the chair of poetry at Oxford in 1857; in 1858 publishes "Melpomene, a Tragedy," containing as a preface an essay on the principles of criticism; in 1865 publishes "Essays in Criticism;" in 1859 he is sent as foreign assistant commissioner to study the Continental systems of primary education; in 1865 sent to examine into the state of secondary education on the Continent; in 1867 publishes "Schools and Universities on the Continent;" in 1867 appear "New Poems" and "A Study of Celtic Literature;" is re-elected at Oxford in 1862, and draws much attention to his chair; is compelled by state to retire in 1867; publishes "Culture and Anarchy" in 1869; refuses later to stand for the Oxford position again, as

his liberal religious views had made strong opposition probable; publishes "St. Paul and Protestantism" in 1870, "Friendship's Garland," a satire, in 1871, "High Schools and Universities in Germany" in 1875; publishes "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," and "Last Essays on Church and Religion," the latter in 1877; "Mixed Essays" in 1879; visits the United States in 1883 and again in 1886, lecturing in the principal cities during both visits; publishes "American Lectures" in 1887; his last paper was "Civilization in the United States;" dies at Liverpool, England, April 15, 1888.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

. **Literary Insight — Critical Acumen.** — "The
 ment we meet him as a critic we are in the presence of a
 ter. . . . He is the keenest, the wisest critic so far
 rning English literature; . . . he is a great critic
 ause he brings to bear on a variety of great subjects ex-
 utive knowledge, superior power of perception, and clear,
 e, adequate utterance, . . . lifting pure criticism as
 r perhaps as it may rise to the plane of creative art."—
n Vance Cheney.

' Arnold was pre-eminently a critical force, a force of clear
 ion and of steady discernment. He is an author whom we
 d . . . for his unfailing intelligence and critical acu-
 n and because, to borrow a sentence of Goethe, he helps us

to 'attain certainty and security in the appreciation of things exactly as they are.' . . . It is undoubtedly as a critic of literature that Arnold is destined to leave his deepest mark. In this field the classic purity and simplicity of his mind, its extraordinary clearness, steadiness, and vitality, are the qualities most prized. His power as a critic is undoubtedly his power of definition and classification. . . . His genius for definition and analysis finds full scope in his work on 'Celtic Literature,' wherein are combined the strictness of scientific analysis with the finest literary charm."—*John Burroughs*.

"His power of poetic expression is founded on a delicate simplicity of taste. . . . [He] shows the finest insight into Greek poetry, and has a highly cultivated appreciation both for the specific aroma of words and for the poetical atmosphere of thought."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"Mr. Arnold spares no pains to make critics feel that their duty is 'to see things as they are,' to shun insular prejudice and self-complacency, to avoid all eccentricity and exaggeration, never to praise with blind enthusiasm or to condemn with equally blind indignation, and to keep themselves pure from the contagion of personal or political or national bias."—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"It is in Arnold . . . that we begin to find the effectual expression of the habit of analysis and reasoning in matters of comparative literature."—*J. M. Robertson*.

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"The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power. . . . To ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch is one of the critic's highest functions. . . . The thing to know of a writer is, where he is all himself and his best self; where he gives us what no other man gives us. . . . For poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance."—*Essays in Criticism*.

The critical power is of lower rank than the creative. True ; n assenting to this proposition, one or two things are to be in mind. It is undeniable that the exercise of a creative r, that a free creative activity is the highest function of man.

. Now, in literature,—I will limit myself to literature, for about literature that the question arises—the elements with h the creative power works are ideas ; the best ideas on y matter which literature touches, current at the time.

. The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis exposition, not of analysis and discovery ; its gift lies in the lty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and tual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds f in them ; of dealing divinely with these ideas, presenting n in the most effective and attractive combinations—making rtiful works with them, in short.”—*Essays in Criticism*.

[Mr. Kinglake's] style has not the warm glow, blithe move- t, and soft pliancy of life such as the Attic style has. . . . as glitter without warmth, rapidity without ease, effectiveness out charm. Its characteristic is, that it has no *soul* ; all it ts for is to get its ends, to make its points, to damage its rsaries, to be admired, to triumph. A style so bent on effect e expense of soul, simplicity, and delicacy ; a style so little ous of the charm of the great models ; so far from classic h and grace, must surely be said to have the note of pro- lialism.”—*Literary Influence of Academies*.

. **Suggestiveness—Intellectuality.**—“He sowed the ds of men with thoughts which have had a wide influence the times. . . . His poetry is the poetry of ideas.

. Matthew Arnold never dreamed. He lived a stren- ; intellectual life, and his poetry is the outcome of his king.”—*George Dawson*.

He is the apostle of culture and clear intelligence. . . . rywhere in his books we are brought under the influence of ind which clears our vision, which sets going a process of tallization in our thoughts, and brings our knowledge, on a ain range of subjects, to a higher state of clearness and ty. . . . Matthew Arnold was probably the most deeply

imbued with the spirit of Greek culture of any man of letters of our time."—*John Burroughs*.

"He generally gives us something which has cost him thought, and which is fitted thereby to awaken thought in us. . . . There is in the style a kind of Gothic robustness through the influence of which it impresses itself upon the reader and infuses into his being something of this same Teutonic spirit. His style throughout has this educational and educating quality. . . . In the words of Montesquieu, it seeks 'to render an intelligent being still more intelligent.' . . . The style is instructive and incitive; . . . it serves to quicken within the reader a genuine literary impulse. . . . No one can read the prose of Arnold with carefulness and sympathetic attention without becoming a wiser man and without having a desire awakened in him to become even wiser still. . . . It is this intellectual element of his style which, after all, is its distinctive element."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"He is the poet of the inner intellectual life. . . . In all his writings there is a strange inwardness: they never pall or weary because, beyond the beauty of expression, is always a beauty and a depth of thought."—*A. Galton*.

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"To walk staunchly by the best light one has, to be strict and sincere with one's self, not to be of the number of those who say and do not, to be in earnest,—this is the discipline by which alone man is enabled to rescue his life from thralldom to the passing moment and to his bodily senses, to ennoble it and to make it eternal."—*Culture and Anarchy*.

"Socrates is poisoned and dead; but in his own breast does not every man carry about with him a possible Socrates in that power of a disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock notions and habits, of which this wise and admirable man gave all through his lifetime the great example, and which was the secret of his incomparable influence? And he who leads men to call forth and exercise in themselves this power, and who busily

it forth and exercises it in himself, is at the present moment, as Socrates was in his time, more in concert with the working of men's minds, and more effectually significant, any House of Commons' orator or practical operator in politics.—*Culture and Anarchy.*

In thus making sweetness and light to be characters of person, culture is of like spirit with poetry—follows one law with poetry. Far more than our freedom, our population, and our industrialism, many among us rely upon our religious organizations for us. I have called religion a yet more important manifestation of human nature than poetry, because it has worked on a larger scale for perfection and with greater masses of men. The idea of beauty and of a human nature perfect on all its sides, which is the dominant idea of poetry, is a true and invaluable idea. . . . It is destined, adding to itself the religious fervor of a devout energy, to transform and govern the other."—*Culture and Anarchy.*

Repetition—Stock Phrases.—"When a thought is to be exactly repeated the exact word first used must be used again. . . . Arnold's oft-rung phrases, instead of quotations, are formulated truths with catch-words which, once caught, cling like burrs."—*John Vance Cheney.*

'A view being taken, a phrase more or less felicitous is selected to express the view, and henceforth the changes are made upon the phrase. . . . The trick of iteration, exacting as it was, effected its purpose; and the formulæ of sweetness and light' and so forth . . . have bitten themselves deeply into the contemporary consciousness because they are formulæ and could be easily recalled.'"—*J. Jacobs.*

'When he has polished to the last degree of artistic finish a definition or a phrase, it is no part of his purpose to leave it in modest retirement till the discernment of the reader discovers it. He has so little faith in the discernment of the public that he emphatically points out what a perfect phrase he has invented; and, lest it be forgotten, makes it a pivot upon which each paragraph after paragraph revolves.'"—*Anonymous.*

"Mr. Arnold treated the middle classes as a common jury, and hammered away at them remorselessly and with the most unblushing iteration."—*Augustine Birrell*.

T. W. Hunt speaks of "the injudicious recurrence of such phrases as 'sweetness and light,' 'the sense in us for conduct,' 'the sense in us for beauty,' etc.," and Leslie Stephen notes Arnold's "curious delight in discoursing catch-words and repeating them sometimes to weariness."

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"The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light works to make the reason and will of God to prevail. . . . Culture looks beyond machinery; culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. . . . It knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that it must have a broad basis—must have sweetness and light."—*On Sweetness and Light*.

"Charlatanism is for confusing or obliterating the distinctions between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half sound, true and untrue or only half true. It is charlatanism, conscious or unconscious, whenever we confuse or obliterate these. And in poetry, more than anywhere else, it is unpermissible to confuse and obliterate them. For in poetry the distinction between excellent and inferior, sound and unsound or only half sound, true and untrue or only half true, is of paramount importance. . . . And the criticism of life will be of power in proportion as the poetry conveying it is excellent rather than inferior, sound rather than unsound, true rather than untrue or only half true."—*Essays in Criticism*.

"I have been trying to show that culture is, or ought to be, the study and pursuit of happiness; and that of perfection, as pursued by culture, beauty, and intelligence—or, in other words, sweetness and light—are the main characters. But hitherto I have been insisting chiefly on beauty or sweetness as a character

of perfection. To complete rightly my design, it evidently remains to speak of intelligence or light as a character of perfection."—*Doing as One Likes*.

4. Doubt—Lack of Deep Moral Sympathy. —

He lacks the broad, paternal, sympathetic element that the best order of men possess. . . . All his sympathies are with the influences which make for correctness, for discipline, for taste, for perfection, rather than those that favor power, freedom, originality, individuality and the more heroic and imaginary qualities. . . . One never doubts Arnold's ability to estimate a purely literary and artistic force; but one sees that it is by no means certain that he will fully appreciate the force of character, a force of patriotism, of conscience, of religion. . . . His works, as models of urbanity and civility, will endure; still, they do not contain the leaven which leavens and modifies races and times."—*John Burroughs*.

"Intellectual doubt has found its voice in Matthew Arnold's most sincere utterances, and doubt can never touch a wide role. . . . He is a spirit loosed upon the sunless sea of doubt and ever wearily scanning the gray horizon for the desired but undiscovered haven. . . . Less than any other who has felt the force of religious truth has he gained the secret of serenity, the mind that knows, the calm of certitude, the heart that rests in the light of faith."—*George Dawson*.

"No one has expressed more powerfully and poetically the spiritual weaknesses [of this generation], its craving for a passion it cannot feel, . . . its desire for a creed it cannot accept, its aspiration for a peace it does not know. But Mr. Arnold does this from the intellectual side—sincerely and delicately, but from the surface and never from the centre.

. . . His criticisms . . . are always too much limited to the thin superficial layer of the moral nature of their

subjects, and take little comparative interest in the deeper individuality beneath. . . . It is always the style and superficial doctrine of their poetry, not the individual character and unique genius, which occupy him."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"The general characteristic of Mr. Arnold's poetry is moral and intellectual skepticism and despondency."—*E. P. Whipple.*

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"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride :
I come to shed them at their side."

—*The Grande Chartreuse.*

"At the stage of experience where men are now arrived, it is evident to whoever looks at things fairly that the miraculous data of the Bible have not this unique character of trustworthiness; that they, like other such data, proceed from a medium of imperfect observation and boundless credulity. The story of the magical birth and resuscitation of Jesus was bred in such a medium; and not to see this, to build confidently on the story, is hardly more serious than to admit the story of the magical birth and resuscitation of the Virgin because it is as beautiful. Never let us deny to this story power and pathos or treat with hostility ideas which have entered so deep into the life of Christendom. But the story is not true; it never really happened. The personages never did meet together and speak and act in the manner related. The personages of the Christian Heaven and their conversations are no more matter of fact than the personages of the Greek Olympus and their conversations. . . . There is no doubt, therefore, about an Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness, and to which men have transferred that ancient high name, God, the Brilliant or Shining, by which they once adored a mighty object outside themselves, the sun, which from the first took their notice as powerful for their weal or woe. So that God is admitted; but people maintain, besides, that he is personal and thinks and loves."—*God and the Bible.*

4. "The Gods laugh in their sleeves
 To watch man doubt and fear,
 Who knows not what to believe
 Since he sees nothing clear,
 And dares stamp nothing false
 When he finds nothing sure."

—*Empedocles on Etna.*

5. **Despondency—Melancholy.**—Mr. Arnold says of himself: "In the sincere endeavor to learn and practise, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing among the ancients. They, at any rate, knew what they wanted in art and we do not."

"Moral uneasiness and spiritual darkness often verging on despair, . . . [a] tone of sad yearning and bitter dissatisfaction . . . with modified intensity runs through all the poems of Mr. Arnold's middle period. . . . [There is a] neutral transitionary attitude between allegiance to authority that has ceased to control him and acceptance of a system that does not command his reverence."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"An undertone of sadness runs like a sombre current below the visible level of his verse. . . . Seriousness is too often seen to give place to sadness and to a sadness that is nothing less than Byronic and oppressive."—*T. W. Hunt.*

"He is full of an incommunicable grief, and in the effort to express what he suffers, he reaches to an intensity of utterance which we find nowhere else in his poetry. . . . He cannot conceal from us that there is no peace in culture. A pervading sadness and despair are its most memorable features. There breathes throughout the sadness of failure, the distress of faithlessness. . . . [He strikes] the iron chord of a militant yet despairing pessimism."—*George Dawson.*

"In the melancholy with which the sick King of Bokhara

broods, . . . in the gloomy resentment of Mycerinus, . . . in the despair of Empedocles on Etna in his failure to solve the riddle of the painful earth, . . . in those fine lines written by a death-bed, . . . in the melodious sadness of the personal retrospects in 'Resignation,' . . . in the consciously hopeless cravings of 'The Scholar Gipsy' and 'Thyrsis,' . . . he delineates the intellectual weakness and dejection of the age, and feebly though poetically shadows forth his own hopeless hope of a remedy."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"Didacticism and Pessimism constitute the main objection to the body of his poetry—too naked teaching, too free use of 'the fearful gift,' the 'glance of melancholy,' too much malady and too little melody, too little ease and spontaneity, too little of the bubbling music of joy. . . . Of a truth, Arnold is a man of sorrows."—*John Vance Cheney.*

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"O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted and like us unblest."

—*The Scholar-Gipsy.*

"The brave, impetuous heart yields everywhere
To the subtle, contriving head;
Great qualities are trodden down,
And littleness united
Is become invincible."—*Empedocles on Etna.*

Vise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope. . . . But the very word *duty* points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken."—*Discussions in America*.

Intellectual and Moral Superciliousness.—

Mr. Arnold took a sort of perverse delight in intellectual isolation, lectured his antagonists with the serene positiveness of a man who was perfectly convinced that he knew everything more than anybody else knew anything. . . . 'There is much of literary dandyism in all Arnold's prose. He always figures, as someone has well said, as 'a superior person' looking down to the intellectual incapacities of his inferiors.'"—*George Dawson*.

Mr. Arnold has always impressed on his poems that aristocratic selectness and conscious exclusiveness which he, even after being the popular poet of Germany, claimed in his own writings. . . . Mr. Arnold's poems draw their life entirely from the proud self-conscious zone of middle-class experience, and have scarcely given forth one single note of popular grief and joy."—*E. C. Stedman*.

Matthew Arnold is the poet of the universities—of the exclusive classes. . . . He has not in him the mixture of common life and feeling which can conciliate that narrow circle with the wider one of the general world, or the inspiration of passion and emotional nature which goes to the common heart."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

His critical style has this fundamental fault, a dogmatic narrowness. . . . This dogmatism is apparent in all his prose. No man has opposed the dogmatic tone more than he, yet here he is among the chief of sinners. . . . The critic is thoroughly satisfied with himself. . . . This aristocratic narrowness was more and more apparent in Mr. Arnold and became more pronounced than in his later utterances. . . . He is referred to appear as the apostle of classical restraint.

The one most repellant feature of this distinguished writer is this imperial pompousness, this air of self-assertion, which amounts at times to nothing short of a literary strut. . . . In his American addresses we note most conspicuous examples of this parade of parts—this literary *hauteur*.”—*T. W. Hunt*.

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“The mere nomenclature of the country [the United States] sets upon a cultivated person like the incessant pricking of pins. What people in whom the sense of beauty and fitness was quick could have invented or could tolerate the hideous names ending in ‘ville’—the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles—rise from Maine to Florida, the jumble of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere?”—*Last Words on America*.

“*Wragg!* If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of the best in the whole world, has any one reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, when an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than ‘the best race in the world;’ by the Ilissus there was no *Wragg*, poor thing!”—*Essays in Criticism*.

“It may be very well for born Hebraisers, like Mr. Spurgeon, to Hebraise; but for liberal statesmen to Hebraise is surely unsafe, and to see poor old liberal hacks Hebraising, whose real self belongs to a kind of negative Hellenism—a state of moral indifference without intellectual ardor—is even painful. And when, by our Hebraising, we neither do what the better mind of statesmen prompted them to do nor win the affections of the people we want to conciliate nor yet reduce the opposition of our adversaries but rather brighten it, surely it may not be unreasonable to Hellenize a little.”—*Culture and Anarchy*.

7. Cool, Stinging Satire.—“He is a master of ironical reasoning. . . . He never uses a literary bludgeon; he delights rather in the sharp rapier-thrust, the swift retort, the quiet ironical smile that is so much harder to bear than

loud derisive laughter of a Johnson or a Carlyle."—*George Dawson.*

'His best friends might wish to see him—they would certainly be curious to see him—lose his temper for once in a row over some subject that deserves to rouse his ire.'—*J. obs.*

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In the following essay it will be seen how our society divides itself into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace; and each is just ourselves, with the Barbarians quite left out, and Populace nearly."—*Culture and Anarchy.*

Why, one has heard people, fresh from reading certain articles of the *Times* on the Registrar-General's returns of marriages and births in this country, who would talk of our large English families in quite a solemn strain, as if they had something in themselves that was useful, elevating, and meritorious in them; as if the British Philistine would have only to present himself before the Great God with his twelve children in order to be received among the elect as a matter of right!"—*Culture and Anarchy.*

The reader may judge of my astonishment, therefore, at finding from Mr. Wright's pamphlet, that I had 'declared with solemnity that there is not any proper reason for his existing.' That I never said; but, on looking back at my lectures on translating Homer, I find that I did say, not that Mr. Wright was wrong, but that Mr. Wright's version of the *Iliad*, repeating in the main the merits and defects of Cowper's version, as Mr. Sotheby's repeated those of Pope's version, had, if I might be pardoned for saying so, no proper reason for existing. Elsewhere I expressly spoke of the merit of his version; but I confess that the phrase, amplified as I have shown, about its want of a proper reason for existing, I used. Well, the phrase had, perhaps, too much vivacity; we have all of us a right to exist, we and our works; an unpopular author should be the last person to call in question this right. So I gladly withdraw the offending phrase, and I am sorry I have used it."—*Essays in Criticism.*

8. Classic Finish—Clearness—Purity.—"Arnold is probably the purest classic writer that English literature, as yet, has to show; classic not merely in the repose and purity of his style, but in the unity and simplicity of his mind. . . . The man of all others among recent English writers who had in a pre-eminent degree the gift of style . . . was Matthew Arnold."—*John Burroughs*.

"That natural light of mind, that power of reception and reflection of things or thoughts, which I most admire in so much of Mr. Arnold's work. I mean by it much more than mere facility or transparency; more than brilliance, more than ease or excellence of style. . . . No poem in any language can be more perfect as a model of style [than 'Thyrsis']. . . . No countryman of ours since Keats died has made or has found words fall into such faultless folds and forms of harmonious line. . . . No one has in like measure that tender and final quality of touch which tempers the excessive light and suffuses the refluent shade. . . . No poet has ever come so near the perfect Greek."—*Swinburne*.

"Mr. Arnold belongs to the classical school of poetry, regarding the Greeks, with their strength and simplicity of phrase and their perfect sense of form, as his masters. To the imaginative power of a true poet he adds a delicacy and refinement of taste and a purity and severity of phrase which uncultured readers often mistake for boldness. Nowhere in his poems do we find those hackneyed commonplaces, decked out with gaudy and ungraceful ornament, which pass for poetry with many people. . . . There are few poems which show such a refined sense of beauty, such dignity and self-restraint, such admirable adaptation of the form to the subject as, for example, 'Tristram and Iseult,' 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and the 'Forsaken Merman.'"—*H. J. Nicoll*.

"He has originality, . . . a style of the utmost lucidity and of frequent force. . . . He is never obscure; he says what he has to say with admirable definiteness and

of phrase. . . . [He has an] admirable terse-
distinctness of expression."—*George Dawson*.

chief note of his style is an exquisite and classical
of touch. . . . The verse of Arnold is bathed in
d tranquil light."—*Horace Scudder*.

old's prose is luminous like a steel mirror."—*R. H.*

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w years afterwards the great English middle-class, the
the nation, the class whose intelligent sympathy had up-
hakespeare, entered the prison of Puritanism, and had
turned on its spirit there for two hundred years."—*Es-
leinrich Heine*.

man in many millions, a Heine, may console himself
p himself erect in suffering by a colossal irony of this
covering himself and the Universe with the red fire of
ster mockery, but the many millions cannot, cannot if
ald."—*Essay on Pagan and Mediæval Religious Senti-*

" What Lady is this, whose silk attire
Gleams so rich in the light of the fire ?
The ringlets on her shoulders lying
In their flitting lustre vying
With the clasp of burnished gold
Which her heavy robe doth hold ?

What place is this, and who are they ?
Who is that kneeling lady fair ?
And on his pillows that pale knight
Who seems of marble on a tomb ?
How comes it here, this chamber bright
Through whose mullioned windows clear
The castle court all wet with rain,
The drawbridge and the moat appear
. . . . and far away
The unquiet bright Atlantic plain ? "

—*Tristram and Iseult*.

CARLYLE, 1795-1881

Biographical Outline.—Thomas Carlyle, born December 4, 1795, at Ecclefechan, Dumfries, Scotland; father a stone-mason; Thomas studies at the village-school and afterward at Annan Grammar School, which he enters in 1804; in November, 1809, he enters Edinburgh University, walking the eighty miles thence from his home; his parents wish him to study for the ministry; he leaves the University in the summer of 1814, and becomes mathematical tutor in Annandale Academy at a salary of £70 per year; he makes a profound study of Newton's "*Principia*;" in the autumn of 1816 becomes master of a school in Kilmarnock, where he forms an intimate friendship with Edward Irving, and reads history voraciously in Irving's library; is unpopular as a teacher, and resigns in October, 1818; goes to Edinburgh without a definite aim; takes up mineralogy and, incidentally, German; earns a meagre support by tutoring and translating scientific pamphlets from the French; is tortured by dyspepsia; spends the summer of 1819 on his father's farm at Mainhill, Annandale, wandering distracted about the moors, "eating my own heart, . . . through mazes of doubt, perpetual questionings unanswered;" returns to Edinburgh in November, 1819, and resumes private teaching and attendance on law lectures; becomes disgusted with the law by March, 1820, and visits Irving at Glasgow; studies German literature at Mainhill during the summer of 1821, and writes articles for "Brewster's Cyclopædia;" in September, 1820, returns to Edinburgh, "determined to find out something stationary" and "sick of this drivelling state of painful idleness;" continues private teaching and hack writing, earning a plain

living but still subject to mental "temptations in the wilderness;" London booksellers refuse his proposal to make a complete translation of Schiller's works; in June, 1821, he achieves what he calls in "Sartor Resartus" his "new birth," when he "authentically took the devil by the nose;" in May, 1821, he visits Haddington, with Irving, and meets Jane Baillie Welsh, with whom Irving was then in love; Carlyle becomes her tutor in German; through Irving's aid he becomes tutor at Edinburgh in the family of Mr. Buller, a retired East India merchant, at a salary of £200; he translates Legendre's "Geometry" successfully, and contemplates various ambitious literary works; is made a familiar member of the Buller family, where he has many social advantages; in 1823 begins writing his "Life of Schiller" for the *London Magazine*; removes with the Bullers to Kin-naird House, near Dunkeld; continues his correspondence with Jane Welsh, who frowns upon his matrimonial advances; translates Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" in 1824, and receives good pay for it; in 1824 he first visits London, where he continues to act as tutor to Charles and Arthur Buller, and renews his intimacy with Irving, then at the height of his London fame (meanwhile Irving, though devoted to Jane Welsh, had reluctantly kept a youthful obligation by marrying a lady to whom he had become engaged years before); Carlyle meets Procter, Cunningham, Campbell, and Coleridge; resides briefly at Kew, and gives up the Buller tutorship in July, 1824; spends two months in Birmingham as the guest of one Badams, a physician and a friend of Irving, who tries to cure Carlyle's dyspepsia; takes lodgings with the Irvings at Dover in October, 1824; spends twelve days in Paris, where he meets Legendre, hears Cuvier lecture, and sees Laplace and others; returns to Dover and takes lodgings in London in the autumn of 1824; remains in London till midwinter, putting his "Life of Schiller" into final book form; becomes engaged to Jane Welsh (conditionally) in the

spring of 1825; returns to his father's home at Mainhill in March, 1825, having engaged to make further translations from the German, and takes a farm at Hoddam Hill; Miss Welsh visits him and his family; gives up Hoddam Hill in 1826 and removes, with his father's family, to Scotsbrig, near Ecclefechan; marries Jane Welsh at Templeland, October 17, 1826, and takes a house at Comely Bank, Edinburgh; entertains De Quincey, Hamilton, Wilson, and others; completes his "Specimens of German Romance" late in 1826; finds no remunerative occupation, and so decides to remove to his wife's moorland farm at Craigenputtock; in June, 1827, he meets Jeffrey, and engages to write for the *Edinburgh Review* the essays now known as the "Miscellanies;" is greatly encouraged by presents and an appreciative letter from Goethe in July, 1827; Jeffrey makes an unsuccessful effort to obtain for Carlyle, through Brougham, a chair in the new London University; an effort of Irving and others to secure for him a chair in the University of St. Andrews also fails; he leaves Edinburgh for Craigenputtock May 26, 1827; continues his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, and publishes his essay on Voltaire in the *Foreign Review* in April, 1829; joins the staff of the new *Fraser's Magazine* in May, 1830; writes "Sartor Resartus" in 1831, but fails to find a publisher; spends the autumn of 1831 in London, where he meets John Stuart Mill, Leigh Hunt, and others; returns to Craigenputtock in April, 1832; corresponds with Mill; publishes his essay on Goethe in the *Foreign Quarterly* in July, 1832; writes his essay on Diderot, and spends the winter of 1832-33 in Edinburgh; returns in the spring to Craigenputtock (where he is visited by Emerson) and writes the "Diamond Necklace;" after receiving Thiers's History from Mill, Carlyle decides to undertake a history of the French Revolution; begins publishing "Sartor Resartus" in *Fraser's* in November, 1833; settles, June 10, 1834, with his wife at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, London, where he resides till his death;

"Sartor Resartus" excites "universal disapprobation;" Carlyle completes the manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution," which is loaned to Mill and is accidentally burned; he refuses a position on the staff of the *London Times*; completes the second manuscript of the first volume of the "French Revolution" September 22, 1835; toils at the second volume during 1836, "mind weary, body very sick;" is comforted by Sterling and Leigh Hunt; publishes his essay on Mirabeau and the "Diamond Necklace" in 1836; "Sartor Resartus" is published in America through Emerson's influence, in 1836; Carlyle completes the second volume of the "French Revolution" January 12, 1837, and publishes both volumes soon afterward; begins his first course of public lectures (on German Literature) in London, May 1, 1837; the lectures are financially successful and are followed by three more courses in three successive years, one on the History of Literature and Periods of European Culture, one on Revolutions in Modern Europe, and one on Hero Worship—all lost or imperfectly reported except the last; Carlyle becomes recognized as a social "lion," but repulses many would-be influential friends; in 1838-39 he receives, through Emerson, £150 as the profits of the American edition of "Sartor Resartus;" reviews Lockhart's "Life of Scott" in January, 1838 (in 1839 Emerson publishes in America Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays"); "Chartism," written in 1839 and refused by the *Quarterly*, is published in pamphlet form in 1840; Carlyle publishes "Heroes and Hero-Worship" early in 1841, and retires to Yorkshire "to ripen or rot for awhile;" writes the preface to Emerson's Essays and little else during 1841; the death of Mrs. Carlyle's mother, in February, 1842, brings Mrs. Carlyle into a property of £200 a year; Carlyle visits Belgium briefly with the Bulls in 1842, and in 1843 visits Charles Redwood in Wales; he publishes "Past and Present" in April, 1843, and "The Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell" in December,

1845 ; a new edition is demanded by May, 1846 ; he is again visited by Emerson in the autumn of 1847 ; makes a tour of Ireland in the summer of 1849, and makes notes not intended for publication (published in 1882) ; publishes his " Discourse on the Nigger Question " in *Fraser's*, December, 1849, and begins his " Latter-Day Pamphlets ;" publishes the " Life of John Sterling " in 1851 ; begins work on his " Friedrich II." in 1852, of which he publishes the first two volumes in 1858 and the sixth and last in 1865 ; visits Germany in 1852 ; is elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in November, 1865 ; delivers his inaugural address in March, 1866 ; leaves Edinburgh to visit his brother James at Scotsbrig, and while there learns of his wife's sudden death while she is driving in the Park ; writes two volumes of the " Reminiscences " in 1866 (much of it never intended for publication), including his recollections of Irving and Jeffrey ; publishes his pamphlet " Shooting Niagara " in 1867 ; publishes " The Early Kings of Norway " in 1875 ; refuses many royal honors and decorations and the offer of a pension ; dies in London February 5, 1881.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Free Coinage—Verbal Eccentricities.—"His felicity and power of expression surpass even his special merit as historian and critic. Therein his experience has not failed him, but furnished him with such a store of winged, ay, and legged words, as only a London life perchance could give

account of. We had not understood the wealth of the language before. Nature is ransacked, and all the resorts and purlieus of humanity are taxed to furnish the fittest symbol for his thought. He does not go to the dictionary, the word-book, but to the word-manufactory itself, and has made endless work for the lexicographers."—*H. D. Thoreau*.

"One peculiarity of Carlyle's style deserves notice—his revival of many of the old Saxon words, for none of the semi-French and semi-Latin words imported of late so strike upon an Englishman's heart and feelings as the good old Saxon: they sound home-like, not like the frippered follies of modern times, but like the earnest, hearty days of our fathers under the best development. . . . In one respect I think Carlyle has improved the English language, and that is in the use he makes of words banded and coupled together as epithets. . . . Compound words are too few in the old language of England; the old Saxon tongue did not rejoice in long words, but stood rather in awe of them; but we now need compound words in order to avoid that diluted style which the writings of the last half-century have supplied—something by which our thoughts may be more compressed, masculine, and energetic—and this Carlyle has done in some of the singularly beautiful epithets which he has strung together in these compound words, in which the Greeks and Germans were thought to have the pre-eminence, but which he has demonstrated the English language is quite as capable of showing, and being rightly used under, as either of those tongues."—*George Dawson*.

"In point of fact, however, Carlyle takes no liberty with the English language for which he cannot plead the example of Shakespeare. When he wants to express a shade of meaning for which there is no word in the dictionary, he makes a term by tacking one or two words together. He speaks [in 'Sartor Resartus'] of a 'snow - and - rose - bloom maiden' . . . Carlyle makes these words as Turner mixed colors,

to suit his own pictorial wants. Shakespeare did the same."

—*Peter Bayne.*

"He is most liberal in the coinage of new words and even new forms of syntax. . . . To give an adequate view of his verbal eccentricities would be no small labor. He extends the admitted licenses of the language in every direction, using one part of speech for another, verbs for nouns, nouns for verbs, adverbs and adjectives for nouns. His coinages often take the form of new derivatives—'benthamee,' 'amusee.' He abuses the license of giving plurals to abstract nouns."

—*Minto.*

"Both [Carlyle and Jean Paul Richter] constantly use words sanctioned by no custom, or even precedent, and, of course, though often expressive, sometimes not compensating for their oddness by any special felicity."—*John Sterling.*

"Hardly any writer at any time has seen during his own life so many new forms of speech, invented by himself, pass into the general dictionary of phrase."—*Saintsbury.*

"Carlyle's vocabulary is made up of long compounds in the German style, of unusual forms, of comparatives and superlatives of his own invention."—*Edmond Scherer.*

"If he wants to convey a shade of meaning for which only an approximate word exists, and he is not satisfied with a paraphrase, he must alter the old word or invent a new one."

—*W. E. Henley.*

"That new grandiose yet rugged voice which broke every law of composition and triumphed over them all, which shocked and bewildered all critics and authorities, yet excited and stirred the whole slumbrous world of literature and rang into the air like a trumpet."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"All was done for me that human waitage, in the circumstances, could do. . . . A very unbeautiful, old, boiled-looking, foreign dignitary, married to somebody's sister, . . .

half-pay-sergeant-looking figure is talking insipidities about the news from the papers."—*Irish Journey*.

"No penny-a-week Committee Lady, no manager of Soup-kitchens, dancer at Charity Balls, was this rugged, stern-visaged man; but where in all England could there have been found another soul so full of pity, a hand so heavenlike-bounteous as his?"—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

"Accordingly, the impotent, insolent Do-nothingism in Practice and say-nothingism in Speech, which we have to witness on that side of our affairs, is altogether amazing."—*Gospel of Dilettanteism*.

2. Profuse Imagery.—"First, revelling in his immense force of comparison and assimilation, he shows a prodigious luxuriance of the figures of similarity—nicknaming personages, applying old terms to new situations, and such like. He often substitutes metaphorical for the real names when the real are quite sufficient and perhaps more suitable for the occasion. Now this habit, not to speak of its lowering the value and richness of his genius by overdoing and overaffecting originality of phrase, often makes it appear as if he did not know the literal and customary names of things, and were driven to make shift with these allusive names. . . . The similes, forcibly hunted out from every region of his knowledge of nature and of books, are not merely fanciful embellishments—most of them go to the making of his vivid powers of description. The character or the personal appearance or action of an individual; the character of a nation, a state of society, political situation; the relative position of two belligerents—everything, in short, that needs describing he brings vividly before us in its leading features by some significant simile or metaphor."—*Minto*.

"He cannot be contented with a single expression; he employs figures at every step; he embodies all his ideas; he must touch forms. We see that he is besieged and haunted by brilliant or gloomy visions; every thought with him is a shock;

a stream of misty passion comes bubbling into his overflowing brain, and the torrent of images breaks forth and rolls on amidst every kind of mud and magnificence."—*Taine*.

"In his graphic description of Richter's style, Carlyle describes his own pretty nearly; and no doubt he first got his tongue loosened at that fountain and was inspired by it to equal freedom and originality. 'The language,' as he says of Richter, 'groans with indescribable metaphors and allusions to all things human and divine, flowing onward, not like a river, but like an inundation; circling in complete eddies; chafing and gurgling, now this way, now that;' but in Carlyle 'the proper current' never 'sinks out of sight amid the boundless roar.'" —*H. D. Thoreau*.

"In reading Jean Paul it is impossible, I think, not to think that the color is sometimes more important than the meaning, the embroidery more precious than the stuff; but the intellectual power of Carlyle is great enough to cause his most glowing similitudes to thrill with life. In describing the language of those books you are forced to fall back upon the author's resource of metaphor and to say that it is now like the gleaming of swords, now like the rustle and glance of jewelled garments, now terrible as lightning, now tender as the dew, now firm, close, rapid as the tread of armed men, now wildly and grandly vague as the voice of forests or the moaning of the sea."—*Peter Bayne*.

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"That waste chaos of authorship by trade; that waste chaos of skepticism in religion and politics, in life theory and life practice; in his poverty, in his dust and dimness, with the sick body and the rusty coat; he made it do for him, like a brave man. Not wholly without a loadstar as the brave all need to have; with his eye set on that, he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of time."—*Heroes and Hero Worship*.

"Virtue once promised to be her own reward; but because she does not pay him in the current coin of worldly enjoyment, he reckons her, too, a delusion; and, like Brutus, reproaches as a shadow what he once worshipped as a substance. Whither shall he now tend? For his loadstars have gone out one by one; and as the darkness fell, the strong steady wind has changed into a fierce and aimless tornado."—*Essay on Goethe*.

"Dreariest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon's edge; obscure in illusive twilight as of the shadow of death; trackless, without index, without finger-post or mark of any human fore-goer; where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulent Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by Phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by nightmares, pasteboard novroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire. There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us."—*Essay on Cromwell*.

"These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-Dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Mid-night, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, and bearing her to Halls roofed in and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery to prowl or to moan like night-birds are abroad: that hum, I say, like the ster-torous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven."—*Essay on Burns*.

3. Excessive Ridicule — Broad Sarcasm.— "No man ever poured out such withering scorn upon his contemporaries. Many of his political tracts are as blasting as the 'Satires' of Juvenal. The opinions and practices of his times in politics, religion, and literature were as a stubbly, brambly field, to which he would fain apply the match and clean the ground for a nobler crop. . . . He was probably the

most savage and contemptuous man in the world in his time, who had anything like his enormous fund of tenderness and magnanimity."—*John Burroughs*.

"‘The Latter-Day Pamphlets’ assailed with the most galling invective and contemptuous ridicule the leading politicians and institutions of the country. The hollowness of great men and the servility of small are lashed with a furious, stinging whip, whose thongs, steeped in the salt of grim, fantastic wit, cut and smart to the very bone. Yet many blows are too fierce, too sweeping, and many fall harmless upon sound and honest things.”—*W. F. Collier*.

"This firm, victorious, scoffing vituperation strikes them with chill and hesitation. His talks often remind you of what was said of Johnson: ‘If his pistol missed fire, he would knock you down with the butt-end.’"—*Emerson*.

"Never was there a more striking example of that *ingenium fervidum* long ago said to be a characteristic of his countrymen. His is one of the natures, rare for these latter centuries, capable of rising to a white heat; but once fairly kindled, he is like a three-decker on fire, and his shotted guns go off, as the glow reaches them, alike dangerous to friend and foe."—*Lowell*.

"There is, then, a true and most pregnant, nay, a humane meaning in the constant flayings and extirpations to which the merely logical man is subjected by Mr. Carlyle. But his treatment is so hard that any bowels of compassion not unnaturally and dangerously indurated must yearn toward the sufferer thus dissected alive. While the operator, moreover, grins during the process with a disdainful glee harder to be borne than much anatomy."—*John Sterling*.

"Nothing restrains him; not even the so-called proprieties of history. He may, after his boisterous fashion, pour scorn upon you for looking grave as you read in his vivid pages of the reckless manner in which too many of his heroes drove coaches-and-six through the Ten Commandments. As likely

as not he will call you a blockhead and tell you to close your wide mouth and cease shrieking."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"It is to Goethe, too much revered by Mr. Carlyle, that we owe this tinge of irony which in this book ['The French Revolution'] often supervenes—. . . those traits of mockery—. . . above all, that disposition to crush man by contrasting him with the Infinite."—*Mazzini*.

"But it [the humor in 'The French Revolution'] is difficult to describe—in fact, it is indescribable to anyone who has not become acquainted with it in the book itself. To some it may seem altogether offensive to associate any kind of mirth with such a subject; but I confess that the mood of scornful pity, of half-sneering sympathy, of admiration dashed with derision and gravity varied with peals of laughter in which the fearful tale is told, has sometimes struck me as scarcely human."—*Peter Bayne*.

"The deep scorn which he poured upon the whole machinery of modern politics, the loathing with which he looked upon the great national Palaver, the contempt which he felt for the modern conception of liberty as a barricade against most needful and necessary government—all prevented him from offering any but the wildest and most impracticable suggestions to practical statesmen."—*R. H. Hutton*.

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"Strip your Louis Quatorze of his king-gear, and there is left nothing but a poor forked radish with a head fantastically carved."—*Heroes and Hero Worship*.

"And now observe to what bewildering obscurations and impediments all this as yet stands entangled, and is yet intelligible to no man. How, with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a voice of earthly Profit-and-Loss. And have a Hell in England—the Hell of making money. And coldly see the all-conquering Sons of Toil sit enchanted by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastile, as if this were nature's law;—mumbling to ourselves some vague jangle-

ment of *Laisses-faire*, Supply-and-Demand, Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man; Free-trade, Competition, and Devil take the hind-most, our latest Gospel yet preached!"—*Past and Present*.

"Nay, our very Biographies, how stiff-starched, foisonless, hollow! They stand there respectable; and—what more? Dumb idols; with a skin of delusively painted wax-work; inwardly empty, or full of rags and bran. In our England especially, which in these days is become the chosen land of respectability, Life-writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition; it requires a man to be some disrespecktable, ridiculous Boswell, etc."—*The Diamond Necklace*.

"They [the Americans] have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, Eighteen Millions of the greatest bores ever seen in this world."—*Past and Present*.

4. Contemptuous Familiarity — Nicknames. —

"Carlyle had a narrow escape from being the most formidable blackguard the world has ever seen; was, indeed, in certain moods, a kind of divine blackguard—a purged and pious Rabelais, who could bespatter the devil with more telling epithets than any other man who ever lived. What a tongue! What a vocabulary! He fairly oxidizes, burns up the object of his opprobrium in the stream of caustic epithets he turns upon it."—*John Burroughs*.

"But he is wilfully and pertinaciously unjust; even scurrilous, impolite, ungentlemanly; calls us 'imbeciles,' 'dilettantes,' 'Philistines,' implying sometimes what would not sound well expressed."—*H. D. Thoreau*.

"I am quite sure that your fine taste will be repelled by the horrible coarseness of some of his nicknames in the Cromwell book."—*Mary Russell Mitford*.

"He rejoices in odd phrases, in recurring epithets, in nicknames, in catchwords."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"As for King Thomas, the last of the monological succession, he made such a piece of work with his prophecies and

sarcasms about our little trouble with some of the Southern States that we came rather to pity him for his whim and crochets than to get angry with him for calling us bores and other unamiable names."—*O. W. Holmes.*

"He writes biography like a showman. He stands in front of his heroes, as it were, with a long stick, pointing out their peculiarities with a grin and describing them in the well-known language of the van. His mere diction outweighs in impertinence whatever it may win in power."—*T. E. Kebbel.*

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"One word, in spite of our haste, must be granted to poor Bozzy. He passes for a mean, inflated, gluttonous creature; and was so in many senses. Yet the fact of his reverence for Johnson will ever remain noteworthy."—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

"O Heavyside! my solid friend, this is the sorrow of sorrows: what on earth can become of us till this accursed enchantment, the general summary and consecration of delusions, be cast forth from the heart and life of one and all?"—*The Present Time.*

"Rowland of Roncesvalles, too, we see well in thinking of it, found rainy weather as well as sunny; knew what it was to have hose need darning; got tough beef to chew, or even went dinnerless; was saddle-sick, calumniated; . . . and oftenest felt, I doubt not, that this was a very Devil's world, and he, Rowland himself, one of the sorriest caitiffs there."—*The Diamond Necklace.*

"Plutus, the blustering giant, collapses at Virgil's rebuke; it is as the sails sink, the mast being suddenly broken, or that poor Sordello, with the *cotto aspetto* face baked parched brown and lean."—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

5. Minute Characterization—Individualization.—

"He sees history, as it were, by flashes of lightning. A single scene, whether a landscape or an interior, a single figure in a wild mob of men, whatever may be snatched by the eye in that instant of intense illumination, is minutely photographed upon the memory. Every tree and stone, almost every blade of

grass, every article of furniture in a room, the attitude or expression, nay, the very buttons and shoe-strings of a principal figure, the gestures of momentary passion in a wild throng—everything leaps into vision under that glare with a painful distinctness that leaves the retina quivering. The intervals are absolute darkness. Mr. Carlyle makes us acquainted with the isolated spot where we happen to be when the flash comes, as if by actual eyesight, but there is no possibility of a comprehensive view. No other writer compares with him for vividness. He is himself a witness, and makes us witnesses of whatever he describes.”—*Lowell*.

“Thomas Carlyle had a wonderful power of sketching, in a few words, physical and mental portraits of the men he met. . . . Every peculiarity of face, feature, shape of the head, color of the hair, movement of the body, or any other merely physical characteristic, was made significant of mental or moral qualities in the person delineated.”—*E. P. Whipple*.

“Carlyle created nothing ; but with a real subject before him he was the greatest of historical painters. He took all the pains first to obtain an authentic account of the facts. Then, with a few sharp lines, he could describe face, figure, character, action, with a complete insight never rivalled except by Tacitus and with a certain sympathy, a perennial flashing of humour, of which Tacitus has none. He produces a gallery of human portraits each so distinctly drawn that, whenever studied, it could never be forgotten.”—*J. A. Froude*.

“But when he got hold of ‘a man’ in history, it seems to me that it was absolutely impossible for him to miss hitting off that man to the life. And he could in the same way seize a period, a movement, a set of incidents, with a grasp of which I am sure it is enough and I do not think it is too much to say that the result was Gibbon’s without his obstinate superficiality and Thucydides’s without his disappointing asceticism in rhetoric and eloquence.”—*Saintsbury*.

“I think you see as pictures every street, church, parlia-

ment house, barrack, baker's shop, mutton-stall, forge, wharf, and ship, and whatever stands, creeps, rolls, or swims thereabout, and make all your own. Hence your encyclopediacal allusions to all knowables and the virtues and vices of your panoramic pages. Well, it is your own, and it is English; and every word stands for somewhat; and it cheers and fortifies me."—*Emerson to Carlyle*.

"No one at all acquainted with his writings can fail to remember his almost excessive love of detail; his lively taste for facts simply as facts. Imaginary sorrows may extort from him nothing but grunts and snorts; but let him only worry out for himself, from that great dust-heap called 'history,' some undoubted fact of human and tender interest, and, however small it may be, relating possibly to someone hardly known, and playing but a small part in the events he is recording, and he will wax amazingly sentimental and perhaps shed as many real tears as Sterne or Dickens do sham ones over their figments. This realism of Carlyle's gives a great charm to his histories and biographies. The amount he tells you is something astonishing—no platitudes, no rigmarole, no common form (articles which are the staple of most biographies), but, instead of them, all the facts and features of the case—pedigree, birth, father and mother, brothers and sisters, education, physiognomy, personal habits, dress, mode of speech; nothing escapes him."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"In the chapter [in 'The French Revolution'] in which the States-general defile before the eyes of the reader, the personal appearance and the most prominent characteristics of the leading men are presented with a graphic force with which there is nothing in Gibbon, in Clarendon, or in Macaulay that can be compared."—*Peter Bayne*.

"In Carlyle's power of description lies one of his most indisputable claims to high literary rank. . . . As a rule, he is satisfied with a few suggestive strokes; but occasionally he fills in a picture. When he does so, he gives the general

view first, and then tells of particular after particular, deliberately, and with some similitude or collateral circumstance to fix each particular distinctly in the mind."—*Minto*.

"Everything of a nature to strike vividly on the senses has been seized by him, and he has handed down the image to his readers."—*Mazzini*.

"He is a masterly clerk, scribe, reporter, writer. He can reduce to writing most things—gestures, winks, nods, significant looks, patois, brogue, accent, pantomime; and how much, passed for silence before, does he represent by written words."—*H. D. Thoreau*.

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"Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste, horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth [George Fox] had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals and an honorable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long, faithful sewing—was no-wise satisfaction enough to such a mind."—*Sartor Resartus*.

"The very boys deftly wrench the matches out of fallen bombs: a man clutches a rolling ball with his hat, which takes fire; when cool, they crown it with a '*bonnet rouge*.' Memorable, also, be that nimble Barber, who, when the bomb burst beside him, snatched up a shred of it, introduced soap and lather into it, crying: '*Voilà mon plat à barbe!* My new shaving dish!' and shaved 'fourteen people' on the spot."—*The French Revolution*.

"And so now bursts forth that effulgence of Parisian enthusiasm, good-heartedness, and brotherly love; such, if Chroniclers are trustworthy, as was not witnessed since the Age of Gold. Paris, male and female, precipitates itself towards its Southwest extremity, spade on shoulder. Streams of men, without order, or in order, as ranked fellow-craftsmen, as natural or accidental reunions, march towards the Field of Mars. Three-deep these march; to the sound of stringed music; preceded by

young girls with green boughs and tri-color streamers ; they have shouldered, soldier-wise, their shovels and picks, and with one throat are singing *çaira*. Yes, '*pardieu, ça ira*,' cry the passengers on the streets. All corporate Guilds and public and private Bodies of Citizens, from the highest to the lowest, march ; the very Hawkers, one finds, have ceased bawling for one day. The neighboring Villages turn out ; their able men come marching, to village fiddle or tambourine and triangle, under their Mayor or Mayor and Curate, who also walk bespaded and in tricolor sash."—*The French Revolution*.

6. Extravagant Humor—Absurd Incongruity.—

"In Carlyle's wit and humour there are many peculiar characteristics. His wit is a heavy, thumping kind, like the battering ram of old, hammering away with 'thunderlike percussion' at some old abuse or timeworn institution. He reminds us of the heathen tradition of one of the gods, who is described as 'all hands, all eyes, all feet,' to speak out, overtake, and punish falsehood and wrongs. His humour is often of such a kind as makes us laugh through tears, and laughs itself in its most savage words. It has in it a wild, grim fancy, with something of the fierce, grotesque, and fiery earnestness of Hogarth, with the free, daring caricature of Cruikshank. A rough, rugged, vehement spirit is in him, as well as a hearty humour, which ever and anon breaks out, sporting with the foibles, fancies, and manners of the age."—*S. Davey*.

"Humorous eccentricity and exaggeration is enjoyed, and the happy turns of phrase are caught up and remembered ; the vivid pictures of actual events enrich the gallery of memory."—*Saintsbury*.

"Nowhere, surely, in the whole field of English literature, Shakespeare excepted, do you come upon a more abundant vein of humour than Carlyle's, though I admit that the quality of the ore is not of the finest. His every production is bathed in humour. This must never be, though it often has been, forgotten. He is not to be taken literally. He is always a

humorist, not unfrequently a writer of burlesque, and occasionally a buffoon. . . . Although the spectacle of Mr. Swinburne taking Carlyle to task, as he recently did, for indelicacy, has an oddity all its own, so far as I am concerned I cannot but concur with this critic in thinking that Carlyle has laid himself open, particularly in his 'Frederick, the Great,' to the charge one usually associates with the great and terrible name of Dean Swift; but it is the Dean with a difference, and the difference is all in Carlyle's favor. The former deliberately pelts you with dirt, as did in the olden days gentlemen electors their Parliamentary candidates; the latter only occasionally splashes you, as does a public vehicle pursuing on a wet day its uproarious course."—*Augustine Burrill*.

"There is nothing deeper in his constitution than his humor—than the condescending good-nature with which he looks at every object in existence as a man might look at a mouse."—*Emerson*.

"In Mr. Carlyle's writings humor of every sort abounds; he is a great idealist and a great humorist; the spectacle of startling contradictions, the grotesque exaggerations, are presented side by side in too grim a form for laughter, and yet there is a dreadful Rabelaisian merriment."—*E. P. Hood*.

"In the works in which he appeared as a humorist and a satirist—as distinguished from his loftiest moods, in which he appeared as a thinker and a seer—his wit and humor rushed by instinct into forms truly Rabelaisian. In particular, he cannot help letting his mind run riot in picturing individuals."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"We should omit a main attraction in these books if we said nothing of their humor. . . . The very punctuation, the italics, the quotation marks, the blank spaces and dashes, and the capitals, each and all are pressed into its service."—*H. D. Thoreau*.

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"For what end were their tithes levied and eaten ; for what were their shovel-hats scooped out and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on ; and such a church-repairing and chaffering and organing and other racketing held over that spot of God's Earth—if Man were but a Patent Digester and the Belly with its adjuncts the grand Reality ?"—*Sartor Resartus*.

"The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious to kneel so long while they cart him through the streets to bless the people on Corpus-Christi Day, complains of rheumatism : whereupon his Cardinals consult ;—construct him, after some study, a stuffed cloaked figure, of iron and wood, with wool or baked hair ; and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure ; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands ; the rump with its cloaks kneels, the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread ; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on Corpus-Christi Day, as well as they can."—*Past and Present*.

"Nay, if you grant, what seems to me admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character ?"—*Sartor Resartus*.

7. Rugged Sincerity—Earnestness.—"His soul is full of earnestness, and nearly every line of his writings bears the strong impress of his spirit and the stamp of 'I believe' upon it. A reverence and faith in that which is true, a deep hatred of that which is false, a belief in the eternal and immutable laws of God in the world, in the sovereign right of duty, in the dignity and solemnity of human life—these are the articles of his faith, which he ever proclaims with new and impressive earnestness. . . . [He speaks] in words which,

like Luther's, are 'half-battles,' that fly off sometimes with fiery sentences, like sparks from his fierce, glowing soul, as he utters his indignant protest against human wrong and misery, against cant and falsehood and the vices and crimes which dishonor human nature, or again utters his prophetic warnings and denunciations after the manner of the old Hebrew seers."

—*S. Davey.*

"He was a preacher of righteousness to his generation and a rebuker of its shams and irreverences, and as such he cut deep, cut to the bone and to the marrow of the bone. That piercing, agonized, prophetic, yet withal melodious and winsome voice, how it rises through and above the multitudinous hum and clatter of contemporary voices in England, and alone falls upon the ear as from out the primal depths of moral conviction and power! . . . Carlyle always takes us to the source of intense personal and original conviction. The spring may be a hot spring, or a sulphur spring, or a spouting spring—a geyser, as Froude says, shooting up volumes of steam and stone, or the most refreshing and delicious of fountains (and he seems to have been these things alternately); but in any case it was an original source and came from out the depths—at times from out the Plutonic depths. . . . His stress and heat of conviction was such as only the great world reformers have been possessed of."—*John Burroughs.*

"Above all, I would note the sincerity of the writer. What he writes he not only thinks but feels. He may deceive himself—he cannot deceive us; for what he says, even when it is not the truth, is yet true; his individuality, his errors, his incomplete views of things—realities—the truth, limited, I might say, for error springing from sincerity in a high intellect is no other than such. . . . He writes a book as he would do a good action. Yet more, not only does he feel all he writes, but he writes nearly all he feels."—*J. Mazzini.*

"He was, indeed, himself a literary Cromwell, waging sternest war with all the force of an earnest soul against mod-

ern humbug, untruth, and noisy pretension. No wonder that this soldier of the pen, among the stanchest of our century, looking back across two hundred years of history, should have recognized natural royalty in the crazy brow, solid frame, and iron soul of a Huntingdon farmer, who could lead armies to a certain triumph and dissolve a senate with the stamping of his foot. An electric sympathy linked the two; true manhood sharpened Cromwell's sword and true manhood guided Carlyle's pen."—*W. F. Collier*.

"His guiding genius is his moral sense, his perception of the sole importance of truth and justice. . . . It is not so much that Carlyle cares for this or that dogma as that he likes genuineness (the source of all strength) in his companions. . . . Combined with this warfare on respectability, and indeed pointing all his satire, is the severity of his moral sentiment. In proportion to the peals of laughter amid which he strips the plumes of a pretender and shows the lean hypocrisy to every advantage of ridicule, does he worship whatever enthusiasm, fortitude, love, or other sign of a good nature is in a man."—*Emerson*.

"Further, it must be said that, true as is his devotion to the truth, so flaming and cordial is his hatred of the false, in whatever shapes and names delusions may show themselves. Affectations, quackeries, tricks, frauds, swindlings, commercial or literary, baseless speculations, loud, ear-catching rhetoric, melodramatic sentiment, moral drawlings and hyperboles, religious cant, clever political shifts, and conscious or half-conscious fallacies, all in his view come under the same hangman's rubric—proceed from the same offal heart."—*John Sterling*.

"Carlyle preaches the dignity of labor, the necessity of righteousness, the love of veracity, the hatred of shams—*Matthew Arnold*. What he despised, and would teach others to despise, was earth's treasures, pleasures, fashions, forms, manners, shams, cant, and all oppression and wrong. What

he loved was God above all and his fellow-man, pity for distress, industry in work, sacrifice of self, honesty of purpose, truth in word and deed, purity of heart, good works anywhere and everywhere."—*A. S. Arnold*.

"As a negative teacher he has few equals. 'Don't funk;' 'don't cant;' 'don't gush;' 'don't whine;' 'don't chatter'—these and some others like them were his commandments, and I do not know where to look for a better set of this kind."—*George Saintsbury*.

"He is singularly serious and untrivial. We are everywhere impressed by the rugged, unwearied, and rich sincerity of the man. . . . He has the earnestness of a prophet. In an age of pedantry and dilettanteism, he has no grain of these in his composition."—*H. D. Thoreau*.

"He possessed, besides, another quality, the rarest of all and the most precious, an inflexible love of truth. It was first a moral principle with him, but he had also an intellectual curiosity to know everything exactly as it was."—*Froude*.

"He was [in his student days] without influence, friends, or any desire to make them—a rugged, somewhat repellant, defiant young man, fearing as the very devil himself any attempt at patronage. . . . In his uncompromising individuality, conciliating nobody, he became the acknowledged head and most prominent figure in English literature. He considered the prejudices of no one, and freely gave forth his own with all the force of his great character and impassioned utterance. . . . That the world was a place for a man to make his way in, to make his fortune, to attain comfort and reputation by steady climbing, catching at every twig to help himself up, was the famous gospel of respectability which Carlyle felt himself bound to trample under foot. . . . In all his scorn of the things that be, in all his wild expositions of 'that stuff that dreams are made of,' and in all his indignant denunciations of sham and false appearances, he held fast to the great central idea of God and Providence—a being be-

fore whom every man should answer for his deeds. . . . Sometimes, when excited by the sight of what he considered sham religion, he was wildly and contemptuously profane; often when moved by real piety and devotion, tenderly reverent and respectful. . . . He proved to many the possession of a heart full of kindness and generosity."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He hates falsehood and laziness and puffery; and he has little or no respect for merely rich and titled people. . . . He does not utter hymns in favor of prosperity; his advocacy is reserved for the humble, the slighted, and the deceived, for the poor who have no friends."—*T. E. Kebbel.*

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"Nature's laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her still small voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no twenty-seven millions of men. Show me a nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a nation travelling with one assent on the broad way."—*Past and Present.*

"Wholly a blessed time: when jargon might abate, and here and there some genuine speech begin. When to the noble opened heart, as to such heart they alone do, all noble things began to grow visible; and the difference between just and unjust, between true and false, between work and sham work, between speech and jargon, was once more what to our happier fathers it used to be, *infinite*—as between a heavenly thing and an infernal: the one a thing which you were not to do, which you were wise not to attempt doing; which it were better for you to have a millstone tied around your neck and be cast into the sea than concern yourself with doing! Brothers, it will not be a Morrison's pill or remedial measure that will bring all this about for us!"—*Past and Present.*

"Thou there, the thing for thee to do is, if possible, to cease to be a hollow sounding shell of hearsays, egoisms, purblind dil-

ettanteism : and become, were it on the infinite small scale, a faithful discerning soul. Thou shalt descend into thy inner man and see if there be any traces of a soul there ; till then there can be nothing done ! O brother, we must if possible resuscitate some soul and conscience in us ; exchange our dilettanteism for sincerities, our dead hearts of stone for living hearts of flesh." —*Past and Present*.

8. Chaotic Sentence Structure.—"He set at naught what are usually called the models of English composition—he laid under contribution the most diverse and outlandish sources of speech, borrowing now something from his native Annandale idiom and vocabulary, largely from German sources (Jean Paul Richter is especially named), importing not only words and phrases, but whole turns of language hitherto unheard in English."—*Principal Shairp*.

"He often flings together a bundle of words which, upon cool analysis, we find a mass of disjointed notes—drives at full swing through all school notions of logical and grammatical arrangement, scattering right and left into ignominious exile nominatives and verbs, articles and pronouns."—*W. F. Collier*.

"His phraseology is broken and hammered out ; it has been said to resemble *repoussé* metal-work. He makes it, of set purpose, unmusical, unbalanced, with sharp turns, with weak endings and mere lapses."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"His books are not easy reading ; they are a kind of wrestling to most persons. His style is like a road made of rocks ; when it is good, there is nothing like it ; and when it is bad, there is nothing like it."—*John Burroughs*.

"He leaps in unimpeded jerks from one end of the field of ideas to the other ; he confounds all styles, jumbles all forms, heaps together Pagan allusions, Bible reminiscences, German abstractions, technical terms, poetry, slang, mathematics, physiology, archaic words, neologisms. There is nothing he does not tread down and ravage. The symmetrical construc-

tions of human art and thought, dispersed and unset, are piled under his hands into a vast mass of shapeless ruins, from the tops of which he gesticulates and fights like a conquering savage."—*Taine*.

"What had been a slight fault in the earlier books, caught from half imitation of Jean Paul and other German writers by a secluded man of genius who wished to speak out his own depths in his own way, became in his later books a vice of style."—*Henry Morley*.

"The style which troubled others, and troubled himself when he thought about it, was perhaps the best possible to convey thoughts which were often like the spurting of volcanic fire; but it was inharmonious, rough-hewn, and savage."—*J. A. Froude*.

"And so thoroughly had he studied the works of Germans — 'he wrestled,' says one, 'so long with Jean Paul to master his spirit that, like Jacob of old, his thigh has been put out, and he has halted in his English ever since.' "—*George Dawson*.

"But has literature any parallel to the oddity of the vehicle chosen to convey this treasure? I delight in the contents; the form, which my defective apprehension for a joke makes me not appreciate, I leave to your merry discretion. And yet did ever wise and philanthropic author use as defying a diction? As if society were not sufficiently shy of truth without providing beforehand with an objection to the form."—*Emerson*.

"Mr. Carlyle's resolution to convey his meaning at all hazards makes him sieze the most effectual and sudden words, in spite of usage and fashionable taste; and therefore, when he can get a brighter tint, a more expressive form, by means of some strange—we must call it—Carlylism; English, Scotch, German, Greek, Latin, French, technical slang, American or lunar, or altogether superlunar, transcendental, and drawn from the eternal Nowhere, he uses it with a courage which

might blast an academy of lexicographers into a Hades void even of vocables."—*John Sterling*.

"With a conceptive imagination vigorous beyond any in his generation, with a mastery of language equalled only by the greatest poets, he wants altogether that plastic imagination, the shaping faculty which would have made him a poet in the highest sense. He is a preacher and a prophet—anything you will—but an artist he is not and never can be. It is always the knots and gnarls of the oaks that he admires, never the perfect and balanced tree."—*Lowell*.

"Before his style had acquired those thunderous qualities, . . . the vast-flowing Solway flood of the style by which he was distinguished in after life. . . . His strange tumultuous volcanic style with its extraordinary stamp of a burning earnestness and meaning, which were incomprehensible to the multitude, and stupefy instead of exciting them. . . . The rhapsody and whirlwind of 'Sartor Resartus' was incomprehensible."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"The vague popular notion that this style consists merely of Germanizing, and especially of Richterizing, of English may be dismissed at once. For, in the first place, the first evil characteristic of a purely German style, as it appears to the impartial considerer of German literature in the original, from Walpam von Eschenbach to Heine, is absent. That characteristic is clumsiness, consequent upon length. The style of Carlyle is never clumsy and it is rarely long. . . . Pepys, Voltaire, Richter suggest themselves turn by turn, as the antitypes of the singular hybrid language in which he got his thoughts dressed and ready for the inspection of mankind."—*Saintsbury*.

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"For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling society (levelling it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh!) and

so attaining the political effects of nudity without its figorific or other consequences—be thereby realized.”—*Sartor Resartus*.

“In vain did the winds howl—forests sounding and creaking, deep calling unto deep—and the storms heap themselves together into one huge Arctic whirlpool: thou flewest through the middle thereof, striking fire from the highway; wild music hummed in thy ears, thou too wert as a ‘sailor in the air;’ the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds was thy element and propitiously wafting tide.”—*Sartor Resartus*.

“In which circumstances, it occurred to the mind of Anacharsis Clootz that while so much was embodying itself into Club or Committee and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater and greatest; of which, if it also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, *le Genre Humain* itself! In what rapt creative moment the thought rose in Anacharsis’s soul; all his throes, while he went about giving shape and birth to it; how he was sneered at by cold worldlings, but did sneer again, being a man of polished sarcasm; and moved to and fro persuasive in coffee-house and soirée, and dived down assiduous-obscure in the great deep of Paris, making his thought a fact: of all this the spiritual biographies of that period say nothing.”—*The French Revolution*.

9. Lamentation — Gloominess — Despair.—“With so keen a sense of the ludicrous contrast between what men might be, nay, wish to be, and what they are, and with a vehement nature that demands the instant realization of his vision of a world altogether heroic, it is no wonder that Mr. Carlyle, always hoping for a thing and always disappointed, should become bitter. Perhaps if he expected less he would find more. Saul seeking his father’s asses found himself turned suddenly into a king; but Mr. Carlyle, on the lookout for a king, always seems to find the other sort of animal. He sees nothing on any side of him but a procession of the Lord of Misrule; in gloomier moments, a Dance of Death, where everything is either a parody of what is noble or an aimless jig that stumbles finally into the annihilation of the

grave, and so passes from one nothing to another. . . . No doubt Adam depreciated the apple that the little Cain on his knee was crunching by comparison with those he himself had tasted in Eden. . . . By degrees the humorous element in his nature gains ground, till it overmasters all the rest. Becoming always more boisterous and obtrusive, it ends at last, as such humor must, in cynicism. In 'Sartor Resartus' it is still kindly, still infused with sentiment; and the book, with its mixture of indignation and farce, strikes one as might the prophecies of Jeremiah, if the marginal comments of the Reverend Mr. Sterne in his wildest mood had by some accident been incorporated with the text. Unhappily the bit of *mother* from Mr. Swift's vinegar barrel has had strength enough to sour all the rest."—*Lowell*.

"The idea with which Mr. Carlyle's earthly habitation impresses him is a very melancholy one—everywhere dust, rags, shabbiness, mildew, and cobwebs inhabited by monstrous spiders. The most cheerful nature once fully possessed with this imagination and habituated to look on this scene of moral desolation, must inevitably catch a sympathetically mournful if not dreary hue; the brightest lake overhung by such a sky must be dark and dismal. Hence the picture conveyed to the reader, with more or less of a kind of a forcible vagueness in all his works, is that of—This Planet in Tatters and Mr. Carlyle weeping over it. Such a doctrine, 'Woe to thee, O Planet!' can, if conveyed in a prophetic tone, appear only as a Jeremiad."—*W. E. Henley*.

"An awful shadow accompanies the brilliant sky of your genius. That dark humor of yours, that woful demon from whose companionship, by the law of your existence, you cannot be free, tolls funeral-bells and chants the dirges of death in your ears forever. What your faith does not take with warmth to your bosom, it must spurn violently away; where you cannot hope strongly, you must vehemently despair; what your genius does not illumine to your heart

it must bury as in shadows of eternal night."—*Masson to Carlyle.*

"He bewails his gloom and loneliness and the isolation of his soul in the paths in which he was called to walk. . . . Carlyle does not communicate the gloom he feels; 'tis the most tonic despair to be found in literature. There is a kind of felicity in it. For one thing, it sprang from no personal disappointment or selfishness. It always has the heroic tinge. . . . Carlyle was a man of sorrow, and sorrow springs from sympathy and love. A sorrowing man is a living man. His is the Old World sorrow, the inheritance of ages, the grief of justice and retribution over the accumulated wrongs and sufferings of centuries. . . . It was his own glory that he never flinched; that his despair only nerved him to work the harder; the thicker the gloom, the more his light shone."—*John Burroughs.*

"All his qualities have a certain virulence, coupled though it be, in his case, with the utmost impatience of Christendom and Jewdom and all existing presentiments of the good old story. He talks like a very unhappy man, profoundly solitary, displeased, and hindered by all men and things about him, biding his time, meditating how to undermine and explode the whole world of nonsense that torments."—*Emerson.*

"Carlyle belonged to a family group who were 'always dubious of other people, never certain of the good meaning of those outside of their circle, though very confident of their own.' . . . His struggles with his health, with his temper, with the exclusive and high-strung nature which was the great drawback of his genius, were sometimes tragical, often whimsical, sometimes laughable. . . . His mission was to show to the world the cloud-wrappings, the strange delusive vapors, the deep abysses of mystery in which our little tangible life floats, surrounded on every side by bewildering darkness and wonders which no man can clear up. To those who

saw in it a clear, comfortable solid universe enough, the best of all possible worlds, in which man's chief end was to attain comfort and respectability, he was a great destructive, pulling down every foundation and leaving the unhappy soul weltering in the mists and marshes of the unknowable."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

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"Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances ; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake ! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem ; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown ? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats and sanguinary hate-filled Revolutions but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers ? This dreaming, this Somnambulism, is what we on Earth call Life ; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left ; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing."—*Sartor Resartus.*

"In our and old Johnson's dialect, man has lost the soul out of him ; and now, after the due period,—begins to find the want of it ! This is verily the plague-spot ; centre of the universal Social Gangrene threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and taproot, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison-exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion ; there is no God ; man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly : in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions, Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour."—*Past and Present.*

"To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a Doom's-blast ! I have to say to myself in old dialect : ' God's blessing is not writ-

ten on all this; His curse is written on all this!' Unless perhaps the Universe be a chimera;—some old totally deranged eight-day clock, dead as brass; which the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with."—*Past and Present*.

10. Exaltation of the Individual—Hero Worship.—"Mr. Carlyle comprehends only the individual: the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him. He sympathizes with all men, but it is with the separate life of each and not with their collective life. . . . He seeks among his equals in intelligence, not the Englishman, the Italian, the German, but the man; he adores, not the god of one sect, of one period, or of one people, but God."—*J. Mazzini*.

"Great is his reverence for realities—for all such traits as spring from the intrinsic nature of the actor. He humors this into an idolatry of strength. A strong nature has a charm for him previous, it would seem, to all inquiry whether the force be divine or diabolic."—*Emerson*.

"And more especially, though not exclusively, does he revere and study those living nearest to our own time and circumstances, in whom he may find monumental examples of the mode in which our difficulties are to be conquered. These men he rejoices in and eminently succeeds in delineating, in enabling us to see what is essential and physiognomical in each, and how the facts of nature and society favored and opposed the formation of his life into a large completeness. The hindrances such a man had to overcome, the energies by which he vanquished them, and the work, whatever it might have been, which he thus accomplished for mankind, appear in these pictures with lucid clearness marked with a force and decision of hand and style worthy of the greatest masters."—*John Sterling*.

"Carlyle was, as everyone knows, a hero worshipper. . . . He is never himself until he has discovered or invented a hero;

and when he has got him, he tosses him and dandles him as a mother her babe."—*Augustine Birrell*.

"Mr. Carlyle has invented the Hero-cure, and all who recommend any other method, or see any hope of healing elsewhere, are either quacks and charlatans or their victims. . . . At first he made out very well with remarkable men; then, lessening the water and increasing the spirit, he took to Heroes; and now he must have downright inhumanity, or the draught has no savor; so he gets on at last to kings, types of remorseless Force, who maintain the political views of Berserkers by the legal principles of Lynch."—*Lowell*.

"All dreams of democracy, republicanism, or equality, which will teach men that there is to come the day when there will be no heroes or no governors, Thomas Carlyle has essayed to disprove. . . . With respect to these heroes and the worship Carlyle says ought to be paid to them, they seem to serve like the rounds of Jacob's ladder, to lead men gradually up from the earth to the great Lord of the earth. In such sense they had their uses; and there is small fear that men, in giving worship to the heroes of the world, will neglect to give due reverence to the Maker of heroes. . . . One of his greatest, and, as I think, his sublimest attempts, is to revive each man's faith in himself and in his individuality. . . . This is a diseased want of manhood, of self-reliance and self-trust; and to overthrow this Carlyle has done much. He has pointed to single men, to what they have done single-handed, and has shown that the whole world lies before the single man, and has tried to get you to look inward into the soul."—*George Dawson*.

"It seems to me to have become an imperative requisition of your mind that nine-tenths of mankind should be fools. They must be so; else you have no place for them in your system, and know not what to do with them. As fools, you have full arrangements made for their accommodation. Some hero, some born ruler of men is to come forth (out of your

ooks) and reduce them to obedience and lord it over them in a most useful manner. But if they will not be fools, if they contumaciously refuse to be fools, they disturb the necessary relation of kingship, and, of course, deserve much reputation."—*Masson to Carlyle*.

"How he loves all the battling, struggling, heroic souls ! Whenever he comes upon one such in his histories, no matter how obscure, he turns aside to lay a wreath upon his tomb.

. . . Carlyle wants an actual flesh-and-blood hero, and what is more, wants him immersed head and ears in the actual affairs of this world."—*John Burroughs*.

"Devotion to the heroic does not prevent the assumption of a tone toward the great mass of the unheroic which implies that they are no more than two-legged mill horses, ever treading a fixed and unalterable round."—*Henry Morley*.

"Carlyle's worship of strength and force, his love for the bold, the daring, for uncompromising action and the tenacity that never loses hold of its object."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"Loving the glory and knowing the utility of the snows and hurricanes of winter, he looks with contempt on the noiseless operations of nature which succeed ; on the loosening of the moist, rich soil and the unseen but universal quickening of vegetation. . . . We feel annoyed that Carlyle should have lent even the semblance of his support to that silly small fry who fancy they are forcible when they affect to worship force. . . . All the king's [Frederick's] weaknesses, vices, and brutalities are gulped down alike. Nothing comes amiss to him. And whether it is the murder of a gigantic carpenter, the bullying of a diminutive professor, or personal violence to his own son or daughter, it is all the same. They are all smoothed down somehow by Carlyle's peculiar phraseology and somehow masticated into virtues. . . . He has a giant's strength ; it is only to be regretted that he too frequently uses it with the wild energy of a giant."—*T. E. Kebbel*.

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"What had this man [Cromwell] gained ; what had he gained ? He had a life of sore strife and toil, to his last day. Fame, ambition, place in history ? His dead body was hung in chains ; his 'place in history'—place in history, forsooth !—has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness and disgrace ; and here, this day, who knows if it is not rash in me to be among the first that ever ventured to pronounce him not a knave and liar but a genuinely honest man ! Peace to him. Did he not, in spite of all, accomplish much for us ? We walk smoothly over his great rough heroic life ; step over his body sunk in the ditch there. We need not spurn it as we step on it ! Let the hero rest. It was not to men's judgment that he appealed : nor have men judged him very well."—*Lectures on Heroes.*

"What this Odin saw into and taught with his runes and his rhymes, the whole Teutonic people laid to heart and carried forward. His way of thought became their way of thought—such, under new conditions, is the history of every great thinker still. In gigantic confused lineaments, like some enormous camera-obscura shadow thrown upward from the dead deeps of the past and covering the whole northern heaven, is not that Scandinavian mythology in some sort of portraiture of this man Odin ? The gigantic image of his natural face, legible or not legible there, expanded and confused in that manner ! Ah, thought, I say, is always thought. No great man lives in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men."—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

"There was an eye to see in this man [Napoleon], a soul to dare and do. He rose naturally to be the king. All men saw that he was such. The common soldiers used to say on the march : 'These babbling *avocats* up at Paris ; all talk and no work ! What wonder it runs all wrong ? We shall have to go and put our *petit caporal* there.' They went, and put him there ; they and France at large. Chief-consulship, emperorship, victory over Europe ; till the poor lieutenant of *La Fère*, not unnaturally, might seem to himself the greatest of all men that had been in the world for some ages."—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

II. Skill in Portraiture—Vividness—Dramatic Power.—“Such living conceptions of character we find nowhere else in prose. The figures of most historians seem like dolls stuffed with bran, whose whole substance runs out through any hole that criticism may tear in them; but Carlyle's are so real in comparison that if you prick them they bleed.”—*Lowell*.

“And this was Carlyle's special gift—to bring dead things and dead people actually to life; to make the past once more the present and to show us men and women playing their parts on the mortal stage as real flesh-and-blood human creatures, with every feature which he ascribes to them authenticated; not the most trifling incident invented, and yet as a result figures as completely alive as Shakespeare's own. Very few writers have possessed this double gift of accuracy and representative power. I could mention only two, Thucydides and Tacitus; and Carlyle's power as an artist is greater than either of theirs. Lockhart said when he read ‘Past and Present,’ that, except Scott, in this particular function no one equalled Carlyle. I would go farther, and say no writer in any age equalled him. Dramatists, novelists, have drawn character with similar vividness, but it is the inimitable distinction of Carlyle to have painted actual persons with as much life in them as novelists have given to their own inventions, to which they might ascribe what traits they pleased.”—*J. A. Froude*.

“Gifted with that objectivity of which Goethe has in recent times given us the highest model, he so identifies himself with the things, events, or men which he exhibits that in his portraits and his descriptions he attains a rare lucidness of outline, force of coloring, and graphic precision; they are not imitations but reproductions. And yet he never loses in the detail the ‘characteristic,’ the unity of the object, being, or idea which he wishes to exhibit.”—*Mazzini*.

“What he generally attempts, and achieves with supreme success, is imaginatively to realize the events and characters

with which he has to deal and to present them to us in such startling life-like colors that we almost seem to see the place and know in person the men of the story. Nor does he achieve this result by any of the deceptive scene-painting tricks of ordinary picturesque writing but by a kind of dramatic reproduction, based on the most careful and accurate study of facts, which lets us see the inmost spirit of the *dramatis personæ* through, and along with, the outward fashion of their lives."—*E. Caird*.

"This book on hero worship, in common with Carlyle's historic works, has the singular beauty of making all these heroes live and move before us. We are not presented with a set of fleshless abstractions, but have the very men living again before our eyes. All this is done by the ability to supply the whole man from a knowledge of some of his deeds, thoughts, and words. . . . He does not strive to give us a finished picture, losing its power by its very finish, leaving nothing for the imagination to do because so elaborated ; but, like the sketch of a great master, teaching as much by what it leaves out as by what it supplies—for it is a principle true here, that where imagination has naught to do mental impression will be comparatively weakened."—*George Dawson*.

"His Rembrandt-like imagination lighted up special points and scenes in the world's history with marvellous force."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"Carlyle's 'French Revolution' is no mere record but a great drama passing before our eyes. We are made spectators rather than readers of the terrible developments, one after another, of each successive act. He made all France shimmer and burn before our eyes."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

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"Sleek Pache, the Swiss Schoolmaster, he that sat frugal in his Alley, the wonder of neighbors, has got lately—whither thinks the reader? To be Minister of War! Madame Roland, struck with his sleek ways, recommended him to her husband as Clerk; the sleek Clerk had no need of salary, being of true Patriotic temper. He would come with a bit of bread in his pocket, to save dinner and time; and, munching incidentally, do three men's work in a day; punctual, silent, frugal—the sleek Tartuffe that he was."—*The French Revolution*.

"And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly; when he rushes up in person, the prompt Polymetis; speaks a prompt word or two; and then, with clear tenor-pipe, 'uplifts the Hymn of the Marseillaise, *entonna la Marseillaise*,' ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining; or say some forty thousand in all; for every heart leaps at the sound: and so, with rhythmic march-melody, waxing ever quicker, to double and to treble quick, they rally, they advance, they rush, death-defying, man-devouring; carry batteries, redoubts, whatsoever is to be carried; and, like the fire whirlwind, sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action. Thus, through the hands of Dumouriez, may Rouget de Lille, in figurative speech, be said to have gained, miraculously, like another Orpheus, by his Marseillaise fiddle-strings (*fidibus canoris*), a Victory of Jemappes and conquered the Low Countries."—*The French Revolution*.

"Moses withdrew; but Nature and her vigorous veracities did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into Apes'; sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most unaffected manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has become a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour; only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half-reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizened, smoke-dried visages and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may; looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs into the wonderful-

est universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things."—*Past and Present*.

12. Fondness for Apostrophe, Exclamation, and Interrogation.—"Much of his peculiar manner is made up of the special figures of Interrogation, Exclamation, and Apostrophe. . . . Interrogation is a large element in his mannerism. It is not merely an occasional means of special emphasis; it is a habitual mode of transition, used by Carlyle almost universally for the vivid introduction of new agents and new events. . . . Exclamation occurs in every mood. Sometimes in wonder and elation; sometimes in derision and contempt; sometimes in pity; sometimes in fun; sometimes in real admiration and affection. . . . The apostrophizing habit is perhaps the greatest notability of his mannerism. His make of mind compels him to adopt this art of style, apart from his consciousness of the power it gives him as a literary artist. It provides one outlet among others for his deep-seated dramatic tendency. Farther, it suits his active turn of mind and favorite mode of the enjoyment of power; it gives scope for his daring familiarity with personages, whether for admiration or for humour, and meets with no check from any regard for offended conventionalities."—*Minto*.

"Add to this exclamations, interrogations, apostrophes to the characters, to the reader, to hearer, to earth, to things in general. It is impossible to conceive an idea of the way in which our author abuses the words—God, Infinity, Eternity, Profundity. It is true that he freshens them up by putting them in the plural, and saying 'the Immensities,' 'the Silences,' 'the Eternal Veracities.' "—*Edmond Scherer*.

"We urge that he is inflicting a permanent injury upon English literature by adhering to his present [1864] style. . . . In the young writers of the day the debasing effect of this example is constantly perceptible. . . . Perhaps

he commonest of all the faults that we are called upon to criticise is the use of those authorial 'asides' and apostrophes which deform the pages of almost every other biographical or historical work that issues from the press."—*T. E. Gebbel*.

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"Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured right: and do there not lie, of the self same pewter, whole arrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the lim State?"—*Essay on Scott*.

"Courage, reader! Never can the historical inquirer want abulum, better or worse; are there not forty-eight longitudinal set of small-printed history in thy daily newspapers?"—*Essay on History*.

"But the unhappy Dragoman has already been chastised, perhaps too sharply. If, warring with the reefs and breakers and cross-eddies of Life, he still hover on this side the shadow of ight, and any word of ours might reach him, we would rather say: Courage, brother! grow honest, and times will mend."—*Essay on Goethe*.

"Weep ye by the stream of Babel, decent clean English-Irish; weep, for there is cause, till you can do something better than weep; but expect no Babylonian or any other mortal to concern himself with that affair of yours! And, on the whole, I would recommend you rather to give up 'weeping'—take to working up your meaning rather than weeping it."—*Irish Journey*.

"O brother! is that what thou callest prosaic; of small interest? Awake, poor troubled sleeper: shake off thy torpid nightmare dream; look, see, behold it."—*The Diamond Necklace*.

"Away, you! begone swiftly, ye regiments of the line! in the name of God and of his poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity."—*The French Revolution*.

13. Rare but Effective Pathos.—"Carlyle's writings are not without gleams of pathos all the more touching from the surrounding ruggedness."—*Minto*.

"Carlyle, rugged and gnarled though he was, none the less

was a great artist, not of the mellifluous, but of the strong and vehement order, delighting in the Titanic, yet intermingling it, ever and anon, with soft bursts of pathos ; as you see some rough granite mountain with here and there well-springs of clearest water and streaks of greenest verdure."—*Principal Shairp*.

"Mingled, too, with this unseemly fury, and denouncing through all their unmeasured and lacerating language, there is discernible in both men [Kingsley and Carlyle] a rich vein of beautiful and pathetic tenderness. This is most marked in Mr. Carlyle, as might be expected from his far deeper nature."—*W. R. Greg*.

"Anon, he has broken away from your side, and is crooning up into the azure depths a lament that would wring tears from the very stones, if they would only try to understand it."—*S. Davey*.

"From the sublime to the ignoble, from the pathetic to the grotesque, is but a step with Mr. Carlyle."—*Taine*.

Procter calls him "a great master of pathos."

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"One is sorry for Cromwell in his old days. His complaint is incessant of the heavy burden Providence has laid on him ; heavy, which he must bear till death. Old Colonel Hutchinson, as his wife relates it, Hutchinson, his old battle-mate, coming to see him on some indispensable business, much against his will—Cromwell 'follows him to the door' in a most fraternal, domestic, conciliatory style ; begs that he would be reconciled to him, his old brother-in-arms ; says how much it grieves him to be misunderstood, deserted by true fellow-soldiers, dear to him from of old ; the rigid Hutchinson, cased in his Republican formula, sullenly goes away.—And the man's head now white ; his strong arm growing weary with his long work ! I think always too of his poor Mother, now very old, living in that palace of his ; a right brave woman ; as indeed they lived all an honest God-fearing household there : if she heard a shot go off she thought it

was her own son killed. He had to come to her at least once a day, that she might see with her own eyes that he was yet living.
—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*

“Edward Irving’s warfare has closed ; if not in victory, yet in invincibility and faithful endurance to the end. . . . The large heart, with its large bounty, where wretchedness found solacement and they that were wandering in darkness the light as of a home, has paused. The strong man can no more : beaten on from without, undermined from within, he must sink over-wearied, as at nightfall, when it was yet but the mid-season of day. Irving was forty-two years and some months old ; Scotland sent him forth a Herculean man ; our mad Babylon wore and wasted him with all her engines ; and it took her twelve years. He sleeps with his fathers in that loved birth-land : Babylon, with its deafening inanity, rages on ; but to him henceforth innocuous, unheeded forever.”—*On the Death of Edward Irving.*

GEORGE ELIOT, 1819-1880

Biographical Outline.—Marian Evans, born November 22, 1819, at Asbury Farm, parish of Chilvers Coton, Warwickshire, England ; her father, partly portrayed in "Adam Bede," was agent for the estates of Francis Newdigate ; the family reside at Griff on the Asbury estate ; in 1824 Marian is sent to a boarding-school at Attleborough, Warwickshire, and four years later to a larger one at Meneaton ; she forms an intimacy here with Miss Lewis, the principal governess ; before her tenth year Marian devours the Waverley novels, the "Essays of Elia," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Rasselas ;" in 1832 she enters Miss Franklin's school at Coventry, where she manifests rare musical gifts ; leaves school in 1835, loses her mother in 1836, and becomes manager of her father's household ; after leaving school she learns Italian, German, Greek, and Latin from private tutors ; is brought to observe the Methodists through her Aunt Elizabeth, a Methodist preacher, who is partially portrayed as Dinah Morris in "Adam Bede ;" publishes a religious poem in the *Christian Observer* in January, 1840 ; reads voraciously ; removes with her father to Coventry in 1841 ; forms an intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray of Coventry, the latter a prosperous ribbon manufacturer, who was writing books of liberal religious tendency ; their influence and the reading of a book by Charles Hennell (brother of Mrs. Bray) on the origins of Christianity aid in changing Miss Evans's religious views ; she refuses to go to church, and her father demands a separation ; after three weeks' separation she reconsiders, returns to her father, and goes to church ; in 1844 she is induced to take up

he translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus," begun by Dr. Brabant, father of Charles Hennell's wife; she labors under ill-health and other great discouragements, but completes a conscientious translation, which appears in 1846; she devotes the next three years to her invalid father, who dies in 1849, leaving her a small income; she visits the Continent with the Brays, and in October, 1849, takes rooms in the house of the painter, M. d'Albert, at Geneva; she returns to England in March, 1850, and takes up her residence with the Brays; in September, 1851, becomes assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* and settles in London; gives up editorial work in October, 1853; meantime translates Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," which appears in July, 1854; forms an acquaintance and a friendship with Herbert Spencer, and through him meets George Henry Lewes, then editor of the *Leader*; in July, 1854, she enters with Lewes into domestic relations regarded by herself as a marriage, though not sanctioned by law; social isolation results; she spends the next six months on the Continent with Lewes; they return to London in March, 1856; being strongly urged to try fiction by Lewes, who was a very devoted companion, she begins "Amos Barton" in September, 1856; the first part of "Amos Barton" appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* in January, 1857, when she first took the pseudonym "George Eliot," under which all her later writings appeared; she completes "Janet's Repentance" in October, 1857; publishes, early in 1858, the collected "Scenes from Clerical Life," which are warmly praised by Dickens, who divines the author's sex; she completes "Adam Bede" in November, 1857, and receives from Blackwood £800 for four years' copyright; in 1859 she settles, with Lewes, at Holly Lodge, Wandsworth; "Adam Bede" appears during the same year; sixteen thousand copies are sold within twelve months, and Blackwood volunteers an additional £800; "The Mill on the Floss" appears in April, 1860, and six thousand copies are sold within

two months afterward ; she visits Italy in 1860, and while in Florence projects an historical novel of the time of Savonarola ; publishes "Silas Marner," which ends her first literary period, in 1861 ; revisits Florence to study for "Romola" in May, 1861 ; in February, 1862, she refuses £10,000 for the copyright of "Romola," and prefers to publish it serially in the *Cornhill Magazine* for £7,000 ; it so appeared from July, 1862, to August, 1863 ; in December, 1860, she removes, with Lewes, to Blandford Square, London, and in November, 1863, to 21 North Bank, Regent's Park ; she completes "Felix Holt" in May, 1866 ; early in 1867 she visits Spain to gain impressions for her "Spanish Gypsy," a poem already begun, which was published in April, 1868 ; she publishes "Middlemarch" in December, 1872, and twenty thousand copies are sold within the next two years ; she receives £1,200 for "Middlemarch" from America ; in 1874 she publishes a volume of poems, including the "Legend of Jubal ;" "Daniel Deronda" is published serially in 1876, and the sales exceed even those of "Middlemarch ;" in 1876 the Leweses buy a house at Withey, near Godalming ; during 1878 George Eliot writes "The Impressions of Theophrastus Such ;" Lewes dies in November, 1878 ; George Eliot edits his unfinished writings, and founds in his honor a studentship in physiological investigation worth £200 a year ; "Theophrastus Such" does not appear till May, 1879 ; in April, 1880, George Eliot formally marries J. W. Cross, who had been an intimate friend since 1869 ; they revisit the Continent, and, returning, settle at 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, London, where George Eliot dies, December 22, 1880.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Psychological Analysis of Character.—"It was not with her ethics that George Eliot wrote her novels, it was with her psychology; and in this lies the secret of her power. . . . Accustomed as she was to read her own heart and gifted with the faculty of observation, which helps one to read the hearts of others, nothing astonished her. . . . George Eliot possesses the clairvoyance which

divines the interior play of passion, the experience which knows that the human being is capable of all contradictions, the indulgence which tolerates because it understands, and, lastly, the gift of measure and the taste for truth which prevent an author from rushing into extremes, from idealizing either the beautiful or the ugly, from making figures which are heroes or monsters in black. So, if we add to psychological divination the faculty of creating living characters, we shall have George Eliot's novel."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"George Eliot's manner is to describe, to minutely portray, and to dissect to the last muscle and nerve the personages of her great dramas. . . . She seeks to penetrate into the motives of life and to reveal the hidden springs of action, to show how people affect each other; how ideas mould the destinies of the individual. . . . She devotes more space to the inner life and character of her personalities than to her narratives and conversations. . . . None of her leading characters are in the end what they were in the beginning. . . . Characters play a part in her books . . . for the sake of manifesting the soul, in order that the unfolding of psychological analysis may go on. She has a purpose larger than that of telling a story or describing the loves of a few men and women. Psychological analysis seems out of place in a novel, but with George Eliot it is a chief purpose of her writing. She lays bare the soul, opens its inmost secrets, and its anatomy is minutely studied. She traces some of her characters through a long process of development, and shows how they are affected by the experiences of life. . . . Novelists usually carry their characters through their pages on the same level of mind and life. George Eliot not only does this with her uncultured characters, but she shows the soul in the process of unfolding or expanding."—*G. W. Cooke*.

"We meet the complaint that she is too analytic; that she is the confessor rather than the artist; and is more anxious to probe the conditions of her heroines' souls, to give an accurate

diagnosis of their spiritual complaints and an account of their moral evolution than to show us the character in action.

. . . This is in part true."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"Her great characteristic is her knowledge of human nature and the grasp of thought with which she seizes and brings before us its most hidden secrets. Scott said of Richardson that 'in his survey of the human heart he left neither head, bay, nor inlet until he had traced its soundings and laid it down in his chart with all its minute sinuosities, its depths, and its shallows.' More than this may be said with truth of George Eliot. She has sounded with no less accuracy than did Richardson the depths and the shallows of every little bay; and she has ventured boldly on distant seas of which the storms and the treacherous calms were alike to him unknown.

. . . Psychological analysis is her strength. She creates character, she devises incident and situation chiefly that she may have her occasion of indulging that almost superhuman faculty which is hers of laying bare to its ultimate microscopic secret the anatomy of the living human consciousness at play."—*W. C. Wilkinson*.

"She placed herself, by imagination and sympathy, at the inmost core of the natures of her characters, and delineated them from within, not approached them from without. She did not merely look *at* them, but she looked *into* them, and also looked through them to the spiritual laws they obeyed or violated. She kept a sort of relentless watch on all the subtle interior movements of their minds and hearts; and they could not pass into a dreaming sleep without being still subject to this piercing glance into the fantasies and wild incidents of their dreams."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"As regards the passion of love, she does not portray it, as in the old-fashioned novels, leading to fortunate marriages with squires and baronets; but she generally dissects it, unravels it, and attempts to penetrate its mysteries—a work decidedly more psychological than romantic or sentimental and

hence more interesting to scholars and thinkers than to ordinary readers, who delight in thrilling adventures and exciting narrations. . . . For minute analysis of character and psychological insight she has never been surpassed."—*John Lord*.

"The world was, first and foremost, for George Eliot, the moral, the intellectual world; the personal spectacle came after; and, lovingly, humanly as she regarded it, we constantly feel that she cares for the things she finds in it only so far as they are types. The philosophic door is always open on her stage, and we are aware that the somewhat cooling draught of ethical purpose draws across it. . . . Nothing is finer, in her genius, than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special case; without this, indeed, we should not have heard of her as a novelist, for the passion of the special case is surely the basis of the story-teller's art."—*Henry James*.

"There is too much exhaustive analysis of all the petty people of the petty town of Middlemarch."—*Lady Wilde*.

"This wonderful transcript of humanity ['Adam Bede,'] containing so much that is usually undiscovered in life, the movement of the heart and mind in the workings of motive, . . . abounded in spiritual analysis and philosophy which would have suited neither Scott's mind nor his time, and was more broad than the work of either Dickens or Thackeray."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

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"Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome, infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lives less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact that by it the hope in lies is forever sweep-

away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity."
—*Romola*.

"Oh, the delight of taking out that little box and looking at the ear-rings! Do not reason about it, my philosophical reader, and say that Hetty, being very pretty, must have known that it did not signify whether she had any ornaments or not; and that, moreover, to look at ear-rings which she could not possibly wear out of her bed-room could hardly be a satisfaction, the essence of vanity being a reference to the impressions produced on others; you will never understand women's natures if you are so excessively rational. Try to divest yourself of all your rational prejudices as much as if you were studying the psychology of a canary-bird, and only watch the movements of this pretty round creature as she turns her head on one side with an unconscious smile at the ear-rings nestled in the little box. Ah! you think, it is for the sake of the person who has given them to her, and her thoughts are gone back now to the moment when they were put into her hands. No; else why should she have cared to have ear-rings rather than anything else? And I know that she had longed for ear-rings from among all the ornaments she could imagine."—*Adam Bede*.

"Men and women make sad mistakes about their own symptoms, taking their vague uneasy longings, sometimes for genius, sometimes for religion, and oftener for a mighty love."—*Middlemarch*.

2. Preference for Homely Types.—"The sphere which she has made specially her own is that quiet English country life which she knew in early youth. It has been described with more or less vivacity and sympathy by many observers. Nobody has approached George Eliot in the power of seizing its essential characteristics and exhibiting its real charm. She has done for it what Scott did for the Scotch peasantry, or Fielding for the eighteenth-century Englishman, or Thackeray for the higher social stratum of his time."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"The Midland home, the plain village life, the humble toiling country folk, shaped for her the scenes and characters

about which she was to write. She was raised in a country of historic memories, but it was not these, however, which attracted her so much as the pleasant country, the quiet villages. With observant eyes she saw the world about her as it was, and she entered into the heart of its life, and has painted it for us in a most sympathetic, appreciative spirit. The simple, homely, unromantic life of middle England she has made immortal with her wit, her satire, her fine description, and her keen love of all that is human."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"George Eliot early showed a tendency to choose her heroes and heroines from among common people, living homely lives and contending with the sordid troubles of an insignificant existence. She laid an eloquent stress upon the tragedy and passion which dwell in what we are pleased to call 'common life.'"—*George Dawson.*

"She fastened upon the English middle classes and the ordinary English poor, and turned social studies of them into novels which it is an education to read."—*E. S. Robertson.*

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"And now the half-weaned calves that have been sheltering themselves in a gorse-built hovel against the left-hand wall, come out and set up a silly answer to that terrible bark, doubtless supposing that it has reference to a bucket of milk."—*Adam Bede.*

"It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn, without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sybils, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel and her stone

jug and all those common cheap things which are the precious necessities of life to her :—or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart-pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good will. ‘Foh!’ says my idealistic friend, ‘what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life!—What clumsy, ugly people!’ But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope.”—*Adam Bede*.

“ ‘Well! I’ll not stick at giving *myself* trouble to put down such hypocritical cant,’ said Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller. ‘I know well enough what your Sunday evening lectures are good for—for wenches to meet their sweethearts and brew mischief. There’s work enough with the servant-maids as it is—such as I never heard the like of in my mother’s time, and it’s all along o’ your schooling and new-fangled plans. Give me a servant as can nayther read or write, I say, and doesn’t know the year o’ the Lord as she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday-schools have done, now. Why, the boys used to go birds’-nesting on a Sunday morning; and a capital thing too—ask any farmer; and a very pretty thing it was to see the strings o’ heggs hanging up in poor people’s houses. You’ll not see ’em nowhere now.’”—*Janet’s Repentance*.

3. Broad Sympathy—Tolerance.—“In largeness of Christian charity, in breadth of human sympathy, in tenderness toward all human frailty that is not vitally base and self-seeking, in subtle power of finding ‘a soul of goodness’ in things apparently evil, she has not many equals, certainly no superior, in the writers of the day. . . . Self-sacrifice as the divine law of life and its only fulfilment; self-sacrifice, not in some ideal sphere sought out for ourselves in the vain spirit of self-pleasing, but wherever God has placed us, amid homely, petty anxieties, loves, and sorrows; the aiming at the highest attainable good in our own place, irrespective of all results of

joy or sorrow, of apparent success or failure—such is the lesson that begins to be conveyed to us in George Eliot's 'Clerical Scenes.' The lesson comes to us in the quiet, unselfish love, the sweet hourly self-devotion of the 'Milly' of 'Amos Barton,' so touchingly pure and full that it never recognizes itself as self-devotion at all."—*J. C. Brown.*

"George Eliot has wide-ranging sympathies as well as large discourse of reason; . . . all her faculties and qualities are but the varying expression of one large, noble, and opulent nature."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"Her sympathy with all classes was wide, and proceeded from the general source of all such sympathy—thorough insight into their modes of thought and life. . . . Herself an unbeliever, George Eliot could do justice to those of intense religious convictions, analyzing and describing them in a way which showed that she thoroughly understood them." *H. J. Nicoll.*

"All writers but the greatest—a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Scott, a George Eliot—take interest in their own class, their own co-religionists alone. The others of whom they speak come in as supernumeraries on the stage to fill up the background of the picture; but those who bring them seem not to consider whether they are men and women with human hearts or mere marionettes. But the great writer shows that even that the humblest 'if you prick them will bleed,' and discovers the touch of goodness in the most unpromising characters—in poor little Hetty, in sensuous, pleasure-loving Arthur Donnithorne as well as in Dinah and Mr. Irwine. . . . We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so deep was her sympathy with every form in which the religious instincts have expressed themselves. The simple faith, half pagan but altogether reverent, of Dolly Winthrop; the sensible matter-of-fact and honorable morality of Mr. Irwine; the aspirations of a modern St. Theresa; the passionate ser-

vor of Dinah, supplying by sympathy all that was lacking in external culture — were understood and revered by her. . . . The painful bliss of asceticism, the rapture of Catholic devotion, the satisfaction that comes of self-abnegation, were realized by her as though she had been a fervid Catholic, although the ground-tone of her thought was essentially and intensely Protestant.”—*C. K. Paul*.

“Among artists who, with Shakespeare, unite breadth of sympathy with power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of the souls of men, George Eliot must be placed. . . . Her sympathy spreads with a powerful and even flow in every direction. Hetty, with her little butterfly soul, pleasure-loving, not passionate, luxurious, vain, hard of heart, is viewed with the sincerest, most intelligent sympathy. Tito is condemned, decreed to death, but he is understood far too truly to be an object of hatred. Tessa, the pretty pigeon, Hinda, who has little more soul than a squirrel, are lovable after their kind; and up from these characters through the hierarchy of human characters to Romola and Fedalma, to Zarca and Savonarola, there is not one grade too low, not one too high for love to reach.”—*Edward Dowden*.

“She does not aspire to paint irreproachable characters but characters in which good and evil are mixed, for which we feel attachment even while we condemn them.”—*Edmond Scherer*.

“There is a character in ‘As You Like It’ who is described as being able to find

‘ —tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.’

Such a person we should imagine George Eliot to be; . . . it is impossible to take up any of her works without being struck, perhaps primarily, with this thought—how truly this writer has lived and felt! The histories she has written are no soulless records; they breathe with real, warm life; how

could they be otherwise when, if we may be thus expressed, their author is so proficient with the stethoscope of the human heart? Romola, Tito, Adam Bede, Silas Marner, Maggie Tulliver are not mere names; they are existences as positive and as palpable as our own. We have had their souls laid bare before us. In very few writers has this marvellous faculty of penetration been so powerful. And it is the product of the intensely sympathetic nature which the author possesses."—*G. B. Smith.*

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"It is with men as with trees: if you lop off their finest branches, into which they are pouring their young life juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough boss, some old excrescence; and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical, misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of hard sorrow, which has crushed or maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty; and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered."—*Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.*

"I rarely see a bent old man or a wizened old woman without seeing the past of which they are the shrunken remnant; and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance compared with that drama of hope and love which has reached its catastrophe long ago and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspectives overturned and thrust out of sight."—*Amos Barton.*

"But, my good friend, what will you do with your fellow-parishioner who opposes your husband in the vestry? with your newly-appointed vicar, whose style of preaching you find painfully below that of his regretted predecessor? with the honest servant who worries your soul with her one failing?—with your neighbor, Mrs. Green, who was really kind to you in your last illness, but has said several ill-natured things about you since your convalescence?—nay, with your excellent husband himself, who has other irritating habits besides that of not wiping his

shoes? These fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are: you can neither straighten their noses nor brighten their wit nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—amongst whom your life is passed—that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose movements of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience.”—*Adam Bede*.

4. Power of Portraiture—Range.—“ In depicting human life her power of characterization stoops to the humblest and rises to the loftiest types of human character. It ranges from Mrs. Poyser to Dorothea Brooke; from the frivolous Hetty to the superb Gwendolen; from the mentally imprisoned rustic worthies who gather at the ale-house in Raveloe to the crowd of emancipated mechanics who fearlessly debate all questions in their London tavern club; from representatives of religious prudence, provident even in their hesitating trust in Providence, all the way up to such embodiments of the fervors and exaltations of religious genius as Dinah in ‘Adam Bede’ and the Rev. Mr. Lyon in ‘Felix Holt’ and Mordecai in ‘Daniel Deronda.’ ”—*E. P. Whipple*.

“George Eliot succeeded remarkably in some male portraits, yet her men are often simply women in disguise. The piquancy, for example, of the famous character of Tito is greatly due to the fact that he is the voluptuous but sensitive character, not unfamiliar in the fiction which deals with social intrigues, but generally presented to us in feminine costume. We are told of Daniel Deronda that he combined a feminine affectionateness with masculine inflexibility. To our perceptions, the feminine vein becomes decidedly the most prominent, and this equally true of such characters as Philip Wakem and Mr. Lyon.”—*Leslie Stephen*.

“If she did not absolutely excel all her contemporaries in the revelation of the human mind and the creation of new human beings, at least she was second to none in those dis-

tinguishing characteristics of genius. . . . The pictures of the village, etc., in 'Amos Barton' are as perfect a work of genius as was ever given to the world. . . . The author had conceived that shining figure [the clergyman in 'Janet's Repentance'] coldly as a mere specimen and not with any sympathy in his fate. . . . Nothing can exceed in real power the picture of the attractive villain Tito, so thoroughly base of nature, so tortuous, so lovable and beautiful on the outside, so amiable and so remorseless at once, which is drawn by the author with a concentrated passion as of some actual person whom she hated and pursued through every trick and wile, never leaving till the last pang of dishonored and miserable death, to which she drives him with a fierce joy in his last agonies."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"George Eliot can make her dullest people interesting and dramatically effective. She can paint two dull people with quite different ways of dullness; . . . and you are astonished to find how utterly distinct the two kinds of stupidity are and how intensely amusing both can be made."—*Justin McCarthy.*

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"It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes, and that her curly hair, though all gathered back under her round cap while she was at work, stole back in dark delicate rings on her forehead and about her white, shell-like ears; it is of little use for me to say how lovely was the contour of her pink and white neckerchief tucked into her low, plum-colored stuff bodice, or how the linen butter-making apron, with its bib, seemed a thing to be imitated in silk by duchesses, since it fell in such charming lines, or how her brown stockings and thick-soled, buckled shoes lost all that clumsiness which they must certainly have had when empty of her foot and ankle;—of little use unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders; for otherwise, though you might conjure up the image of a lovely

woman, she would not in the least resemble that distracting, kitten-like maiden."—*Adam Bede*.

"She was a lovely woman—Mrs. Amos Barton ; a large, fair, gentle Madonna, with thick close chestnut curls beside her well-rounded cheeks and with large, tender, short-sighted eyes. The flowing lines of her tall figure made the simplest dress look graceful. . . . Among strangers she was shy and tremulous as a girl of fifteen ; she blushed crimson if any one appealed to her opinion ; yet that tall graceful substantial presence was so imposing in its mildness that men spoke to her with an agreeable sensation of timidity."—*Amos Barton*.

"She [Mrs. Transome] worked lightly, for her figure was thin and finely formed, though she was between fifty and sixty. She was a tall, proud-looking woman, with abundant gray hair, dark eyes and eyebrows, and a somewhat eagle-like yet not unfeminine face. Her tight-fitting black dress was much worn ; the fine lace of her cuffs and collar and of the small veil which fell backward over her high comb, was visibly mended ; but rare jewels flashed on her hands, which lay on her folded black-clad arms like finely cut onyx cameos."—*Felix Holt*.

"Cecco was a wild-looking figure ; a very ragged tunic, made shaggy and variegated by cloth-dust and clinging fragments of wool, gave relief to a pair of long arms and a long and sinewy neck ; his square jaw shaded by a bristly black beard, his bridgeless nose and low forehead, made his face look as if it had been crushed down for the purpose of packing, and a narrow piece of red rag tied over his ears seemed to assist in the compression."—*Romola*.

5. Wide Erudition—Occasional Pedantry—Scientific Imagery.—"In sobriety, breadth, and massiveness of understanding, in familiar acquaintance with the latest demonstrated truths of physical, historical, economic, and metaphysical science, and in the capacity to use these truths as materials for a philosophy of nature and human nature, this woman is the acknowledged peer of such men as John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. . . . This general largeness of mind, this tranquil grasp of the outlying problems of hu-

man life and human destiny, distinguished her from all the other novelists of the age ; for she not only looks at things and into things, but she looks through things to the laws of life they illustrate and by which they are governed."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Her books have a strong tendency toward erudition. She amassed knowledge throughout her whole life. She knew all: she read all with a marvellous discrimination. . . . Replete with learning, weighted with knowledge in every page, the finish is so rare that the joints between erudition and imagination cannot be discerned."—*Oscar Browning*.

"Rarely has the novelist come to his task with such far-reaching culture as George Eliot. We have seen her girlhood occupied with an extraordinary variety of studies ; we have seen her plunged in abstruse metaphysical speculations ; we have seen her translating some of the most laborious philosophical investigations of German thinkers ; we have seen her again translating from the Latin the 'Ethics' of Spinoza ; and finally we have seen her attracting and attracted by some of the leaders in science, philosophy, and literature. . . . Occasionally she moves somewhat heavily under the vast weight of erudition. . . . Now and then [her writings] are not without a trace of cumbrousness and pedantry."—*M. Blind*.

"To carry ethical purpose and erudition into art is indeed a perilous undertaking, wherein but one or two of the greatest have succeeded. . . . That George Eliot's success is far from complete, is far too obvious."—*Frederick Harrison*.

"Romola is a magnificent piece of 'cram.' The terrible masses of information have put out the fire. If we fail to perceive this in the more serious passages, it is painfully evident in those meant to be humorous or playful."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"The habit of using phrases and illustrations borrowed from science grew on George Eliot, and did not always tend to lucidity : thus, in the first sentence of 'Deronda,' we find

a glance mentioned as of a dynamic quality—an expression of which we (though not destitute of some tincture of dynamical instruction) have failed to this day to see the applicability.”

—*H. E. Henley.*

“She makes frequent use of her large learning and culture in her novels. In the earlier ones a Greek quotation is to be found here and there, while in the later ones German seems to have the preference. . . . In the ‘*Mill on the Floss*’ she describes Bob Jakin’s thumb as ‘a singularly broad specimen of that difference between the man and the monkey.’ Such references to recent scientific speculations are not infrequent. If they serve to show the tendencies of her mind toward knowledge and large thought, they also indicate a too ready willingness to imbibe, and to use in a popular manner, what is not thoroughly assimilated truth.”—*G. W. Cooke.*

“The scientific phraseology to which he himself [Mr. Lewes] was more or less sincerely devoted invaded his companion’s writing with a positive contagion. . . . ‘*Felix Holt*’ and ‘*Middlemarch*’ are studies of immense effort and erudition, not unenlightened by humour, but, on the whole, dead.”—*Saintsbury.*

“Mrs. Lewes has mastered many sciences as well as literatures. Probably no other novel writer since novel writing became a business ever possessed one tithe of her scientific knowledge. . . . She is all genius and culture. Had she never written a page of fiction, nay, had she never written a line of poetry or prose, she must have been regarded with wonder and admiration by all who knew her as a woman of vast and varied knowledge. . . . Mrs. Lewes has made people read novels who perhaps never read fiction from any other pen. . . . She has made the novel the companion and friend and study of scholars and thinkers and statesmen. Her books are discussed by the gravest critics as productions of the highest school of art. . . . Her books compel, they extort the admiration of men who would disparage all

novels, if they could, as frivolous and worthless, but who are forced even by their own canons and principles to recognize the clear deep thought, the noble culture, the penetrating analytic power which are evident in almost every chapter. . . . The deep philosophic thought of George Eliot's novels enthuses and illumines them everywhere. . . . You feel that you are under the control of one who is not merely a great story-teller, but who is also a deep thinker."—*Justin McCarthy*.

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"In Heine's hands, German prose, usually so heavy, so clumsy, so dull, becomes, like clay in the hands of the chemist, compact, metallic, brilliant; it is German in an allotropic condition."—*Essay in the Westminster Review*.

"When the fully developed insect is parasitic, we believe, the larva is usually parasitic also; and we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that Young at Oxford, as elsewhere, spent a good deal of time in hanging about possible and actual patrons."—*Worldliness and Other-Worldliness*.

"He [Dr. Doran] has ascertained that the internal emotions of prebendaries have a sacerdotal quality, and that the very chyme and chyle of a rector are conscious of the gown and band. . . . The woman of large capacities can seldom rise beyond the absorption of ideas; her physical conditions refuse to support the energy required for spontaneous activity; the voltaic pile is not strong enough to produce crystallization."—*Worldliness and Other-Worldliness*.

6. Quiet, Contemplative Humor.—"She has a rich and racy humor, sensitive and sober, refined and delicate. She does not caricature folly with Dickens, nor laugh at weakness with Thackeray; but she shows us the limitations of life in such a manner as to produce the finest humor. She is never grotesque or vulgar; but wise, laughter-loving, and sympathetic. Her humor is pure and homely as it is delicate and exquisite; and it is invariably human and noble. She has an intense and a wonderful appreciation of the ludicrous,

sees whatever is incongruous in life, and makes her laughter genial and joyous. Her humor is the very quintessence of human experience—strikes deadly blows at what is unjust and untrue. She laughs at all, but sneers at no one—for she has sympathy with all.”—*G. W. Cooke.*

“George Eliot possessed a vein of humour . . . incomparably superior in depth if not in delicacy to that of any other feminine writer. It is the humour of a calm, contemplative mind, familiar with wide fields of knowledge and capable of observing the little dramas of rustic life from a higher stand-point. . . . She is awake to those quaint aspects of the little world before her which only show their quaintness to the cultivated intellect.”—*Leslie Stephen.*

“Her power of description is far excelled by a more extraordinary endowment still—viz., her humor. While its quality is scarcely definable, it is all her own, as in the case of every great master. . . . It is like a silver stream meandering through the lovely meadows of her thought—bright, pleasant, and beautifying. If it is not deep, scathing, or searching, it is very seldom coarse. . . . We laugh without malice at the foibles of her creations and at their personal idiosyncrasies. Mrs. Poyser is, in her way, equal to any humorous conception in the language. She is truer than Mrs. Gamp and quite as original. Her sayings alone suffice to make ‘Adam Bede’ one of the most mirth-suggestive books in the language. . . . The mirthfulness does not consist of jokes but rather of the reproduction of the quaintness of human nature, and the appearance is so perfect, so true, that we cannot help but smile. Mellow than that of almost any other author, the humor is also as tender as it is rich.”—*G. B. Smith.*

“The grotesque in human character is reclaimed from the province of the humorous by her affections, when that is possible, and is shown to be a pathetic form of beauty. Her humour usually belongs to her entire conception of character,

and cannot be separated from it. . . . Her humorous effects are secured by letting her mind drop sympathetically into a level of lower intelligence, or duller moral perception, and by the conscious presence at the same time of the higher self. The humorous perception exists only in the qualified organs of perception which remain at the higher, the normal point of view. . . . George Eliot's humour allies itself with her intellect on the one hand and with her sympathies and moral perceptions on the other. '—*Edward Dowden*.

"Two great faculties [she had] which seem mutually exclusive and which in her writings are at once combined and carried to an extraordinary pitch of power—the pathos which draws tears from the driest eyes and the most abundant, the most amusing, the most original comedy."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"George Eliot's inspiration came from the country, where the conventionalities, which are even more rigid than in the most artificial society, are so patent to the seeing eye that the satirist need be no sharper than the humorist and may almost fulfil his office lovingly. . . . Even that gift of humour in which it had been so often confidently asserted that the whole female sex was deficient, was seen to shine out in this individual with the warmest suffusion of light and insight."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

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"I have known Mr. Pilgrim discover the most unexpected virtues in a patient seized with a promising illness. A good inflammation fired his enthusiasm, and a lingering dropsy dissolved him into charity. Gradually, however, as his patients became convalescent, his view of their character became more dispassionate. When they could relish mutton-chops he began to admit that they had foibles, and by the time they had swallowed their last dose of tonic, he was alive to their most inexcusable faults."—*Janet's Repentance*.

"'Good day, Mrs. Poyser,' said the old Squire, peering out at her with his short-sighted eyes—a mode of looking at her

which, as Mrs. Poyser observed, 'allays aggravated her; it was as if you was a insect, and he was a goin' to dab his finger-nail on you.' However, she said, 'Your servant, sir,' and curtsayed with an air of perfect deference as she advanced toward him: she was not the woman to misbehave towards her betters and fly in the face of the catechism without severe provocation."—*Adam Bede*.

"Time out of mind the Raveloe doctor had been a Kimble; Kimble was inherently a doctor's name; and it was difficult to contemplate firmly the melancholy fact that the actual Kimble had no son, so that his practice might one day be handed over to a successor with the incongruous name of Taylor or Johnson."—*Silas Marner*.

7. Pessimism—Despair—Melancholy.—"The central point of George Eliot's philosophy is that there is a continuity in action which cannot be broken, and that nothing but an inflexible regard for duty and a perpetual willingness to sacrifice our own happiness to supreme moral purpose or to the happiness of others can save the individual life from shipwreck or mutilation. She never shows us good springing out of evil; mere optimistic folk may teach that comforting doctrine; but she walks in the light of common day and in the presence of the unvarnished realities of life, and prefers to enforce the more terrible truth that evil springs out of evil and can produce nothing but evil. There are no arresting angels in the path; healing and comforting angels there may be, but the bitter consequences of wrong-doing must be paid to the uttermost farthing notwithstanding."—*George Dawson*.

"There is wanting in George Eliot's books that freshness of spirit, that faith in the future, and that peaceful poise of soul which is to be found in the writings of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. Even with all his constitutional cynicism and despair, the teachings of Carlyle are much more hopeful than hers. An air of world-weariness and fatigue is about all

her work, even when it is most stimulating with its altruism. Though in theory not a pessimist, yet a sense of pain and sorrow grows out of the touch of each of her books. . . . She was an agnostic ; life had no wide horizon for her. The world was bounded to her vision, rounded into the little capacity possessed by man. Where others would have cast a glow of hope and sunset brilliance, promise of a brighter day yet to dawn over the closing scenes of her novels, she could see nothing beyond but the feeble effect of an earthly transmitted good. . . . George Eliot leaves us with a feeling that we know nothing and can hope for but little.” —*G. W. Cooke.*

“When Tom and Maggie sink in the hurrying Floss there is left an aching sense of abrupt incompleteness, of imperious suspension, of intolerable arrest ; and with this a sense of the utter helplessness of our extremest longings. The musician’s hand has broken the movement in the midst, and it can never be taken up again. This is cruel to all our tender desires for joy. But there is something more dreadful. When the heavens break up over the head of Silas Marner, when the lots declare him, the innocent man, guilty in the midst of the Lantern Yard ; when he goes out with despair in his soul, with shaken trust in God and man, to live for weary years a life of unsocial and godless isolation, accumulating his hoard of yellow pieces, the tragedy is deeper. When the beautiful Greek awakes from his swoon beside the Arno to find no solitary lair, but the vindictive eyes of Baldassare looking down at him and the eager knuckles at his throat, the real piteousness and terror is not that a young man is about to die, but that now the visible seal of finality is to be set upon that death of the soul which had already taken place.” —*Edward Dowden.*

“If I insist on the kind of pitifulness with which George Eliot considers our earthly state, it is because this disposition is what in reality constitutes the main principle of her art. All great wit draws inspiration from some philosophy or other,

and the philosophy of George Eliot is a gently sad one. There reigns in it what Wordsworth, in a beautiful line, calls

'The still, sad music of humanity,'

the melancholy note which human destiny gives out. . . . The sadness which creeps over us in view of human imperfections is nothing to that darkness which enters the soul when the peculiar philosophical opinions of this gifted woman are insidiously but powerfully introduced. . . . She was steeped in the doctrines of modern pessimistic agnosticism. . . . Future life is no certainty; hope in redemption is buried in a sepulchre; life in most cases is a futile struggle. . . . Thus she discourses like a Pagan."—*Edmond Scherer*.

"Undoubtedly one of the prominent abiding impressions left upon us is her sadness. She is touched with a profound sorrow for the whole human race; she individualizes humanity, and declares it to be miserable and unhappy. Her books are almost overweighted with sadness. . . . Do what she will, the burden is ever present to her, and even in the most humorous passages in her novels . . . the wit is now and again tinged with bitterness, and more frequently still with melancholy. . . . And yet this sadness, from whose power over her genius the author is not able to get clear, is very beautiful. It is only the good or the great who know how to be sad. The sadness of a philanthropist or a philosopher is a very deep feeling—one of the strongest of all emotions. George Eliot is a mixture of the two. She perceives the weight of human misery, and her powerlessness to lift it from the mind affects her greatly. . . . The despair surrounding the characters of George Eliot is the result of hopelessness. The miserable whining tone is absent; the tragedy here is not simulated but real. The principal sufferers are those who have heroically striven, and who bear about them the evidences of the struggle. . . . It is in-

teresting to notice how this sadness of George Eliot . . . seems to have deepened with the years. Each book, as it was issued, . . . has shown a gradual growth of the feeling till it appears to have culminated in 'Middlemarch.' Now there is no hope. At first, through the sadness there gleamed the bright star of faith. But it would almost seem at length to be quenched in midnight. . . . It is such looking for the light and not apprehending it which has begotten in all readers such a sublime pity for her."—*G. B. Smith.*

"To me George Eliot's whole career seems to be all of a piece—she conceded everything to doubt. She conceded too much to temptation, perhaps rather from a strong sense of the hopelessness of holding high ground than of any inability of holding it after she had taken it. . . . She struggled on in gloom, sometimes in despair, to convince mankind that their own clear duty is to be more pitiful to each other's faults. . . . The inexpressible sadness of the works of George Eliot is one characteristic which has deeply impressed us. . . . The stern mournfulness of these books gives us the idea of one who does not know or who has forgotten that the stone was rolled from the heart of the world on the morning when Christ came."—*R. H. Hutton.*

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"What a glad world this looks like, as one drives or rides along the valleys or over the hills! . . . [One] would not know that, hidden behind the apple-blossoms or among the golden corn or under the shrouding boughs of the wood there might be a human heart beating heavily with anguish—perhaps a young blooming girl, not knowing where to turn for refuge from swift-advancing shame; understanding no more of this life of ours than a foolish lost lamb; wandering farther and farther in the nightfall on the lonely heath, yet tasting the bitterest of life's bitterness. Such things are sometimes hidden among the sunny fields and behind the blossoming orchards; and the sound of the gurgling brook, if

you came close to one spot, behind a small bush, would be mingled with a despairing sob. No wonder man's religion has much sorrow in it; no wonder he needs a suffering God."—*Adam Bede*.

"There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. . . . If you mean to act nobly and to seek to know the best things God has put within reach of man, you must learn to fix your mind on that end and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and to escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is one form of sorrow that has no balm in it and that may well make a man say, 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.'"—*Romola*.

"We are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot, which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death."—*Romola*.

8. Deep Religious Feeling—Moral Purpose.—

"George Eliot never sinned against the natural piety which should bind our days together. The tender regard which she had for all the surroundings of her youth did not fail toward those whose teaching had once roused her reverence and who could never become the objects of indiscriminate antipathy."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"That the mind of her who penned these novels was profoundly religious, no reader can doubt. . . . When we attempt, however, to define the religion in which George Eliot rested our task becomes difficult. We find in her the most marvellous power of putting herself in the position of the holders of all creeds, so wide was her sympathy; but she seldom revealed her own religious views in her novels."—*C. K. Paul*.

"She was distinctively a moral teacher in her books. The

novel was never to her a work of art alone. She believed that man can find happiness and true culture only in a moral life. . . . She was one of the most ardent preachers of the moral life ; her books are crowded with teaching of the most positive character."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"At the root of George Eliot's genius lay an extraordinarily deep and ever-present sense of the significance of human existence. Her relations with the world in which she found herself, both with its past and its present, pressed so incessantly and so forcibly on the springs of interest and curiosity that there seems to have been hardly a moment when she was not observing, speculating, or analyzing and recording the results. The world within and the world without never ceased to be, for her, wonderlands."—*E. W. Henley.*

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"With that cry of self-despair, Maggie fell on her knees against the table and buried her sorrow-stricken face. Her faith went out to the Unseen Pity that would be with her to the end. Surely, there was something being taught her by this experience of great need, and she must be learning a secret of human tenderness and long-suffering that the less erring could hardly know."—*Mill on the Floss.*

"It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves ; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else because our souls see it is good."—*Romola.*

"Whatever might be the weaknesses of the ladies who pruned the luxuriances of their lace and ribbons, cut out garments for the poor, distributed tracts, quoted Scripture, and defined the true Gospel, they had learned this—that there was a divine work to be done in life, a rule of goodness higher than the opinion of their neighbors ; and if the notion of a heaven in reserve for

themselves was a little too prominent, yet the theory of fitness for that heaven consisted in purity of heart, in Christ-like compassion, in the subduing of selfish desires. They might give the name of piety to much that was only puritanic egoism ; they might call many things sin that were not sin ; but they had at least the feeling that sin was to be avoided and resisted ; and color-blindness, which may mistake drab for scarlet, is better than total blindness."—*Scenes of Clerical Life*.

9. Picturesque Description of Rural Life and Scenery.—"This characteristic may include but is not identical with her preference for homely types. So vivid is her description of rural life that the tale is really an historical painting, . . . to be valued as an accurate delineation rather than an imaginary scene."—*John Lord*.

"An English landscape in the manner of Constable, rich with rough soft color and infallible in local truth, is first presented. The life of the whole neighborhood grows up before us ; and from this the principal characters never altogether detach themselves."—*Edward Dowden*.

"So graphically are the various scenes and persons of 'Middlemarch' brought before our eyes that we seem to know the borough town thoroughly. We are familiar with its people, and could walk in and out amongst them and through the streets without any doubt or difficulty. . . . Easy and natural, she can describe a farm-house with as minute and faithful a pencil as she can draw character. Nothing escapes her, and her power is equally great over the aggregate and the single. The scenery of the Midlands does not afford scope for sublime descriptions ; the massive is almost entirely absent, but the beautiful is everywhere, and of this George Eliot is cognizant. . . . Take the sketches of Raveloe, Milby, Shepparton, and others—where can there be found more accurate painting ? The author has been the connecting link between us and that village life which we can never forget. . . . There are scenes and places hit off by only just :

few words, such as the ride to Stone Court, where a Midland landscape, in all its quiet beauty, is put upon the canvas; everything speaks to a mind like the author's. The language of the fields, the rivers, and the woods is no sealed one to her. And as she herself says of those aspects of scenery, 'These are the things which make the gamut of joy to midland-bred souls—the things they toddled among, or perhaps learned by heart standing between their father's knees while he drove leisurely.' . . . The art of depicting scenery is rarely found in a very eminent degree, and certainly seldom in those who have other pronounced qualifications for the novelist. George Eliot is one of the few who possess this rare gift."—*G. B. Smith.*

"How perfect is that vignette of Raveloe—'a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices!' The entire picture of the village and its village life a hundred years ago is finished with the musical and reserved note of poetry, such as we are taught to love in Wordsworth and Tennyson. . . . Modern English has few pieces of description more gem-like in its crystalline facets than the opening chapter that tells of the pale, uncanny weaver of Raveloe in his stone cottage by the deserted pit. Some of us can remember such house-weavers in such lonesome cottages on the Northern moors, and have heard the unfamiliar rattle of the loom in a half-ruinous homestead."—*Frederic Harrison.*

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"The afternoon sun was warm on the five workmen there busy upon doors and window-frames and wainscotings. A scent of pine wood from a tent-like pile of planks outside mingled itself with the scent of the elder bushes, which were spreading their summer snow close to the window opposite; the slanting sunbeam shone through the transparent shavings that flew before the steady plane, and lit up the fine grain of the oak panelling which stood propped against the wall. On a heap of those soft shavings a rough grey shepherd dog had made himself a pleasant

bed, and was lying with his nose between his fore-paws, occasionally winking his brows to cast a glance at the tallest of the five workingmen, who was carving a shield in the center of a wooden mantel-piece."—*Adam Bede*.

"A charming picture Cheverel Manor would have made that evening, if some English Watteau had been there to paint it; the castellated house of grey tinted stone, with the flecking sunbeams sending flashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking with its flattened boughs the too formal symmetry of the front; the broad gravel walk winding on the right by a row of tall pines alongside the pool—on the left branching out among swelling grassy mounds."—*Scenes from Clerical Life*.

"As the morning silvered the meadows with their long lines of bushy willows marking the water-courses, or burnished the golden corn-ricks clustered near the long roofs of some midland home-stead, he saw the full-uddered cows driven from their pasture to their early milking. Perhaps it was the shepherd, head servant of the farm, who drove them, his sheep-dog following with a heedless, unofficial air, as of a beadle in undress. The shepherd with a slow and slouching walk, timed by the walk of grazing beasts, moved aside, as if unwillingly throwing out a monosyllabic hint to his cattle."—*Felix Holt*.

10. The Artistic Use of Dialect.—"Much of the life and vigor of her dialogue depends upon the dialect in which it is spoken. Her phrases never appear studied, but are brought before us as in real life, with all their imperfections of dialect, and they reach their mark straight as an arrow. A great part, perhaps the finest part of George Eliot's work could only be translated into a dialect. . . . When I hear Adam Bede's mother speak her Staffordshire dialect, so rough, so full of Saxon archaisms, I feel myself face to face with the truth."—*Gaetano Negri*.

"The sense of local coloring is greatly heightened by the dialogues, which speak the language of the people portrayed. When Luke describes his rabbits as 'nesh' things, and when

Mrs. Jerome says 'Little *gells* should be seen and not *heered*,' and Tommy Transom mentions his readiness to pick up a 'clauch' penny, we are brought closer to the homely life of these people. She has so well succeeded in portraying 'what they call the dialeck hereabout' that the reader is enabled to realize, as he could not do so well by any other method, the homeliness and rusticity of the life presented."—*G. W. Cooke.*

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"I'm not this countryman, you may tell by my tongue, sir; they're cu'rous talkers i' this country, sir; the gentry 's hard work to hunderstand 'em. I was brought hup among the gentry, sir, an' got the turn of their tongue when I was a bye. Why, what do you think the folks here says for 'hev'nt you'?—the gentry, you know, says 'hev'nt you'; well, the people about here says, 'hanna yey.' It's what they call the dialeck as is spoke hereabout, sir. That's what I've heard Squire Donnithorne say many a time; 'it's the dialeck', says he."—*Adam Bede.*

"'No, no,' said Tommy, wagging his head from side to side, 'I thought you'd come into that. I thought you'd know better than to say contrairy. But I'll shake hands wi' you; I don't want to knock any man's head off. I'm a good chap—a sound crock—an old family kep' out o' my rights. I shall go to heaven, for all Old Nick.'"—*Felix Holt.*

"'Well, Mrs. Fitchett, how are your fowls laying now?' . . . 'Pretty well for laying, madame, but they've ta'en to eating their eggs; I've no peace of mind with 'em at all.'

"'What will you sell them a couple?' . . . 'Well, madame, half-a-crown; I couldn't let 'em go, not under.'

"'Take a pair of tumbler pigeons for them—little beauties.' . . . 'Well, madame, Master Fitchett shall go and see 'em after work. He's very hot on new sorts; to oblige you.'"—*Middlemarch.*

II. Labored Satire—Sarcasm.—"George Eliot is not so good a satirist as she is a humorist. Her humor is nearly always as fresh and delightful as a morning in May,

but her satire is labored. . . . The foibles of the world she cannot treat in the vein of a satirist. . . . Her satire is heavy, and lacks the light touch with the tender undertone of compassion."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"There is an acerbity about her satire, with a flippancy about her diction, when she chooses to misrepresent amiable weaknesses and even religious faith, which will have startled and shocked many a candid mind, and which is altogether indefensible in a writer of fiction, who makes personages in order to malign them, and has the whole domain of thought and language to ransack for characters and for expressions."—*Quarterly Review.*

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"When a man is happy enough to win the affections of a sweet girl, who can soothe his cares with crochet and respond to all his most cherished ideas with bead urn-rugs and chair-covers in German wool, he has, at least, a guarantee of domestic comfort, whatever trials may await him out of doors. What a resource it is, under fatigue and irritation, to have your drawing-room well supplied with small mats."—*Janet's Repentance.*

"It is a pathetic sight and a striking example of the complexity introduced into the emotions of a high state of civilization—the sight of a fashionably dressed female in grief. From the sorrow of a Hottentot to that of a woman in large buckram sleeves, with several bracelets on each arm, an architectural bonnet, and delicate ribbon strings—what a long series of gradations!"—*Janet's Repentance.*

"Mrs. Bulstrode's *naïve* way of conciliating piety and worldliness—the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass, the consciousness at once of filthy rags and best damask, was not a sufficient relief from the weight of her husband's seriousness."—*Middlemarch.*

"He was an industrious gleaner of personal details, and could probably tell everything about a great philosopher or physicist—except his theories or discoveries."—*Daniel Deronda.*

12. Delicate Pathos.—"The exquisite truth and delicacy of the pathos in these stories ['Adam Bede' and 'Amos Barton'] I have never seen equalled; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe . . . if I had the impertinence to try."
—*Dickens*.

"The prevailing pathos of her books affects one with a tender personal sympathy for the author, as well as the larger impersonal which it is evident she wishes to inculcate on behalf of the whole pitiable world of mankind."—*W. C. Wilkinson*.

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"The snow lay thick upon the graves, and the day was cold and dreary; but there was many a sad eye watching that black procession as it passed from the vicarage to the church and from the church to the open grave. There were men and women who had bandied vulgar jests about their pastor and who had lightly charged him with sin; but now, when they saw him following the coffin, pale and haggard, he was consecrated anew by his great sorrow, and they looked at him with respectful pity."—*Amos Barton*.

"But the Pitying Mother had not yet entered within the walls, and the morning arose on unchanged misery and despondency. Pestilence was hovering in the track of famine. Not only the hospitals were full, but the courtyards of private houses had been turned into refuges and infirmaries; and still there was unsheltered want. And early this morning, as usual, members of the various fraternities who made it part of their duty to bury the unfriended dead, were bearing away the corpses that had sunk by the wayside."—*Romola*.

"It was a cloudy day, and nearing dusk. Arno ran dark and shivering; the hills were mournful, and Florence with its girdling stone towers had that silent, tomb-like look, which unbroken shadow gives to a city seen from above. Santa Cruce, where her father lay, was dark amid that darkness, and slowly vanishing up the narrow street was the white load, like a cruel, deliberate Fate carrying away her father's life-long hope to bury it in an

unmarked grave. Romola felt less that she was seeing this herself than that her father was conscious of it as he lay helpless under the imprisoning stones, where her hand could not reach his to tell him that he was not alone."—*Romola*.

13. Depreciation of Individualism.—"She dispels that pleasant illusion, fondled by most writers of fiction, that the individual is dominant in human affairs, and gets what he wants if he has the energy to struggle for it. The pitiless laws of existence, which are independent of human wish or will, and which crush all who oppose their action, she perceives with a sad certainty of insight. To the egotist and sentimentalist, raging or moaning at the constitution of things, Nature seems cruel and Providence seems cruel; but she, looking at individuals in relation to the mighty external forces they obey or resist, sees that unselfishness is the condition both of usefulness and happiness and that Providence has no pets."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"So far as George Eliot's life was concerned, she was eager in her self-development and as eager in her sympathies. But it was a different matter in the main drift of her work. . . . She lowered the power of individualism. . . . Few have individualized their characters more than she did, and of these characters we have many distinct types. But she individualized them with, I may say, almost the set purpose of showing that their individualism was to be sacrificed to the general welfare of the race. The more her characters cling to their individuality, the more they fail in reaching happiness or peace. . . . The whole of her books is a suppressed attack on individualism and an exaltation of self-renunciation as the only force of progress, as the only ground of morality."—*Stopford Brooke*.

"George Eliot evidently desired to destroy individualism as a social force. The individual, according to her teaching, is to renounce himself for the sake of the race. He is to live,

not as a personal being but as a member of the social organization ; to develop his altruistic nature, not to perfect his personal character."—*G. W. Cooke.*

Although this characteristic cannot well be illustrated in detached paragraphs, it finds abundant illustration in the general spirit of such works as "*Felix Holt*" and "*Daniel Deronda*."

DICKENS, 1812-1870

Biographical Outline. — Charles Dickens, born at Landport, a suburb of Portsea, February 7, 1812, the eldest son and second of eight children; father a clerk in the dock-yard at Portsmouth, afterward a Parliamentary reporter; family removed to London in 1814 and thence to Chatham in 1818; Dickens is taught first by his mother and then by one Wm. Giles, who kept a day-school in Chatham; the family remove in 1821 to London, where the father becomes financially embarrassed and is imprisoned; Dickens obtains employment at pasting labels in a blacking warehouse, partly owned by a cousin, but soon leaves on account of a quarrel between the father and the cousin; by chance he becomes enabled to attend school (about 1824) at Wellington House Academy, where he remains for nearly two years; writes stories for his play friends while at school; finds employment as clerk in a law office, and conceives the idea of becoming a reporter; he reads much in the British Museum with that end in view; displays from early boyhood a fondness for the stage; becomes intimately acquainted with Macready and Fechter, then in their glory, and is prevented from becoming an actor only by an accident; he begins reporting for the *True Sun*, and, in 1835, obtains a regular position on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*; the first of his "Sketches by Boz" is published in the *Monthly Magazine* in 1833, but not paid for; other "Sketches" follow in the *Evening Chronicle*; "Sketches by Boz" are published in book form in 1836; Dickens ceases reporting in 1836; he begins the "Pickwick

Papers" merely as the letter-press to accompany comic sketches by one Seymour, then popular as a comic draughtsman; he publishes "Pickwick Papers" in 1836-37; both his first books are extremely successful, commercially; he earns five guineas a week as a reporter, and gets £150 for the copyrights of "Pickwick Papers" and "Sketches by Boz;" in 1836 he marries Catherine, daughter of George Hogarth, a friend of Scott and conductor of the *Evening Chronicle*; Dickens repurchases the copyright of "Sketches by Boz," paying thirteen times what he had received for it; he publishes "Oliver Twist" in 1837-39 and "Nicholas Nickleby" in 1838-39, beginning the latter before finishing the former; during 1838-39 he is editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which "Oliver Twist" appears as a serial; he receives a handsome income from the sale of "Pickwick Papers;" he writes several unsuccessful dramas during 1836-38; in 1839 takes up his residence in Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park; in 1840 he establishes an illustrated weekly publication called *Master Humphrey's Clock*, in which appear the story of that name (afterward called "The Old Curiosity Shop") and "Barnaby Rudge;" in 1841 he visits Edinburgh by invitation, and receives great public honors; sails for America in January, 1842, and returns in July; he publishes "American Notes" in 1842 and "Martin Chuzzlewit" in 1843; publishes the "Christmas Carol" in December, 1843; settles with his family in Genoa, Italy, in July, 1844; visits London at Christmas time, and reads the proofs of "The Chimes" to Macready and other friends; publishes "The Chimes" in December, 1844; visits Rome and Naples in the spring of 1845, and returns in June to London; publishes the "Cricket on the Hearth" in December, 1845; becomes editor of the *Daily News* for a few weeks early in 1846; spends the summer of 1846 at Lausanne, and removes to Paris in the autumn; completes "Dombey and Son" while in Paris, and returns to London early in 1847; during 1847

and 1848 he interests himself in amateur drama as manager and actor, giving Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour" and Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" in Liverpool, Manchester, and London, the proceeds being given mainly to John Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," and to Sheridan Knowles; in 1850 he publishes "David Copperfield," and also establishes the weekly *Household Words*, in which "Bleak House" appears serially during 1852-53; he spends the summers of 1853, 1854, and 1856 at his residence in Boulogne; makes a tour of Switzerland and Italy in the autumn of 1853; returns in December, and reads the "Carol" and the "Cricket on the Hearth" to large audiences in Birmingham; publishes "Hard Times" as a serial in 1854; joins Wilkie Collins in private theatricals in 1855-56; publishes "Little Dorrit" as a serial during 1855-57; begins formal public reading in 1858, and purchases Gad's Hill Place during the same year; separates from his wife by mutual agreement in May, 1858; reads with great popularity and financial success during 1858-59 in England, Scotland, and Ireland; in the spring of 1859 merges *Household Words* into *All the Year Round*, and publishes "A Tale of Two Cities" as a serial; "Great Expectations" appears in 1860; by 1861 Dickens is giving most of his time and strength to public reading; during 1864-65 he publishes "Our Mutual Friend;" eighty readings given during one-half of 1866 bring Dickens £15,000; he sails for Boston November 9, 1866; reads in America till April 20, 1867; returns to England in May, and begins, in October, 1867, his "farewell" series of readings; gives his last public reading March 16, 1870, and begins "Edwin Drood" during this year; dies at Gad's Hill June 8, 1870.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Fondness for Caricature — Exaggeration — Grotesqueness.—"In regard to his humorous characters, the intensity with which he conceives them, and the overflowing abundance of joy and merriment which springs instinctively up from the very fountains of his being at the slightest hint of the ludicrous, sometimes leads him to the very verge of caricature. . . . They [his characters] are caricatured more in appearance than in reality, and if grotesque in form, are true and natural at heart. . . . Such caricature as this is to character what epigram is to fact—a mode of conveying truth more distinctly by suggesting it through a brilliant exaggeration. . . . The mind of the reader unconsciously limits the extravagance into which Dickens sometimes runs, and indeed discovers the actual features and lineaments of the character shining the more clearly through it. . . . It is not that caricature which has no foundation but in 'the extravagancy and crazy ribaldry of fancy,' but caricature based on the most piercing insight into actual life; so keen indeed that the mind finds relief in playing with its own conceptions. A caricaturist rarely presents anything but a man's peculiarity, but Dickens ever presents the man. . . . Mr. Richard Swiveller is a fine example of the felicity with which Dickens can tread the dizziest edges of characterization without sinking into mere caricature. He seems to be taken by surprise as his glad and genial fancies glide into his brain and to laugh and exult with the beings he has called into existence in the spirit of a man observing, not creating. Squeers and Pecksniff, Tony Weller and old John Willett, although painted with such distinctness that we seem to see them with the bodily eye, we still feel to be somewhat overcharged in the description. In fact, his characters are all more or less overcharged, as if the author were a little intoxicated with his own humorous conceptions, and could not keep himself in any

measure. . . . His genius in characterization tends to the grotesque and extravagant ; his personages in their names, as in their qualities, produce on us the effect of strangeness." —*E. P. Whipple.*

" Few great humorists have so persistently sought to efface the line which separates the barely possible from the morally probable. . . . It is to his sense of the grotesque rather than to any deep-seated satirical intention, and certainly not to any want of reverence or piety, that I would likewise ascribe the exaggeration and unfairness of which he is guilty against Little Bethel and all its works. The vigor of Dickens—a mental and moral vigor, supported by a splendid physical organism—was the parent of his tendency to exaggeration. But without this vigor he could not have been as creative as he was."—*A. W. Ward.*

" The tendency of Dickens, in all his painting, is toward caricature. The fault is an outgrowth of his very power. Seeing in an instant, with intense abstraction, the odd feature or whimsical bent in any man or woman, he creates a character from that single quality, making his creation stand out in bright relief as the type of a whole class."—*W. F. Collier.*

" His vivid perception of external oddities passes into something like hallucination. . . . His books are therefore inimitable caricatures of contemporary 'humors' rather than the masterpieces of a great observer of human nature." —*Leslie Stephen.*

" He was apt to be a caricaturist where he should have been a painter ; he was often mawkish and often extravagant ; he was sometimes more inept than a great writer has ever been."—*W. E. Henley.*

" There are no caricatures in the portraits of Hogarth, nor are there any in the pages of Dickens ; the most striking thing in both is their inexhaustible variety and truth of character. . . . If the people examined their own minds, they would be very likely to find that this opinion [that

Dickens often caricatures] chiefly originated and was supported by certain undoubted caricatures among the illustrations. . . . Cruikshank [Dickens's early illustrator] appears sometimes to have made his sketches without due reference, if any, to the original. . . . When he deals with a dirty young thief he refers to him as 'the first-named young gentleman;' while the old Jew, Fagin—a horrible compound of all sorts of villainy—the author designates as 'the merry old gentleman.' . . . Everybody is struck with a sense of the ludicrous at the preposterousness of the compliment. In this way the author avoids disgust, loses no point of his true meaning, and gains in the humour of his scene."—*R. H. Horne.*

"He seems to have been more destitute of the faculty of self-criticism than any person of whom I can think who possessed anything like his powers of creation. . . . For once that he will content himself with this [a quiet style], he will indulge a score of times in a kind of trumpery, strained, melodramatic rant. . . . He will spoil the admirable vigor of his descriptive faculty at crises by plastering and daubing this rant over the scenes, and will change a shudder to a yawn by simply overdoing it. I cannot think that to close observers Dickens can ever have seemed a realist. He was too glaringly fantastic, phantasmagoric, theatrical for that."—*Saintsbury.*

"Mr. Dickens's personages are mostly extravagant caricatures; often, too, not the caricature of a whole man but of one trait, or even trick, of a man, as all caricatures are apt to be. Most of them, nearly all of them, are such creatures as never did exist, and could by no possibility exist. Dickens was mainly a caricaturist, and his caricatures are far more extravagant and exaggerated than any that John Leech or even Richard Doyle drew for *Punch's* pages."—*Richard Grant White.*

"Dickens had for his subject only the twirls and oddities

of nature, and had, in general, a highly conventionalized and unreal sphere, made, however, all the more mechanical by the incongruities of absolute fact with the wild vagaries of freakish wit and fancy."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"Thackeray's personages are all men, those of Dickens are personified oddities. The one is an artist, the other a caricaturist. . . . Thackeray looks at life from the club-house window, Dickens from the reporter's box in the police court. Dickens is certainly one of the greatest comic writers that ever lived, and he has perhaps created more types of oddity than any other."—*Lowell*.

It has been asserted that Dickens never drew a clergyman except to caricature him. On the other hand, the *Spectator*, at the time of Dickens's death, declared: "His delight in the grotesque has done more than ever Mr. J. S. Mill, by any philosophical defence of liberty, could do to make us tolerant toward individual eccentricity of almost every shade." Dickens himself sums up the whole matter in a letter, replying to a kindly criticism by Lord Lytton. He says: "I have such an inexpressible enjoyment in what I see in a droll light that I dare say I pet it as if it were a spoiled child."

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"[Quilp] ate hard eggs, shell and all, devoured gigantic prawns with the heads and tails on, chewed tobacco and water cresses at the same time, drank boiling tea without winking, bit his fork and spoon till they bent again . . . [till] the women were nearly frightened out of their wits and began to doubt if he were really a human creature."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

"He had eyes . . . with no depth in the color or form and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked hat like a three-cornered spittoon. . . . Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair standing jaggedly all over it and

growing down hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him as the most dangerous man in the world to go over."—*A Tale of Two Cities*.

"Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character as large as a proclamation, and according to that document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of a perpetual measles. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else."—*David Copperfield*.

2. Genial Humor.—It would be a most unjust and unwarranted assumption to say that the manifestation of Dickens's fun-loving faculty was confined to burlesque or caricature. Lord Jeffrey, who has not been noted for his partiality toward writers in general, asserts that Dickens "has given more delight, and has suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers than any other author except Shakespeare." Bulwer calls him "our hearth's wise cheerer." Lydia Maria Child calls the "Christmas Carol" "one of the sunniest bubbles that ever floated on the stream of light literature." And Thackeray, who must be admitted to be an intelligent judge of true humor, wrote as follows in his "Box of Christmas Books:" "There is but one book left in the box, the smallest one; but oh, how much the best of all! It is the work of the master of all English humorists now alive—the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. . . . Think of the harmless laughter, the genial wit, the frank, manly love he has taught us all to feel!" And of the "Christmas Carol" Thackeray says: "It seems to me a national benefit, and

to every man and woman who reads it a personal kindness."

"Of all our own great writers since Scott, Dickens is probably the man to whom the world owes most gratitude. No other has caused so many sad hearts to be lifted up in laughter; no other has added so much mirth to the toilsome and perplexed life of men, of poor and rich, of learned and unlearned. 'A vast hope has passed across the world,' says Alfred de Musset. We may say that with Dickens a happy smile, a joyous laugh, went round the earth."—*Andrew Lang*.

"Charles Dickens was, before all things, a great humorist—doubtless, the greatest of this century; for though we may find in Scott a more truly Shakespearian humour of the highest order, the humour of Dickens is so varied, so paramount, so inexhaustible, that he stands forth in our memory as the humorist of the age. . . . In this fine and most rare gift he abounds to overflowing; and this humour pours in perfect cataracts of 'grotesque imagery' over every phase of life, the poor and the lower classes of his time in London and in a few of its great suburbs and its neighboring parts."—*Frederic Harrison*.

"Dickens's works furnish a constant commentary on the distinction between wit and humour; for, of sheer wit, either in remark or repartee, there is scarcely an instance in any of his volumes, while of humour there is a fulness and gusto in every page. . . . He continually exhibits the most trifling and commonplace things in a new and amusing light."—*R. H. Horne*.

"I have seen him praised for wit; but I should say that when he is really funny he is always humorous, but never funny when he attempts wit. It is apt to land him in the Circumlocution Office and other dry places, wherein an overstrained satire prowls and barks. But in his own region of partly observed, partly invented humour of the fantastic kind his felicity is astonishing."—*Saintsbury*.

“ ‘ Pickwick Papers ’ is an almost perfect specimen of the strictly English quality of fun, . . . which differs as greatly from the humour of Scotland or Ireland as from French wit or American extravagance.”—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

“ In the first pages of the ‘ Pickwick Papers ’ he showed a humor richer, subtler than that of any writer who was then living or who has since come before the public. . . . Humor was Mr. Dickens’s great distinctive trait ; and for humor, pure and simple, he produced in all his life nothing quite equal to ‘ Pickwick,’—nothing so sustained, so varied, so unrestrained.”—*Richard Grant White.*

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“ Richard Swiveller took a greasy memorandum-book from his pocket and made an entry therein.

“ ‘ Is that a reminder in case you should forget to call ? ’ said Trent, with a sneer.

“ ‘ Not exactly, Fred,’ replied the imperturbable Richard, continuing to write with a business-like air. ‘ I enter in this little book the names of the streets that I can’t go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen Street last week, and made that no thoroughfare, too. There’s only one avenue in the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop up that to-night with a pair of gloves.’ ”—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

“ These audiences were of a very superior description, including a great many young ladies’ boarding-schools, whose favor Mrs. Jarley had been at great pains to conciliate by altering the face and costume of Mr. Grimaldi as clown to represent Mr. Lindley Murray as he appeared when engaged in the composition of his English Grammar and turning a murderess into Mrs. Hannah More, both of which likenesses were admitted by Miss Monflathers, who was at the head of the head Boarding and Day establishment in the town, . . . to be quite startling from their extreme correctness.”—*Old Curiosity Shop.*

“ If, by the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmi-

grated into a dog—I—I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail.”—*Edwin Drood*.

“It may further be remarked, that Miss Knag still aimed at youth, although she had shot beyond it years ago.”—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

3. Incarnation of Characteristics—Single Strokes.—“He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits and making a character out of them. He is especially apt to incarnate particular professions in this way; many of his people never speak without some allusion to their occupation. You cannot separate them from it, nor does the writer ever separate them: . . . he sees people in the street doing certain things, talking in a certain way, and his fancy petrifies them in the act: he goes on fancying hundreds of reduplications of that act: he frames an existence in which there is nothing else but that aspect which attracted his attention.”—*Walter Bagehot*.

“The tendency of Dickens’s genius, both in the actual and the imaginary, is to personify, to individualize. This makes his pages all alive with character. Not only does he never treat of man in the abstract, but he gives personality to the rudest shows of nature. . . . The whole originality and power of Dickens lies in the instinctive insight into individual character. . . . He has gleaned all his facts from observation and sympathy, in a diligent scrutiny of actual life, and no contemporary author is less indebted to books. . . . All that he observes is taken up and transformed by his imagination—becomes Dickensized, in fact, so that, whether he describes a landscape or a boot-jack or a building or a man, we see the object not as it is in itself but as it is deliciously bewitched by his method of looking at it. . . . The result is that we do not have in him an exact transcript of life but an individualized idea of life from his point of view. He has, in short, discovered and colonized

one of the waste districts of Imagination, which we may call Dickensland; . . . from his own brain he has peopled it with some fourteen hundred persons; and it agrees with the settlements made there by Shakespeare and Scott in being better known than such geographical countries as Canada and Australia. . . . It is distinguished from all other colonies in Brainland by the ineffaceable peculiarities of its colonizer. . . . He has created an ideal population which is more interesting to human beings than the great body of their actual friends and neighbors. . . . His method of assailing social and political abuses is to make them ridiculous or hateful; and he makes them ridiculous or hateful by impersonating them in men and women."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"There is an individuality even about the buildings [in Dickensland]. . . . There are houses sly-looking, houses wicked-looking, houses pompous-looking. . . . You know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters."—*Alexander Smith.*

"A man, woman, or child cannot buy a morsel of pickled salmon, look at his shoe, or bring a mug of ale; a solitary object cannot pass on the other side of the way; a boy cannot take a bite at a turnip or hold a horse; a bystander cannot answer the simplest question; a dog cannot fall into a doze; a bird cannot whet his bill; a pony cannot have a peculiar nose or a pig one ear, but out peeps the first germ of a character. . . . There is also what Lamb calls 'the dumb rhetoric of the scenery.' . . . He not only animates furniture and stocks and stones or even the wind with human powers, but often gives them an individual rather than a merely generalized character. . . . Old, deserted, broken-windowed houses grow crazed with staring each other out of countenance; and crook-backed chimney-pots and crows turn slowly round with witch-like mutter and sad whispering moan, to cast a hollow spell upon the scene."—*R. H. Horne.*

"Most of Dickens's characters represent a class. . . . He never develops a character from within but begins by showing how the nature of the individual has been developed externally by his whole life in the world. To this effect he first paints his portrait at full length; sometimes his dress before his face, and most commonly his dress and demeanor. When he has done this to his satisfaction he *feels in* the man, and the first words that he utters are the key-note of his character. . . . His characters are for the most part facsimile creations, built up with materials from the life as retained by a most tenacious memory. They are not mere realities but the type and essence of real classes. . . . The men and things he deals with he means actually as he calls them; the only exception to their reality is that they represent classes; the best of them are never mechanical, matter-of-fact portraits."—*R. H. Horne.*

"These personages light up the scenes with unfailing light and mirth. In them we seek, not the excitement of story nor that later fashion of excitement, the analysis of character. . . . Dickens was, fortunately for us, no analyst. He neither anatomizes nor explains the amusing and, it must be allowed, extraordinary persons whom he puts before us. . . . They live, not because their author shows us their machinery, but because we are personally acquainted with themselves. . . . It is almost exclusively in his comic characters that the genius of Dickens is really displayed. The few exceptions are chiefly to be found in the criminal class; Bill Sikes, for instance, is a criminal to be proud of, and there is a good deal of truth in the repulsive figure of Jonas Chuzzlewit."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

Dickens once told Lewes that every word spoken by his characters was distinctly heard by him. To the same effect an anonymous critic says: "He is something like Balzac, who said that he could not describe a landscape until he had turned himself for the time into trees, grass, and flowers

. . . so that he became, as it were, a part of them and they a part of him. . . . The winds, streams, and woods are haunted with spirits."

"In 'Pickwick Papers' was seen the art which can combine traits vividly true to particular men or women with propensities common to all mankind. . . . He exposed himself to the charge of now and then putting human nature itself in the place of the individual, who should be only a small section of it."—*John Forster*.

"Having caught a hint from actual fact, he generalizes it, runs away with this generalization into a corner, and develops it there into a character to match; which character he then transports along with others similarly suggested into a world of semi-fantastic conditions, where the laws need not be those of ordinary probability. He has characters of ideal perfection and beauty as well as ideal ugliness and brutality—characters of a human kind verging on the supernatural as well as characters actually belonging to the supernatural. Even his situations and scenery often lie in a region beyond the margin of every-day life."—*David Masson*.

Lewes calls Dickens's personages "not characters, but personified characteristics," and a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, sums up the case as follows: "This can be nothing but genius, that vivifying and creating principle which not only makes something out of nothing, but which communicates qualities to a bit of dull clay, of which, in itself, it is utterly unconscious—genius which we are laboring to define without growing much the wiser, but which we can no more refuse to be influenced by than we can deny the evidence of our senses."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"A fleet of barges were coming lazily on, some sideways, some head-first, some stern first; all in a wrong headed, dogged, obstinate way, bumping up against the larger craft, running under the bows of steamboats, getting into every kind of nook and

corner where they had no business, and being crunched on all sides like so many walnut shells."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

"Nothing seemed to be going on but the clocks, and they had such drowsy faces, such lazy, heavy hands, and such cracked voices that they surely must have been too slow. The very dogs were all asleep, and the flies, drunk with moist sugar in the grocer's shop, forgot their wings and briskness, and baked to death in dusty corners of the window."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

"Besides, the kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar: it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it would lean forward with a drunken air and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Peerybingle's fingers, first of all turned topsy-turvy and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Peerybingle before she got it up again."—*The Cricket on the Hearth*.

4. Descriptive Power—Minuteness of Observation—Vividness.—Dickens is a master of description. Hardly since Defoe has he been equalled in his power of minute observation. When he was first becoming known, Chambers observed that Dickens was the first writer since Smollett who had taken notice of "the prodigious fund of character for description to be found in the streets of London. This inexhaustible fund had lain untouched. The most odd-looking and odd-speaking beings were suffered to vegetate unheeded, unchronicled." A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* calls him "the truest and most spirited delineator of English life amongst the middle and lower classes since the days of Smollett and Fielding."

"His eye is worth all his other senses. . . . He possesses the power of seeing much more in a given space and

time than people usually do. . . . His works contain a larger number of faithful pictures of the middle and lower classes of England of the present period than can be found in any other modern work. . . . This closeness to reality, so that what he describes has the same effect upon the internal sense as thinking of reality, renders Dickens very like Defoe."

—*R. H. Horne.*

"The first of these [the characteristics of Dickens] is his power of observation in detail. We have heard—we do not know whether correctly or incorrectly—that he can go down a crowded street and tell you all that is in it—what each shop was, what the grocer's name was, how many scraps of orange-peel there were on the pavement. His works give you exactly the same idea: the amount of detail which there is in them is something amazing—to an ordinary writer something incredible. . . . He has, too, the peculiar alertness of observation that is observable in those who live by it: he describes London like a special correspondent for posterity."

Walter Bagehot.

"The commonest objects, the most ordinary interiors, any old house, a parlor, a boat, fifty things that in the ordinary tale-teller would pass unmarked, are made vividly present and intelligible; are brought out with a strength of relief, precision, and force unapproached in any other writer of prose fiction."—*John Forster.*

"Dickens understood the greatness of trifles; he knew and showed his science in small things. . . . He took advantage of the most petty personal traits of a man or woman to make up the total of oddity or ugliness or turpitude or saintliness he desired to present."—*J. C. Watt.*

"In 'Oliver Twist' the lowest and vilest forms of London life are painted with a startling truthfulness that rivals the pencil of Defoe."—*W. F. Collier.*

"The source of all Dickens's descriptions is pure imagination. . . . An imagination so lucid and energetic cannot

but animate inanimate objects without an effort. . . . His imagination is so active that it carries everything with it in the path which it chooses. . . . Dickens is a poet; he is as much at home in the imaginative as in the actual. . . . Objects, with Dickens, take their hue from the thoughts of his characters."—*Taine*.

"To the way in which his imagination enabled him to identify himself with the figments of his own imagination, he frequently testified. Dante is not more certain in his celestial and infernal topography than was Dickens as to every stair in the little midshipman's house and as to 'every young gentleman's bedstead' in Dr. Blimber's establishment. . . . The gift of suddenly finding out what a man, a thing, a combination of man and thing is like—this too comes by nature, and there is something electrifying in its sudden exercise. . . . He was always observing. Half his life he was afoot. . . . A complete natural history of the country actor, the London landlady, and the British waiter might be compiled from his pages. This form of observation and description extended from human life to that of animals. . . . Dickens has been called 'The Landseer of Fiction.' . . . In everything, whether animate or inanimate, he found out at once the characteristic feature, and reproduced it in words of faultless precision. This is the secret of his descriptive power."—*A. W. Ward*.

"How true to nature, even in the most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of the great novelist really were, is best known to those whose tastes or duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"There was not much to look at. A rickety table, with spare indles of papers, yellow and ragged from long carriage in the ricket, ostentatiously displayed upon its top ; a couple of stools t face to face on opposite sides of this crazy piece of furniture ; treacherous old chair by the fire-place ; . . . two or three mmon books of practice ; a jar of ink, a pounce box, a stinted arth broom, . . . these, with the yellow wainscot of the alls, the smoke-discolored ceiling, the dust and cobwebs, were nong the most prominent decorations of the office of Mr. Samp-n Brass."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*.

"The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' ere radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied iskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoat of jolly old gentle-en, lolling at the doors and tumbling out into the street in their opletic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-rthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like panish friars and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up istletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered pyramids ; ere were bunches of grapes, made, in the shop-keeper's be-evolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths ight water gratis as they passed ; there were piles of filberts, ossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks nong the woods and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through with-ed leaves ; there were Norfolk biffins, squab and swarthy, set-ng off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great mpactness of their juicy persons, urgently and beseechingly treating to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after din-er."—*A Christmas Carol*.

"They left the high-road by a well-remembered lane, and soon pproached a mansion of dull-red brick, with a little weather-ck-surmounted cupola on the roof and a bell hanging in it. It as a large house, but one of broken fortunes ; for the spacious fices were little used ; their walls were damp and mossy, their indows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and ruttet in the stables, and the coach-houses and sheds were rerrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient statø

within ; for, entering the dreary hall and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light and not too much to eat."—*A Christmas Carol*.

5. Tender, Sometimes Mawkish, Pathos.—On no characteristic of Dickens is there such a sharp difference of opinion as on his pathos. Writers like Saintsbury, Andrew Lang, and Mrs. Oliphant score him mercilessly for his "mawkish, melodramatic sentimentality," while Whipple and the stern Jeffrey have lauded him for his tenderness and his "purified conception of moral beauty." There is warrant for both extremes of criticism, and both kinds of pathos may be abundantly illustrated from Dickens's works. The truth must be determined by a general average of the two criticisms, bearing in mind that Dickens aimed to touch the hearts, not of critics but of the common people—the class of whom he mainly wrote and whom he best knew. That he has succeeded remarkably in this aim, no one will deny.

"It is this inability to know where to stop which has . . . brought discredit on his pathos. He really had pathos, but he could not be content with a moderate dose of it, and must needs froth and whip and bedevil it till it becomes half insipid, half fulsome. . . . He abounds in washy pathetics and windy politics, in leather-and-prunella peers and good-young-person heroines. . . . In Dickens we always feel the constant presence of the theatre—of the boards and the lamps, the property-man and the prompter. . . . Our fathers thought Little Nell and Little Paul almost excruciatingly pathetic, while the whole of my own generation has chiefly yawned over them. I am told that the weeping time is coming again soon ; but this I take leave to doubt."—*Saintsbury*.

"One source of his pathos is the intense and purified conception he has of moral beauty, of that beauty which comes from a thoughtful brooding over the most solemn and affecting realities of life. . . . He makes everybody cry, even his hostile critics; but his critics object that they are made to cry against the rules; that it is sentimentality they cry over and not pure sentiment; that it is exceedingly unnatural to have their natures so deeply stirred. Dickens took their tears as the most cogent of all answers to their maxims, . . . disregarding the snarling protest they made against the magician who extorted from them such irrepressible drops of uncritical emotion. . . . It is certain that his genius can as readily draw tears as provoke laughter. Sorrow, want, poverty, pain, and death; the affections which cling to earth and those which rise above it; he represents always with power and often with marvellous skill."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"The pathos of 'Oliver Twist' is mawkish, as it usually is in Dickens's works, and the absurdly melodramatic story of Oliver's birth, with the machinations of the impossible villain Monks, is little worthy of the author, though he has sinned repeatedly in the same way, and does not seem to have known better. . . . We are free to admit that we have no admiration at all for Dickens's sentimental or pathetic passages; we are moved only to weariness by 'that Smike's unceasing drivellings or those everlasting Nells.' We feel no interest in little Paul Dombey, and the maunderings of Jo leave our withers unwrung."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"His pathos is not less true than various, for the gradations are marked between the stern tragic pathos of 'Hard Times,' the melting pathos of 'Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Dombey and Son,' and 'David Copperfield,' and the pathos of helplessness which appeals to us in Smike and Jo."—*T. H. Ward*.

"His perception of moral beauty was as refined as his conceptions were, in their finer traits, tender and natural. . . . Two or three of his scenes and numerous incidental touches

have never been surpassed, if the heart-felt tears of tens of thousands of readers are any test of natural pathos. . . .

The only tragedy of Hogarth and Dickens is the constant tragedy of private life—especially with the poorer classes."

—*R. H. Horne.*

"There is no writer who knows better how to touch and melt; he makes us weep—absolutely shed tears: before reading him we did not know there was so much pity in the heart. The grief of a child who wishes to be loved by his father and whom his father does not love, the despairing love and slow death of a poor half-imbecile young man; all these pictures of secret grief leave an ineffaceable impression."—*Taine.*

"He has naturally great powers of pathos; his imagination is familiar with the common sort of human suffering, and his marvellous conversancy with the detail of existence enables him to describe sick-beds and death-beds with an excellence very rarely seen in literature—a nature far more sympathetic than that of most authors has familiarized him with such subjects."—*Walter Bagehot.*

"Like his humor, Mr. Dickens's pathos was in general not of the highest type. It was very touching, and there are many passages in his books that must melt all but the stoniest natures. As his humor always provokes laughter, so his pathos generally moves to tears. But laughter is not the best witness to the high quality of humor nor tears to that of pathos."—*Richard Grant White.*

Jeffrey wrote to Dickens concerning the Death of Paul Dombey: "I have so cried and sobbed over it, and felt my heart purified by those tears, and blessed and loved you for making me shed them." Landor said that Little Nell was equal to any character in fiction, and Jeffrey said, "Nothing so good since Cordelia."

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"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. . . . Her couch was dressed here and there with some winter berries and green leaves gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. 'When I die, put me near something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always.' Those were her words. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child mistress was mute and motionless forever."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

"'Mr. Snagsby,' says Jo, 'I went and give a illness to the lady as wos and yit as warn't the t'other lady, and none of 'em never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being ser good and my having been s'unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yesday, and she ses, "Ah, Jo!" she ses, "We thought we'd lost you, Jo!" she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word nor yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Snagsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to giv me somethink for to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and wen he comes a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Snagsby.'"—*Bleak House*.

"Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday.

"'Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?' said his wife.

"'Yes, my dear,' returned Bob. 'I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!' cried Bob, 'my little child!'"—*Christmas Carol*.

6. Gayety—Animal Spirits—Good-Fellowship.—Dickens was always and everywhere the prince of "good fellows." His joviality bubbles up continually in his writings.

James T. Fields, who perhaps knew Dickens personally better than any other American, calls him "an incarnation of generous and abounding gayety, a type of beneficent earnestness, a great expression of intellectual vigor and emotional vivacity," and adds: "He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but I always noticed that, when the punch was ready, he drank less of it than anyone who might be present." And Mr. Dolby, who was Dickens's business manager during his memorable reading tours in England and America—a man who lived and dined with the novelist daily for months together—says: "Although he so frequently both wrote and talked about eating and drinking, I have seldom met a man who partook less freely of the kindly fare placed before him." These direct and positive testimonies from Dickens's intimate friends and associates should set at rest the consciences of those good people who have been troubled by what appeared to be the novelist's excessive conviviality.

"He has an exuberance of animal spirits—a surplus vitality like that which makes him, after signing his name to a letter or note, give such a whirl of flourishing. . . . Sometimes his humour not only takes the show of mere animal spirits, but may be said to depend solely on them. . . . His boisterous fun and good-humour are like Smollett's, with this advantage, that to find his best things we have not to go to a dunghill and scratch them out."—*S. Davey*.

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"In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Misses Fezziwig, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the house-maid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some

shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out: 'Well done!' and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose." —*A Christmas Carol*.

"Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the sauce-pan lid to be let out and peeled." —*A Christmas Carol*.

"It was a perfect embodiment of the still small voice, free from all cold, hoarseness, huskiness, or unhealthiness of any kind. Foot-passengers slackened their pace, and were disposed to linger near it; neighbors who had got up splenetic that morning felt good-humor stealing on them as they heard it, and by degrees became quite sprightly; mothers danced their babies to its ringing;—still the same magical tink, tink, tink, came gaily from the work-shop of the Golden Key. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unshaded window and checkering the dark workshop with a

broad patch of light, fell full upon him, as though attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world.”—*Barnaby Rudge*.

7. Sincerity—Manliness—Earnestness. Thomas Carlyle, who has never been noted as a flatterer, called his vivacious contemporary “a most cordial, sincere, clear-sighted, quietly decisive, just and loving man. . . . A quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are.” Forster, Dickens’s matchless biographer, observes that in “Our Mutual Friend” the novelist “pictures rare veracity of soul amid the lowest forms of social degradation, placed beside others of sheer falsehood and pretence amid unimpeachable social correctness,” and adds, “Whatever Dickens was, he was thoroughly.” Dickens’s most hostile critics have never found reason to suggest that there is anything in his writings that suggests or fosters impurity in thought.

“The author was not a mere jester and story-teller, but a true philanthropist and reformer. . . . He has generally a moral purpose in view. He never panders to popular prejudices, but boldly rebukes vice in whatever rank he finds it. . . . Dickens abhorred a sham with his whole soul. . . . He was the soul of truth and manliness as well as kindness.”—*R. H. Stoddard*.

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“And it is pleasant to write that they reared a family; because any propagation of goodness and benevolence is no small addition to the aristocracy of nature and no small subject of rejoicing for mankind at large.”—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

“For the Bachelor was one of those whose goodness shuns the light, and who have more pleasure in discovering and extolling

the good deeds of others than in trumpeting their own. . . . Thank God that the innocent joys of others can strongly move us, and that we, even in our fallen nature, have one source of pure emotion which must be prized in Heaven."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

" 'Oh, Miss Dombey,' he said, 'is it possible that while I have been suffering so much in striving with my sense of what is due to you, and must be rendered to you, I have made you suffer what your words disclose to me? Never, never before Heaven, have I thought of you but as the single, bright, pure, blessed recollection of my boyhood and my youth. Never have I from the first, and never shall I till the last regard your part in my life but as something sacred, never to be lightly thought of, never to be esteemed enough, never, until death, to be forgotten!'" —*Dombey and Son*.

8. Broad Sympathy—Plain, Practical Humanity.

—If the most prominent surface characteristic of Dickens is his humor, especially his fondness for caricature, his crown-glory is his sympathy.

"In painting character, he is troubled by no uneasy sense of himself. . . . His mind, by the readiness with which it generally assimilates other minds, . . . grows with every exercise of its powers. . . . Had he been an egoist, devoured with a ravenous vanity for personal display, . . . his talents would hardly have made him known beyond the street in which he lived. . . . His fellow-feeling with the race is his genius. The humanity, . . . the recognition of the virtues which obtain among the poor and humble, so observable in the works of Dickens, is characteristic of the age. . . . Dickens commonly surveys human nature from the position of charity and love. . . . He makes us love our kind not only in its exhibitions of moral beauty but also when frailties mingle with its excellence. . . . He continues to effect that reconciliation of charity and morality by which our sympathy with weakness and toleration

of error never run into a morbid sentimentality. . . . He evolves beautiful and heroic qualities from heroic souls. . . . He makes the fact that happiness and virtue are not confined to any one class a reality to the mind. . . . The materials for numberless characters are within the reach of all novelists, but most of them are ridden by some nightmare of dignity or gentility which compels them to pass by the hero in the alley for some piece of etiquette or broadcloth in the drawing-room. . . . The one test of merit in Dickensland is goodness of heart; and it contains a considerable number of highly esteemed persons in whom this quality is connected with confusion of head. Alone among his contemporaries Charles Dickens seems to possess that instinctive sympathy with whatever is human and humane, which is the fundamental condition of genial and varied characterization. In impersonated abstractions of humanity which satisfy our human nature he may be excelled; in individualities which make us in love with our kind he is unapproached."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"He was the best beloved of modern writers almost from the outset of his career. . . . He loved his fellow-men, and did more to make them happy and amiable than any other writer of his time."—*W. E. Henley*.

"The philosophy of Dickens certainly is the professed philosophy of kindliness, of a genial interest in all things great and small, of a light English joyousness and a sunny universal benevolence. . . . Whatever practice, institution, or mode of thinking is adverse, in Mr. Dickens's view, to natural enjoyment and festivity, against that he makes war. . . . His philosophy may be defined as anti-Puritanism."—*David Masson*.

"It was his mission to make people happy. Words of good cheer were native to his lips; and he was always doing what he could to lighten the lot of all who came into his beautiful presence. . . . We content ourselves with what he was—

a lover of his kind, a friend of the friendless, a champion of the poor, the degraded, the outcast, the forlorn. His career was a prolonged beneficence to his fellow-beings. It may be said of his books that they made a circumnavigation of charity."—*J. T. Fields.*

"I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times; I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognize it—I speak with awe and reverence—as a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye."—*Thackeray.*

"He helped to blot out the hard line which too often severs class from class, and made Englishmen feel more as one family than they had ever felt before. . . . He has taught his countrymen the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness. . . . The distress of the poor of England, he used to say, pierced through his happiness, and haunted him day and night. . . . By him that veil was rent asunder which parts the various classes of society. Through his genius the rich man, faring sumptuously every day, was made to feel the presence of Lazarus at his gate. The unhappy inmates of the work-house, the neglected children of the dens and caves of our great cities, the starved and ill-used boys in remote schools, far from the observation of men, felt that a new ray of sunshine was poured on their dark existence."—*Dean Stanley.*

"First among his natural gifts must be placed what may in a word be called his sensibility—that quality of which humour, in the more limited sense of the word, and pathos are the twin products. . . . To him the voiceless cause of the suffering and the oppressed was at all times dearer than any literary success. . . . His sympathy with the afflictions of the hearth and the home knew almost no bounds. . . . He was tender with the tenderness of Cowper, playful with the playfulness of Goldsmith, natural with the naturalness of

Fielding. . . . He conscientiously addressed himself, as to the task of his life, to the endeavour to knit humanity together."—*A. W. Ward*.

"He set in motion the secret springs of sympathy by touching the domestic affections. . . . He spoke in the mother-tongue of the heart, and was always sure of listeners."—*G. H. Lewes*.

"He had a deep pity, a deep sympathy (and no idle or barren one) for the poor and especially the hard-working poor. He could indicate and emphasize the absurdities of their manner and speech, their awkward gestures, bad grammar, inelegant pronunciation, without one touch to feed the contempt of the most cynical or the most ill-natured hearer; and he inculcated at every moment, directly or indirectly, the lesson of brotherly kindness."—*Anthony Trollope*.

After reading the "Christmas Carol" [published in 1843] Jeffrey wrote to Dickens: "Be sure you have done more good and not only fostered more kindly feeling, but prompted more positive acts of benevolence by this little publication than can be traced to all the pulpits and confessionals since 1842." In his second and greatest series of readings in England [1866] Dickens expressly stipulated that shilling seat-holders should have as good accommodation as those who were willing to pay higher sums for their evening's enjoyment. He said, "I have been the champion and friend of the working man all through my career, and it would be inconsistent, if not unjust, to put any difficulty in the way of his attending my readings." After first seeing Venice, Dickens wrote: "When I saw those palaces, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift one's self above the dust of all Doges in their graves." And again, "I wish we were all in Eden again, for the sake of these toiling creatures." Daniel Webster hardly exaggerated when he said: "Dickens has done

more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain has sent to Parliament."

"The stabs of his satire are never of a morbid, misanthropical kind. . . . They will almost invariably be found directed against social wrongs, 'the insolence of office,' against false notions of honor, against mere external respectability."—*R. H. Horne*.

"Dickens wrote as a philanthropist. His purpose was a lovely and a noble one—to teach us charity. He did not labor in vain. The world is better, purer, gentler, more loving and forgiving for the thirty years of Charles Dickens's laborious life; and he goes to his rest followed by the blessings due to a benefactor of mankind."—*Richard Grant White*.

"The deep, rich, cheery voice; the brave and noble countenance; the hand that had the fire of friendship in its grip—all played their part in comforting in a moment the creature who had come to Charles Dickens for advice, for help, for sympathy."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

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"The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day!"—*Bleak House*.

"If those who rule the destinies of nations would remember this—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and the great houses and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in by-ways where only poverty may walk—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime and horrible disease to mock them by its contrast."—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

"Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman

at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch ; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations ; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some by-gone Christmas day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for one another on that day than on any day in the year ; and had shared to some extent in its festivities ; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him."—*A Christmas Carol*.

9. Dramatic Power.—If any argument were needed to prove Dickens a born dramatist, it might be found in the history of his own marvellous readings from his works and in that of the dramatizations of his plays. It has been well said, "If he had not been a great writer, he would have been a great actor."

"He has great tragic power. It would be useless, in our limits, to attempt to give illustrations of his closeness to nature in delineating the deeper passions, his profound observation of the workings of the soul when stained with crime and looking forward to death ; his skill in gifting remorse, fear, avarice, hatred, and revenge with their appropriate language, and his subtle appreciation of the influence exercised by different moods of the mind in modifying the appearances of external objects."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Who has so depicted the dismayed and conscience-stricken murderer, his soul haunted and lashed by the avenging furies, the eternal wakefulness of his fevered brain, the torment of unceasing restlessness, the thousand dreadful eyes that leer at him, and the thousand voices that hoot at him from morn till night?"—*S. Davey*.

"His imaginative power and dramatic instinct combined to produce an endless succession of effective scenes and situations. . . . In no direction was nature a more powerful aid to art with him than in this. From his very boyhood he

seems to have possessed . . . the faculty of converting into a scene—putting as it were into a frame—personages that came under his notice and the background on which he saw them. . . . His genius exercises a particularly strong spell in those scenes that *precede* a catastrophe, which are charged like thunder-clouds with the coming storm. And here the constructive art is at work ; for it is the same arrangement of incidents, past and to come, combined by anticipation in the mind of the reader, which gives their extraordinary force to such scenes.”—*A. W. Ward*.

“He has no developed tragic character and no pathetic, but he often places his personages in tragic and pathetic situations, and makes a strong impression mainly by his own conviction and earnestness and his thorough working out of his intention.”—*Anthony Trollope*.

“‘Nicholas Nickleby’ established beyond dispute Dickens’s mastery of dialogue, or that power of making characters real existences, not by describing them but by letting them describe themselves, which belongs only to story-tellers of the first rank.”—*John Forster*.

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“There was a gun hanging on the wall. He took it down and moved a pace or two toward the door of the perfidious stranger’s room. He knew the gun was loaded. Some shadowy idea that it was just to shoot this man like a wild beast seized him, and dilated in his mind until it grew into a monstrous demon in complete possession of him, casting out all milder thoughts and setting up its undivided empire. That phrase is wrong. Not casting out his milder thoughts but artfully transforming them. Changing them into scourges to drive him on. Turning water into blood, love into hate, gentleness into blind ferocity. Her image, sorrowing, humbled, but still pleading to his tenderness and mercy with resistless power, never left his mind ; but staying there, it urged him to the door ; raised the weapon to his shoulder ; fitted and nerved his finger to the trigger ; and cried ‘ Kill

him ! In his bed ! ' He reversed the gun to beat the stock upon the door ; already held it lifted in the air ; some indistinct design was in his thoughts of calling out to him to fly, for God's sake, by the window— When, suddenly, the struggling fire illumined the whole chimney with a glow of light ; and the Cricket on the Hearth began to chirp ! "—*The Cricket on the Hearth*.

" Down and up and headforemost on the steps of the building ; now on his knees ; now on his feet ; now on his back ; dragged and struck at and stifled with the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands ; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy, . . . he was hauled to the nearest street corner, where one of the fatal lamps swung. . . . Once he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking ; twice he went aloft and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking ; then the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon on a pike."—*A Tale of Two Cities*.

" Squeers had caught the boy firmly in his grip ; one desperate cut had fallen on his body ; it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly started up and cried,

" ' Stop ! ' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

" ' Who cried stop ? ' cried Squeers in a shriek—

" ' I,' said Nicholas, stepping forward. ' This must not go on.'

" ' Must not go on ? '

" ' No ! ' thundered Nicholas. . . . ' You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf ; you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself ; not I.'

" ' Sit down, beggar ! ' screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smeke as he spoke.

" ' Wretch ! ' rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, ' touch him at your peril ! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for, by Heaven ! I will not spare you, if you drive me on.' "—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

10. Vulgarly—Artificiality.—Much as one of his admirers would like so to do, it would be unjust to the readers of this volume if the author should fail to mention a characteristic that is noted by nearly all the critics of Dickens, friendly as well as hostile.

“It is only when he approaches the delineation of gentility, or attempts the attitude of philosophic satire, that he exhibits traces of the one unpardonable thing ; and his vulgarest book, his one book tainted with incurable, hopeless vulgarity, is his ‘Child’s History of England.’ . . . As a terrorist and a manufacturer of villains with a capital V, Dickens has, I believe, from the first been exposed to the doubts and sneers of callous heretics. . . . [I am surprised] by the astonishingly vague and unpractical character of the optimism which inspired such alternatives as the novelist suggested or seemed to suggest [for the evils of the social system]. . . . Except among those readers who had no more knowledge of the subject than their author, it was impossible that many, even from the first, should not be struck with the almost inconceivable ignorance [of Dickens] of all of the upper class and a large part of the middle class which his books displayed. . . . His soldier-officers, his clergymen, his scholars, his miscellaneous gentlemen, much more his baronets and his peers, were like nothing that lives and moves on any part of the earth except the boards of the stage. Rose Maylie and Kate Nickleby are not live girls but wax dolls.”—*Saintsbury*.

“I demur to the common assertion that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. All that can be said is that it very rarely suited his purpose to do so, supposing the term to include manners as well as feelings.”—*A. W. Ward*.

“Ladies and gentlemen were out of Dickens’s sphere altogether ; and though the greater part of his life as a successful and famous man was spent in their society, he never learned to draw them. . . . Such totally unreal personages as Ralph Nickleby, Sir Mulberry Hawk, Steerforth, Quilp, Mr.

Dombey, and Sir Leicester Dedlock may, perhaps, have their counterparts in the waters under the earth, but certainly in the other localities mentioned in the second Commandment their like has not been seen. . . . The pure and blameless heroines such as Agnes, . . . when they are not utterly insignificant, are still more completely without interest. One page of the Marchioness is worth all the Kates and Ruths put together. It is an amiable fault to paint virtues in the finest colors, but it is unfortunate when they are mere streaks of pure white such as fatigue the eye to rest upon."—*Mrs. Oliphant*.

"Nor had he the gift of drawing any noble gentlewomen—his women are at the best but dolls—nor any fine, true-hearted gentleman. . . . One of Thackeray's men or Charles Reade's women is worth a cart-load of Dickens's middle-class dolls."—*J. H. Friswell*.

In reply to such criticisms as the three last quoted, Richard Hengist Horne exclaims, concerning the description of the pauper funeral in "Oliver Twist:" "O ye scions of a refined age—readers of the scrupulous taste, who, here and there, in apprehensive circles, exclaim upon Dickens as a low writer and lover of low scenes—look at this passage—find out how low it is—and rise up from the contemplation chastened, purified—wiser because sorrow-softened and better men through the enlargement of your sympathies! . . . Perhaps the reason why Dickens never successfully paints the upper classes is because there is little, if any, humour or genuine wit in the upper classes, where all gusto of that kind is polished away."

"He rioted in verbal vulgarisms. . . . He sinned repeatedly against taste. . . . He could be both noisy and vulgar."—*W. E. Henley*.

"The vulgarity of his attempt at aristocracy—his lords and baronets—is woful. . . . We are inclined to predict of works of this style that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by an early oblivion."—*J. W. Croker*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“ ‘Mr. Jarndyce,’ said Sir Leicester in reply, as he bowed and seated himself, ‘I do myself the honor of calling here——’

“ ‘You do *me* the honor, Sir Leicester.’

“ ‘Thank you—of calling here on my road from Lincolnshire to express my regret that any cause of complaint, however strong, that I may have against a gentleman who—who is known to you and has been your host, and to whom therefore I will make no further reference, should have prevented you, still more ladies under your escort, from seeing whatever there may be to gratify a polite and refined taste at my house, Chesney Wold. . . . It is possible, Mr. Jarndyce, that the gentleman to whom, for the reasons I have mentioned, I refrain from making further allusion—it is possible, Mr. Jarndyce, that that gentleman may have done me the honor so far to misapprehend my character as to induce you to believe that you would not have been received by my local establishment in Lincolnshire with that urbanity, that courtesy, which its members are instructed to show to all ladies and gentlemen who present themselves at that house. I merely beg to observe, sir, that the fact is the reverse.’ ”—*Bleak House*.

“ ‘I am afraid you have been giving her some of your wicked looks, my lord,’ said the intended.

“ ‘No, no, no,’ replied the old lord, ‘no, no, I’m going to be married and lead a new life. Ha, ha, ha! a new life, a new life! ha, ha, ha!’ . . .

“ ‘I hope you don’t think good looks a disqualification for the business, my lord,’ said Madame Mantalini, simpering.

“ ‘Not by any means,’ replied the old lord, ‘or you would have left it long ago.’

“ ‘You naughty creature,’ said the lively lady, poking the peer with her parasol; ‘I won’t have you talk so. How dare you? . . . Nay, you bad man, you positively shall go first; I wouldn’t leave you behind with that pretty girl, not for half a second. I know you too well. Jane, my dear, let him go first, and we shall be quite sure of him.’

“ The old lord, evidently much flattered by this suspicion, bestowed a grotesque leer upon Kate as he passed; and, receiving

another tap of the parasol for his wickedness, tottered down stairs to the door, where his sprightly body was hoisted into the carriage by two stout footmen."—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

"‘An unexpected playsure, Nickleby,’ said Lord Frederick Verisopht, taking his glass out of his right eye, where it had, until now, done duty on Kate, and fixing it in his left, to bring it to bear on Ralph.

"‘Designed to surprise you, Lord Frederick,’ said Mr. Pluck.

"‘Not a bad idea,’ said his lordship, ‘and one that would almost warrant the addition of an extra two and a half per cent.’

"‘Nickleby,’ said Sir Mulberry Hawk, in a thick, coarse voice, ‘take the hint and tack it on to the other five-and-twenty, or whatever it is, and give me half for the advice.’

"Sir Mulberry garnished this speech with a hoarse laugh, and terminated it with a pleasant oath regarding Mr. Nickleby’s limbs, whereat Messrs. Pike and Pluck laughed consumedly. . . . Verisopht, who was to lead Kate down stairs, drew her arm through his up to the elbow.

"‘No, damn it, Verisopht,’ said Sir Mulberry, ‘fair play’s a jewel, and Miss Nickleby and I settled the matter with our eyes, ten minutes ago.’"—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

II. Diffuseness.—"Dickens’s diffuseness may arise in a great measure from his writing his novels in periodical numbers, so that he had often to write against time. . . . He becomes tedious also in depicting high life, as if out of his element. His lords are merely stuffed figures."—*S. Davey*.

Saintsbury calls this habit of diffuseness, "the dreary mannerism which appears in ‘Bleak House,’ which simply floods ‘Little Dorrit’ and ‘Hard Times,’ and which seldom retires for long in any of the later books."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Tossing to and fro upon his hot, uneasy bed; tormented by a fierce thirst which nothing could appease; unable to find in any change of posture a moment’s peace or ease, and rambling ever through deserts of thought where there was no resting-place; no sight or sound suggestive of rest or repose, nothing

but a dull, eternal weariness, with no change but the restless shiftings of his miserable body and the weary wandering of his mind, constant, still to one ever-present anxiety—to a sense of something left undone, of some fearful obstacle to be surmounted, of some carking care that would not be driven away, and which haunted the distempered brain, now in this form, now in that, always shadowy and dim, but recognizable for the same phantom in every shape it took ; darkening every vision like an evil conscience, and making slumber horrible.”—*Old Curiosity Shop*.

“To record of Mr. Dombey that he was not in his way affected by this intelligence would be to do him an injustice. He was not a man of whom it could properly be said that he was ever startled or shocked ; but he certainly had a sense within him that if his wife should sicken and decay—he would be very sorry, and that he would find a something gone from among his plate and furniture and other household possessions, which was well worth the having, and could not be lost without sincere regret. Though it would be a cool, business-like, gentlemanly, self-possessed regret, no doubt.”—*Dombey and Son*.

“Mr. Bounderby’s first disquietude on hearing of his happiness was occasioned by the necessity of imparting it to Mrs. Sparsit. He could not make up his mind how to do that—or what the consequences of the act might be. Whether she would instantly depart, bag and baggage, to Lady Scadgers, or would positively refuse to budge from the premises ; whether she would be plaintive or abusive, tearful or tearing ; whether she would break her heart or break the looking-glass. However, as it must be done, he had no choice but to do it ; so, after attempting several letters and failing in them all, he resolved to do it by word of mouth.”—*Hard Times*.

RUSKIN, 1819—

Biographical Outline.—John Ruskin, born in London, February 8, 1819; father a wine merchant of Scotch descent, a man of some literary and æsthetic culture and, eventually, of considerable wealth; Ruskin passes much of his childhood and youth at Herne Hill, near Dulwich, where he writes his earlier works; during almost every summer, up to his twentieth year, he makes a wide tour through various parts of England and Scotland with his parents, in their private carriage; he visits Paris and Brussels in 1825; at four teaches himself to read and write after an original method, and makes rhymes before he can write them; is a book-worm at five; between 1826 and 1829 prints with a pen a "work" of three volumes, imitating the style of Miss Edgeworth; studies Latin grammar with his mother, and becomes greatly interested in natural science; writes numerous poems and dramas from his seventh to his tenth year; has his first tutor (in Latin) in 1829, and begins sketching in 1831; in 1830 he visits the Lake District and the mountains of Cumberland, and becomes a "mountain-worshipper;" sees Southey and Wordsworth at church at Windermere; begins Greek in 1830, and is soon versifying Anacreon; tries to copy Cruikshank's illustrations of Grimm's fairy tales; in 1831 has his first drawing-master, and takes up French and geometry; writes imitations of the Waverley novels, "Childe Harold," "Don Juan," and various other works; in 1832 receives inspiration from Turner's vignettes in Rogers's "Italy;" during the summer of 1832 he posts leisurely through northern France, Belgium, southern Germany, and Italy to Como, Milan, and

2a, and returns via Chamouni and Paris, making descriptions, prose sketches, and drawings of all objects of interest (first sees the falls of Schaffhausen on this tour); in 1833 enters the day school of the Rev. Thomas Dale at Peckham to fit for Oxford; Ruskin's father proposes to make him a clergyman; he is greatly interested in mineralogy, and attacks a "Dictionary of Minerals;" publishes an essay on mountain structure in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History* March, 1834; goes abroad in 1835, determined to make mineral investigations in mineralogy, meteorology, etc.; invents a cyanometer, and begins his annual journal of travel in 1835; spends much of the summer in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland, Verona, and the Tyrol; during this tour he sees on the Rigi the storm scene so wonderfully described in "Modern Painters;" publishes in *Friendship's Offering*, December, 1835, poems entitled "Andernach," "St. Goar," and "Salzburg;" early in 1836 he falls passionately in love with Adele Lecq, a convent-bred Catholic, daughter of his father's business partner (Ruskin had been bred an English churchman in his very pious mother); writes for his love a romance entitled "Leoni, a Legend of Italy," which is published in *Friendship's Offering* in 1837; during 1836 he writes love letters, a romantic novel, and a play, "Marcolini," of some merit; his love affair is terminated by Adele's marriage, in 1836, to a French nobleman; in 1835 Ruskin makes many fine drawings touched with color in imitation of Prout's sketches; he takes six lessons from Copley Fielding, then president of the Water Color Society, and receives inspiration from Turner's pictures in the Exhibition of 1836; writes for *Kew's Magazine* a reply to an adverse criticism on the society that had appeared in its pages, and submits the article to Turner, who suppresses it; is matriculated as a "gentle-commoner" at Christ Church, Oxford, late in 1836, goes into residence there in January, 1837; writes "The Isles" in competition for the Newdigate prize in poetry,

but is defeated by Arthur (afterward Dean) Stanley ; makes many fine drawings, mainly architectural, and, during the summer of 1837, contributes to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* an article on "The Poetry of Architecture," and under the *pseudonym* "Kata Pushin" (according to nature), five articles on "The Convergence of Perpendiculars ;" in 1838 he writes "The Comparative Advantages of the Studies of Music and Painting," and is quoted under his *pseudonym*, as an authority on architecture ; studies geology at Oxford under Buckland and Acland ; competes for the Newdigate prize again in 1838, writing "The Exile of St. Helena," and is again defeated ; wins the Newdigate in 1839 with his poem "Salsette and Elephanta ;" in 1840, on coming of age, he receives from his father an allowance of £200 a year for pocket money, and promptly spends it all for one of Turner's pictures ; meets Turner for the first time soon afterward ; in the spring of 1840 his health is so affected by the outcome of his love affair that he leaves the University, abandons his plans for the church, and for two years seeks health in travel and varied medical treatment ; visits Normandy, the Riviera, Rome, Naples, Venice, Basle, and returns to England in June, 1841 ; spends the autumn in Wales and at Leamington, undergoing medical treatment ; at Leamington he meets his future wife, and, at her challenge, writes a fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River," which was published in 1843 ; takes up his university work again in November, 1841, under his tutor Gordon ; is deficient in Latin and Greek, but excels in French, biblical knowledge, and mineralogy ; passes his final examination and receives A.B. from Oxford in May, 1842 ; continues drawing lessons under J. D. Harding, and, on his return to England in June, 1842, determines on art criticism as his life work ; writes and publishes the first volume of "Modern Painters" during the winter of 1842-43 ; in August, 1843, removes with his parents from Herne Hill to Denmark Hill, nearer the centre of London, and becomes

a social "lion;" takes M.A. from Oxford in October; tours through Switzerland again in 1844, stopping to study the old masters at Paris; in 1845 makes his first Continental tour alone, stopping to study Christian art at Lucca, Verona, and Venice; is tortured with doubts concerning religious truth; writes and publishes "Modern Painters," Volume II., during the winter of 1845-46; makes another tour through Switzerland and Italy in 1846; to Ambleside for rest in 1847, suffering still from pectoral weakness and from a spinal weakness which, eventually, causes a slight deformity; from Ambleside to Leamington for treatment and thence to Perth, where he becomes engaged to Miss Charlotte Withers, the "fair maid of Perth," whom he had met in 1838; is married to Miss Withers at Perth April 10, 1848; makes a tour of Normandy with his wife in the summer of 1848, returning to London in October, and settling at 31 Park Street, where Ruskin writes "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" during the winter of 1848-49, himself making the plates for illustrating the book in soft-ground etching; he makes another Continental tour in 1849; settles in Venice to study architecture, and returns in February, 1850, to London, where he writes "The Stones of Venice," illustrating the book with engravings in mezzotint and line made by his own hand; in 1850 Ruskin's father collects and publishes his son's poems; during 1851 are published "The King of the Golden River," Volume I. of "The Stones of Venice," and the theological pamphlet "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." "The Stones" is severely criticised by "the Philistines," but is highly praised by Carlyle in a personal letter, which begins a voluminous correspondence between Ruskin and his "master," continued during Carlyle's life; during 1851 Ruskin also revises Volumes I. and II. of "Modern Painters," and publishes "Pre-Raphaelitism;" from August, 1851, to June, 1852, he is at Venice studying architecture; he returns in July, 1852, to Herne Hill, where he writes Volumes II. and

III. of "The Stones of Venice," published in 1853; he lectures at Edinburgh on Architecture and Painting during the summer of 1853 (lectures published in 1854); makes another Swiss tour in 1854, returning to London and helping to found the Working Men's College in October; with D. G. Rossetti, Ruskin teaches classes in painting, weekly, at the college—a service that he performs faithfully for many ensuing winters; in the autumn of 1854 his wife, whose tastes had proved totally incompatible with his own, leaves him permanently—the entire facts relating to the separation have never been published; during 1855 Ruskin meets the Brownings (who become warm friends and regular correspondents), studies shipping at Deal, and writes and publishes Volumes III. and IV. of "Modern Painters;" makes another Swiss tour with his parents in 1856, returning to London in the winter, where he writes and publishes "The Elements of Drawing," long used as a text-book; during 1857 he lectures frequently in London on art-topics and at Manchester in July on "The Political Economy of Art;" makes another tour of Scotland in 1857, and spends the winter of 1857-58 at the National Gallery arranging and restoring Turner's sketches, which had been left to mildew and destruction; he rescues and mounts between glass some four hundred out of 19,000; during 1858 he gives several lectures and makes another Swiss tour; during 1859 visits, with his parents, Berlin, Dresden, Nuremberg, Munich, etc., and returns to London to write Volume V. of "Modern Painters" in the winter; about this time art becomes subordinated, in Ruskin's mind, to ethical considerations; during the summer of 1860 he forms friendships with Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs. Stowe, and Walt Whitman, all of whom he meets at Genoa; he gradually rejects "orthodox religion, orthodox morals and politics, orthodox art, and orthodox science;" writes "Unto This Last" while at Chamouni, in the summer of 1860; spends the following winter at Denmark Hill; continues lecturing in 1861,

and in the autumn visits Savoy, where he writes "*Munera Pulveris*," which is published at first serially, and appears in book form in 1872; he spends the summer of 1862 in Switzerland; returns to lecture at the Working Men's College in December, and goes back to Mornex, Switzerland, till June, 1863, where he studies the geology of the Alps; lectures at London on "Stratified Alps" in June, and becomes more intimate with Carlyle; during 1864 he lectures at London, Bradford, and Manchester on economic subjects, and discontinues his teaching at the Working Men's College; his father dies in March, 1864, leaving Ruskin a legacy of £120,000; his cousin, Miss Agnew (afterward Mrs. Severn), becomes a member of Ruskin's family in April, 1864, and is thenceforward the guardian of his health and comfort; in 1864 he publishes "Queen's Gardens" obscurely as a pamphlet; he is in England during 1865 lecturing and publishing "Sesame and Lilies," which passed through fourteen editions up to 1892; he also studies educational methods, and devises the system portrayed in his "Ethics of the Dust," published in 1866 (Carlyle calls it "a most shining performance"); the "Ethics" was unpopular at first, but was republished in 1877, and eight thousand copies were soon sold; Ruskin spends the summer of 1866 in Switzerland, starting with the Trevelyans as companions; he is at home during 1867, lecturing and publishing "Time and Tide;" receives LL.D. from Oxford in May; spends most of 1868 in mineral researches, lecturing at Dublin and at London and making a tour through Belgium; in 1869 he lectures, travels through Switzerland and Italy again, is elected Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford in August, and publishes "The Queen of the Air;" he delivers his first course of Oxford lectures in February, 1870; then to Italy and back to Oxford for his second course in December; during 1871 he publishes "*Fors Clavigera*," No. I, gives his third course at Oxford, is severely ill, and, after partial recovery, buys his present [1897] home,

Brantwood, in the Lake District; he endows a mastership in drawing at Oxford with £5,000, and gives £7,000 to the St. George's Society, which he had then recently helped to found; he is elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, but is disqualified from serving because of his relations to Oxford; his mother dies in 1871, aged ninety; during 1872 Ruskin delivers his fourth and fifth courses at Oxford, making his customary Italian tour between the two, and takes up his residence at Brantwood; during this year he becomes deeply interested in the problem of better housing for the poor and in the matter of street-cleaning; publishes "The Eagle's Nest," and withdraws most of his early books from circulation for the time; during 1873 he is re-elected Slade Professor, gives several general lectures and his sixth course at Oxford, and publishes "*Ariadne Florentina*;" from 1872 to 1875 he becomes devotedly attached to a former lady pupil, and proposes marriage, but is refused because he will not declare that he loves God more than her; she dies broken-hearted soon afterward; during 1874 he travels through Italy and Sicily, is severely ill at Assisi, and returns to deliver his seventh and eighth courses at Oxford, where he has Prince Leopold as an interested pupil; during 1875 he makes a carriage tour of northern England, establishes a museum at Sheffield, and gives his ninth course at Oxford, having as a pupil W. H. Mallock, whom Ruskin pronounces to be the only man who ever really understood him; during 1876 he is re-elected Slade Professor, and, after several general lectures, goes to Paris and then to Venice, where he remains till June, 1877; he experiences a reawakening of his old religious feelings, and retracts his sceptical judgments; forms the Guild of St. George, a semi-socialistic society, from 1873 to 1877; gives his tenth course at Oxford in 1877; publishes "*Fors Clavigera*" in ninety-six parts from 1871 to 1884—afterward collected and published in eight volumes; publishes "*Proserpina*" in ten parts from 1875 to 1886, and "*Deucalion*"

in eight parts from 1875 to 1883; during 1877 he visits Prince Leopold at Windsor and also Gladstone, whom Ruskin had misunderstood and attacked; he becomes reconciled with Gladstone, and promptly publishes an admission of his error in the current number of *Fors*; he is severely ill with inflammation of the brain at Brantwood in March, 1878; later he publishes in *Fors* a criticism on the artist Whistler, who sues Ruskin for libel, wins, and gets one farthing damages; Ruskin's costs are paid by voluntary public subscription; early in 1879 he resigns the Slade Professorship, and has a bitter contest with Tyndall over the theory of glacial action; he is at Brantwood in feeble health during most of 1879, 1880, and 1881, where he is cared for by his cousin, Mrs. Severn; during 1880 he visits France, lectures at Eton, and publishes "The Lord's Prayer and the Church;" in 1882 he removes with the Severns to Herne Hill, revisits France and Italy, and goes back to Brantwood early in 1883; he resumes lecturing at Oxford; is at Herne Hill during 1885, where he forms and lectures to the "Society of the Friends of Living Creatures;" publishes, in 1885, a reprint of all his magazine articles under the title "The Old Road," and begins his autobiography, "*Præterita*," of which twenty-four of the twenty-eight parts have since been published in two volumes; he is severely ill again at Brantwood in 1886, and when not entirely recovered mails his famous letter to the Richmond rector; visits southern England again in 1887 and the Continent in 1888; in the summer of 1889 he attempts to continue "*Præterita*" at Seascale, on the Cumberland Coast, but is compelled by the failure of his powers to give up the task; devotes his remaining strength to writing "Joanna's Care," a tribute to his cousin, Mrs. Severn; he refuses to attempt any further literary effort after 1890, and has since lived quietly at Brantwood. From his fifteenth to his sixty-ninth year Ruskin published at least seventy-two volumes and one hundred magazine articles, made several

hundred drawings and engravings, delivered scores, perhaps hundreds, of lectures, and made at least nineteen Continental tours, besides travelling much about Great Britain.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I: Descriptive Power.—"There are many to whom the heavens declared no glory and the earth unfolded no form until Ruskin's writings opened their eyes to see and their hearts to feel; many who never saw the beauty of cloud form, nor knew the majesty of the hills, nor felt the sweetness of the meadows until taught by him in 'Modern Painters.' Here lies much of his power: he can bring back to us the wonder of childhood; he is, in this sense, the restorer of paradise."—*J. M. Mather*.

"With equal truth he gives us the clouds sweeping in stormy grandeur; calmly floating like angels' wings in the far distance of the higher heaven; clustering in gorgeous pomp around the sunset; lying dark against the fading orange of the evening sky. And in all this there is a quietness and freedom from exaggeration which does not always pervade Mr. Ruskin's writings."—*H. H. Lancaster*.

"Listen to Ruskin's description of the sea, and you think he must have spent his days and years in watching the beauty of its garlanded summer waves and the tortured writhing of its wintry billows. Follow his eye as it ranges over the broad fields of the sky, and you are impressed with the idea that it could never have been turned from observing the processions of the clouds across the blue or tracing the faint streaks of the cirri, lying like soft maiden's hair along heaven's azure, or watching the sun as he touches the whole sky with gold and scarlet and vermillion, to be for him a regal tent at eventide.

Go with him into the forest, and you believe that he has studied nothing else but the forms of stem and branch, the arrangement of light and shade in the hollows of the foliage. Enter with him the cathedral of the mountains, mark attentively as he points out 'their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars,' and you conclude that there he must always have worshipped. . . . Whatever he may call himself, it is as a painter of nature with words that Ruskin is named with enthusiasm wherever men speak the English tongue. It has been through his books, not through his pictures, that he has mainly influenced his generation. . . . You are apt, when you read his account of one series of natural appearances, to conclude that he must have devoted all his time and all his attention to that particular series. To show the flickering dance of sunbeams on forest leaves, to set before us the very spring and prancing of the waves, to word-paint the wreathing of the mist and every caprice and humor of the sky, required rather an abundant supply of words; but the supply at Ruskin's command was a small matter to his power of laying them on, to the exquisite precision with which he applied every vocable. . . . We do not, for our part, recall a single instance in which he has deliberately set himself to place a scene before our eyes, without enabling us, after a sufficiently close and steady look, to see it in its grand, consistent features. . . . In the elements of descriptive power, which underlie the garb, either of prose or verse, we have no hesitation in declaring that, with the exception of one or two of Byron's highest efforts, such as his description of the storm in the Alps, the boasted and magnificent descriptions of that poet are decidedly inferior to those of Ruskin. Such a series of descriptions, indeed, as Ruskin's does not, in prose or verse, exist in the English language, or, we are assured, in any other."—*Peter Bayne*.

"I feel confident that whoever has read the works of Rus-

kin will thereafter approach nature with a new faculty of appreciation, will have his attention directed to what he before passed by with indifference, and will discover what before was hidden. . . . And this will not be only with regard to the beauties of the Alps or the stormy sea, but they will be able to extract elevating pleasure out of each flower that blooms before their window in the summer, and even out of the delicate tracery-work of the bare branches of the trees, deadened by the cold winter, that stands at the back of their house or in the city square. . . . Ruskin, in his best description of nature, does also use movement as the central energy of his descriptive motive. Clouds are not merely square or round or multiform, but they move, swing, sweep, or hang to or in their various shapes; their colors are growing or fading in their intensity or asserting some relation to one another; nay, even the shape of each rock and stone and leaf and twig is described in the varied motion of its lines. It is one of the most astonishing and admirable qualities of his best passages that, with all their alliteration and the harmony of sound which pervades his ordered array, the description is most minute and accurate; and no better words, no words encircling and penetrating the meanings of things more fully and promptly, could have been chosen."—*Charles Waldstein*.

" 'The Stones of Venice' is *the* book of descriptive prose in English, and all others toil after it in vain."—*Saintsbury*.

"Many passages from the 'Modern Painters' and those books that immediately followed it, such as that of the writer's first view of Venice, are quoted as one should frame a picture rather than as mere descriptions in words are usually treated. These delectable passages are indeed pictures as noble as any in Turner, and are constantly removed from the original page to be hung, as it were, in the picture-galleries of the imagination, where they shine with a perfection of color and tone which is often denied to the finest pigments. . . . Notwithstanding all the eccentric accompaniments of his genius, nothing

can touch Ruskin's high place in literature as one of the most perfect masters of style and language which this century, or indeed any other, has known."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"What is clear is that his faculty mainly reposes on an extraordinary power of observation. . . . If we carefully consider his work from first to last, we shall see that he is, above all things, a perceiver, a seer in the strict sense; one who in art detects intentions and significances where other eyes miss them."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"He says he never knew a child more incapable than himself of telling a tale, but when he chooses to describe a man or a woman, there stands the figure before us; when he tells a story we live it. His is rather the descriptive than the constructive faculty; his mastery is over detail and quality rather than form."—*Anne Thackeray Ritchie.*

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"How different must the thoughts about nature have been, of the noble who lived among the bright marble porticoes of the Greek groups of temple or palace,—in the midst of a plain covered with corn and olives, and by the shore of a sparkling and freighted sea,—from those of the master of some mountain promontory in the green recesses of Northern Europe, watching night by night, from amongst his heaps of storm-broken stone, rounded into towers, the lightnings of the lonely sea flash round the sands of Harlech or the mists changing their shapes forever among the changeless pines that fringe the crests of Jura."—*Modern Painters.*

"Crossed brook and ever eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping-stones, but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. . . . With quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill."—*Modern Painters.*

"Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossoms, paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines."—*Modern Painters*.

2. Magnificence—Splendor of Diction.—"In his early days of enthusiasm he was often magnificent—no lesser word will suffice. . . . For more than forty years artists in flamboyant prose have been writing after and after the famous description of the falls of Schaffhausen. . . . I have never been a Ruskinite, though I have always thought that nobody in our time has touched Ruskin at his very best as an artist in the flamboyant variety of English prose. . . . If these curious volumes are taken with a due amount of rational salt, they cannot fail to enlarge and exercise the tastes and powers of the reader. . . . They will be found to contain the very finest prose (without exception and beyond comparison) which has been written in English during the last half of the nineteenth century. The great merit of his prose is that it is never, as most of the ornate prose styles of a more recent day are, affected and unnatural. . . . Mr. Ruskin's purple patches—despite a rather too great tendency to run not merely into definitely rhythmical, but into definitely metrical forms—are never labored; they never suggest effort, strain, or trick."—*Saintsbury*.

"At his bidding we awake to a new consciousness of the beauty and grandeur of the world. . . . Summer has for us a new opulence and pride; autumn, which is summer meeting death with a smile, a new solemnity and a more noble sadness. Even to winter we learn to look for his part in

nature's pageantry, in nature's orchestral beauty ; we find new music in his storms, a new majesty in his cataracts, a more exquisite pencilling in his frost-work."—*Peter Bayne*.

" His style is stately in form, the diction is rich with beauty and magnificence, and the purpose is always lofty and pure. He writes as one who gives his whole heart to what he says, who pours his words forth in a flood, with majestic intensity and the splendor of power. He has the gift of graceful utterance, so that every sentence is rounded and complete, happy in form and instinct with charm."—*G. W. Cooke*.

" Of this first volume [of 'Modern Painters'] what most impressed the public was not the soundness of his views of art . . . or his knowledge of nature . . . but his eloquence, his magnificent diction."—*W. J. Stillman*.

" Many passages of 'Modern Painters' are really poems in their tenderness, their sentiment, and their grandeur."—*Mary Russell Mitford*.

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" And then wait yet for one hour, while the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning ; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire ; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning ; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each her tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke up to the heavens ; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted winds of many companies of angels ; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love for the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has delivered his message unto men."—*Modern Painters*.

"The fields! All spring and summer is in them, the walks by silent scented paths, the rests in noonday heat, the joy of herds and flocks, the power of all shepherd life and meditation, the life of sun-light upon the world, falling in emerald streaks and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould or scorching dust,—pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, crispy leaves all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their full the sound of loving voices; all these are summed in those simple words."—*Modern Painters*.

"It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the dome of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex groves rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber; the upper sky gradually flashing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half-dew."—*Modern Painters*.

3. Impetuous Eloquence.—" [He is] one of the most eloquent prose writers of any age or literature, a man whose feeling for art is not a taste but a kind of passion. . . . He has written with a fire and an earnestness that were quite new in critical literature. . . . He has an almost unparalleled command of language, and in that he has carried both art and energy to unsurpassed lengths. . . . It ['Modern Painters'] is certainly, for eloquence and energy, one of the most remarkable books ever produced by a youth in his twenties. . . . His prose, which from the first had a boundless wealth of power and color, has in later years grown more and more direct and electric without losing any of its eloquence, seeming to be burned ever purer in the fire of his passion. . . . The worst of it is that the man has his eloquence and his dazzling flashes of insight on condition of

a prophetic fury which will not stay to reconsider. . . . His value lies in his stimulant energy, his power of disturbing vulgar human complacency and confronting human selfishness with higher motives and urgent menaces."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"His mind is too discursive for poetry, too impetuous and unrestrained. He rushes eagerly on when he has a thought to utter, with little order and system, careless of logical sequence if he can but give his ideas and his emotions full expression. . . . No English author is more eloquent than he or more capable of sustained flights of impassioned, magnetic, and powerful writing."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"If the spirit of beauty received only the second homage of his heart, . . . his was an intense and energetic vassalage for all of that; and whenever the spirit of modern improvement, real or so-called, the spirit of modern invention, of industry, of material progress, blasted with the furnace breath of its engine the fields, the woods, which were in his eyes sacred to the spirit of beauty, he cried out against it with the bitterness of a Hebrew prophet seeing the abominations of desolation carried into the holy place. . . . He sees clearly and feels earnestly, and what he sees and feels he describes with impetuous eloquence. There are whole pages of rhetoric in his books which possess all the magnificence of Milton or Taylor. But he is not always equal in his style nor always just in his opinions."—*Peter Bayne.*

"Mr. Ruskin is always striking, always eloquent, always true to his own convictions and his own noble nature."—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

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"You knock a man into the ditch, and then you tell him to remain in the position in which Providence has placed him. That's modern Christianity. You say '*we* did not knock him into the ditch.' How do you know what you have done or what you are doing? That's just what we have all got to know, and what we shall never know until the question with us, every morning, is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian as to have understood that maxim of the poor half-way Mohammedan, 'One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.'" —*Christian Justice.*

"Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy, when you may talk with queens and kings, or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault."—*Sesame and Lilies.*

"Are you *sure* there is a heaven? *Sure* there is a hell? *Sure* that men are dropping before your faces through the pavements of the street into eternal fires or *sure* that they are not? *Sure* that at your own death you are going to be delivered from all sorrow, to be endowed with all virtue, to be gifted with all felicity and raised into perpetual companionship with a king, compared to whom the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers and the nations as dust at His feet? are you sure of this? Or if not, do any of us so much as care to make it sure? and, if not, how can anything that we do be right—how can anything we think be wise; what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us or what profit in the possessions that please?"—*The Mystery of Life.*

4. Biting Satire—Fierce Invective.—"The torrents of scorn and the unsparing impeachment with which Ruskin has swept down upon what he deems the purblind selfishness of the moneyed classes, are among the finest passages of invective in the English language; while savage and desperate blows aimed in return are proof that those attacked are not slow in standing on their own defence nor in fighting for what they suppose to be the national weal."—*J. M. Mather.*

"Just as he transcends Carlyle in word-magic, so does he transcend him in the blazing force of his criticism of modern English life, where he sees true and aims straight. . . . At times he resorts to the most amazing scurrility. Of Adam Smith he writes: 'It is true that the half-bred and half-witted Scotchman had not wit enough in him to carve so much as his own calf's head on a whinstone with his own hand.'"—*J. M. Robertson.*

"He is of the Boanerges order, an apostle of love, and full of the most amiable qualities, yet always ready to call down fire from heaven to consume those who follow another standard or go by different rules from his. . . . It is inevitable with every reformer that he should feel himself as sent to a world lying in wickedness and from which every good principle and power of perception has gone. And this was the attitude taken emphatically by Mr. Ruskin in the beginning of his career. . . . His strictures on those whose theories or practice were averse to his rules have always been severe to the point of virulence."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He has always, and bitterly, sneered at the Crystal Palace, regardless of what I may be allowed to call the appealing smile of not very elevated but certainly genuine satisfaction on the faces of millions of men, women, boys, girls, and little children, whom it has made for a few hours, at least, extremely happy. He has inveighed with blistering scorn against the long line of suburban London streets and 'villas' inhabited by the lower middle classes of the metropolis without

its ever seeming to occur to him that in those not very bright or variegated abodes thousands of honest fellows, . . . busy all day in city offices, snatch a little fresh air in the mornings and evenings, toss their babies, kiss their wives, and lead a perhaps not very refined but honest, healthy, manly, enjoyable existence."—*Peter Bayne*.

"There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has and that every man ought to have."—*Carlyle to Emerson*.

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"In the carriage with me were two American girls with their fathers and mothers, perhaps of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly and does not know what to do with it. . . . And they are travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta. Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening,—blue against the southern sky the hills of Petrarch's home. . . . But the two American girls were neither princesses nor peers nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona nothing but the flies and the dust."—*Fors Clavigera*.

"The Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again with 'shrieks of delight.' When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home red with cutaneous eruption of conceit and voluble with convulsive hic-cough of self-satisfaction."—*Sesame and Lilies*.

"Writers like the present critic of *Blackwood's Magazine* [Christopher North] deserve the respect due to honest, hopeless,

helpless imbecility. There is something exalted in the innocence of their feeble-mindedness ; one cannot suspect them of partiality, for it implies feeling ; nor of prejudice, for it implies some previous acquaintance with their subject. We are not insulted with opinions on music from persons ignorant of its notes ; nor with treatises on philology by persons unacquainted with the alphabet ; but here is page after page of criticism, which one may read from end to end, looking for something which the author knows and finding nothing."—*Scotch Reviewers*.

5. Extravagance—Lack of Sanity.—"His career is fantastic and lacks sanity. . . . He is undoubtedly compact of whim, and it would not need the courage of a Euclid to define him as a body with one side only. A crotcheteer with a tongue of gold ; an enthusiastic lover of art who systematically ignores some of the first laws of the artist ; a political economist who would bankrupt Eldorado and unsettle Sparta ; a moralist who does not know the meaning of fairness ; a critic who does not know the meaning of balance—such is Mr. Ruskin. . . . His despised, and I must say I think rather despicable, Political Economy wins the ground that his æsthetics had lost ; and all or half of our socialists or semi-socialists nowadays talk 'Unto this Last' without its mysticism and with twice its unreason. . . . He is probably more prone than any man of equal talents who has lived in this century to logical fallacies and illicit processes of every kind. . . . For happier expressions of crotchety fancy where shall we look than in the rather numerous passages where Mr. Ruskin sets forth his favorite craze that bright colors are virtuous and dark and neutral tints wicked ? The thing is false ; it is almost silly ; but it is so charmingly put that you chuckle at once with keen pleasure and mild scorn. . . . Although he is scarcely ever wrong in admiration, his dislikes are so capricious and so unreasonable that one is almost safe in saying that when Mr. Ruskin passes from praise to blame he may as well be neglected."—*Saintsbury*.

"His splendid enthusiasm, which was so real and living of its kind, carried him from the beginning into the hot injustice of the partisan. . . . He endeavored to persuade the world into a pre-scientific, as he had persuaded the painters into a pre-Raphaelite, system. . . . His 'Unto this Last' . . . filled the vulgar mind with ridicule and made sober men pause and wonder and often smile at what is called the utterly unpractical nature of these suggestions. . . . He has portrayed a workingman such as never was on sea or shore."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"His mastering eloquence and startling insight are flavored by a passion for the irrational and the irrelevant, which leaves the dispassionate judge in doubt whether his unreason does not balance, as it certainly discredits, his wisdom. . . . He wrote of things Protestant and Catholic entirely in the spirit of his mother's Evangelicism, bringing to the inflated and rhetorical fanaticism of that day . . . his own wealth of language and volume of sound, but no thinking worth speaking of. . . . He estimates the results of machinery by fantastic absolute standards and false comparative standards. . . . If only Ruskin could always or in general have written with science or with logic—could have given a work of connected economic thought without the irrelevances and irrationalities, which are not science but mere personal perversity and caprice—the recasting of economics might have gone on a great deal faster. . . . He is chronically at the mercy of verbal allurements, leading him into those etymological mysticisms over which Arnold shrugged his shoulders. . . . Where sensory impressions cannot sting him into clear vision, his religion remains as arbitrary and irrational as when it was instilled into him by his mother, his scripturalism as mediæval, his philosophy as childish."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"He is not always equal in his style, nor always just in his opinions. He has a fondness for extravagance, as well of

thought as of expression, and perpetually indulges his mere conceits."—*Parke Godwin*.

"He rushes eagerly on when he has a thought to utter, with little order and system, careless of logical sequence if he can but give his ideas and his emotions full expression. His is the prose of emotion and imagination more than of logic and reason. There is no continuity, no system, no orderly unfolding of a distinct purpose, in his 'Modern Painters;' and the same is true in a large measure of all his writings."—*G. W. Cooke*.

"Mr. Ruskin's writings afford three or four instances of slips in reasoning so manifest and so avoidable that they seem intentionally thrown in the way of those critics who will always insist upon forming the estimate of a field of wheat from its half-dozen bad ears."—*Peter Bayne*.

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"You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you haven't filled with bel-lowing fire; there is not a particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into, nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers shops."—*Sesame and Lilies*.

"This gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. . . . You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes, both. Leave them and the gothic windows and the painted glass to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep."—*Sesame and Lilies*.

"You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room

on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art."—*Sesame and Lilies*.

"To think how many of your dull Sunday mornings have been spent, for propriety's sake, looking chiefly at those carved angels blowing trumpets above your family vaults; and never one of you has had Christianity enough in him to think that he might as easily have his moors full of angels as of grouse. And now, if ever you did see a real angel before the day of judgment, your first thought would be—to shoot it. And for your 'family' vaults, what will be the use of them to you? Does not Mr. Darwin show you that you can't wash the slugs out of a lettuce without disrespect to your ancestors? Nay, the ancestors of the modern political economist cannot have been so pure;—they were not—he tells you himself—vegetation slugs, but carnivorous ones—those, to wit, that you see also carved on your tombstones going in and out at the eyes of skulls. And, truly, I don't know what else the holes in the heads of modern political economists were made for."—*Conduct of Life*.

6. Dogmatism—Arrogance—Conceit.—"With amiable egotism and a high yet not unjustifiable sense of his own worthiness to form an opinion, . . . he sets forth without disguise, not only praising what he loves but denouncing what he hates with the force of infallibility. . . . A gentle strain of self-satisfaction and self-belief runs through all his work and the conviction that the principles that produced such a man as himself are the best that could be followed. . . . In his later years this beautiful conviction has become

so hot and strong as to lead to the formation of much dogma and other sort of conscious infallibility."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

"He was gifted by nature with what is the most fortunate gift for a man of genius, the most unfortunate for another, an entire freedom from the malady of self-criticism. . . . It is extremely difficult to criticise Mr. Ruskin, for the simple reason that he has never condescended to criticise himself. He once characteristically boasted that he had never withdrawn a sentence written since 1860 as erroneous in principle. . . . Ruskin's standards are often mere will-worship, ideas which he has casually picked up in a state of hypothesis from other men, and which he erects into eternal truths. . . . Discipline is what Ruskin has always lacked; as well in methods as in the serene self-confidence which has enabled him to deliver himself on any and every subject without any suspicion that he is talking ill-informed nonsense. . . . He erected a sort of private pulpit, and in '*Fors Clavigera*' and other things made almost a religion of his own idiosyncrasy. . . . He has an inevitable and all-pervading tendency to generalize—to bring things under what, at any rate, seems a law—to erect schemes and deduce and connect. . . . His mania for generalizing blinds him to the absurd on one side, as we constantly find it doing in Continental thinking."—*Saintsbury.*

"Like Carlyle and Arnold, he himself has put it on record that he has failed to influence his generation. . . . But whether the explanation of baffled and embittered egotism will serve to explain the defeatedness of Ruskin, we must not attempt to say till we have investigated his case. . . . Headlong dogmatism on matters on which his thoughts had never gone further or deeper than his first vivid prejudice, is to the last as much a characteristic of his works as the sudden and penetrating analysis of social and other phenomena, of which his first burning glance has pierced his heart. . . . To himself Ruskin probably seems a revealer of the divine

law and purpose in things. . . . Just as his mother would see in a public calamity or in national error the punishing or blinding hand of a vengeful deity, so to the last he falls into the mediæval attitude whenever he is weary of exhortation or hopeless of obedience. . . . Arrogance is always driving him to condemn even before he has comprehended. . . . It lies on the face of all his work that in him an intense egotism is the condition of his eloquence and energy. At times certainly it seems to disappear, in homage to some one of his masters, Carlyle or another ; but even then he identifies his prejudice with theirs, and never does he long abide in the attitude of impersonal concern for simple truth. . . . In all his polemic, even at its best and justest, is visible his normal inability to conceive or even suspect how any life or opinion can be right and good which clashes with his tastes and convictions. He lays down binding principles for the regulation of all life in terms of his sentiments for the time being. . . . One result of his temper is that his criticisms of individuals are often extravagantly unjust. . . . It is a gross presumption on the part of any man, nay, on the part of any woman, to lay down what is forever to be done and what not to be done by all women. . . . Had I read his attack on Buckle without knowing it was made by a mouth-piece of passionate caprice, I should have been disposed to call it the most nearly ungenerous impeachment I ever saw in secular literature. . . . [Ruskin is] a man whose notions of his 'relation to the universe' have reached heights of extravagance seldom obtained in black-on-white. . . . [He has] the prophetic temper of overweening self-confidence and the self-worship which poses as Theism."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"His own personal history and opinions, his manner of life, the inmost soul of the man, are revealed to the attentive reader of his books, as is the case with almost no other author. He is sympathetic and confidential, touched with egotism, and always open and responsive to whatever influ-

ence life may bring to him. . . . He is too much of a dogmatist to be overcome by any of that distrust which besets less positive natures, and which causes them to ask if their neighbor's creed may not be as good as theirs. If he has grown more tolerant with advancing years, he has not grown less positive."—*G. W. Cooke.*

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"I suppose, that when people see my name down for a hundred pounds to the Cruikshank Memorial and for another to the Eyre Fund, they think only that I have more money than I know what to do with. Well, the giving of these subscriptions simply decides the question whether or no I shall be able to afford a journey to Switzerland in the negative. . . . And I believe this delay (though I say it) will be really something of a loss to the travelling public, for the little essay was intended to explain to them, in a familiar way, the real wonderfulness of their favorite mountain, the Righi."—*Time and Tide.*

"But I speak to you under another disadvantage, by which I am checked in frankness of utterance not only here but everywhere ; namely, that I am never fully aware how far my audiences are disposed to give me credit for real knowledge of my subject, or how far they grant me attention only because I have been sometimes thought an ingenious or pleasant essayist upon it. For I have had, what, in many respects, I boldly call a misfortune, to set my words sometimes prettily together."—*The Mystery of Life.*

"I must repeat, once more, and with greater insistence respecting Sculpture than Painting, that I do not in the least set myself up for a critic of authenticity,—but only of absolute goodness. My readers may trust me to tell them what is well done or ill."—*Modern Painters.*

7. Keen Sensibility — Interpretation. — "Next among Mr. Ruskin's qualifications for his task must be mentioned his wonderfully minute observation of nature. He has watched her in every aspect ; he is familiar with every detail

of her working. And yet, with his careful noting of particulars, he has never lost sight of the poetry of nature as a whole. His is not the spirit of the botanist who pulls to pieces a weed in a ditch, blind to the expanse of beauty which lies spread out before him. . . . As a general rule, no writing is less effective than what is called word-painting. It is for the most part unsatisfactory—failing altogether to convey any adequate conception of the original. But it is not so in the hands of Mr. Ruskin. His fervid imagination enables him to realize, his abounding style enables him to express the whole meaning of the painter.”—*H. H. Lancaster.*

“Ruskin had a passionate love of nature in his boyhood, which his father gave him the opportunity of gratifying, but which he could not have created. His power of comprehending nature was as instinctive as Mozart’s capacity for music, which made him a composer at the age of four and the despair of his masters only a few years later. As he walked by the crags on the Derwentwater and looked through the dark roots into the waters of the lake, he was filled with ‘intense joy, mingled with awe.’ . . . It [‘Modern Painters’] gave to beauty an importance in the whole range of life it will retain hereafter, gave to nature an interpretation of the highest and richest kind, and brought sentiment to as fine an expression in literature as it has ever known. . . . [He has] Wordsworth’s capacity for seeing nature instinct with the Divine Life and for beholding in it a spiritual beauty and power sublime and wonderful. It has made him one of the greatest of the describers of the natural world. New beauties and new meanings have been revealed to him as existing in all forms and expressions. His minute observation, his powerful imagination, his intuition of beauty and harmony, and his ability to make others feel that what he describes really exists, have made him a wonderful interpreter of nature. . . . He penetrates through the facts of nature to their meanings for the artist and the lover of beauty, seeing what others pass

by without waiting to behold. . . . As the interpreter of nature, Ruskin is the equal of Rousseau as the interpreter of human sentiment, and he has produced a similar change in the common opinions of men. . . . He is the lover of nature in all her aspects of repose and sublimity ; alike in her quiet beauty and her amazing splendor."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"For myself, I doubt whether Mr. Ruskin has any great qualities but his eloquence and his true, honest love of nature. As a man to stand up before a society of which one part was fashionably languid and the other only too busy and greedy and preach to it of Nature's immortal beauty and the true way to do her reverence, I think Mr. Ruskin had, and has, a place almost worthy the dignity of a prophet. I think, too, that he has the capacity to fill the place, to fulfil its every duty. . . . No man since Wordsworth's brightest days did half so much to teach his countrymen and those who speak his language how to appreciate that silent nature ' which never did betray the heart that loved her.' "—*Justin McCarthy.*

"With an explicitness which was a duty and with that scientific calmness with which any man may recall and state the impressions of boyhood, Mr. Ruskin has informed us of the emotions with which, in his earliest years, he looked upon nature. He says, 'In such journeyings, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure . . . comparable for intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress. . . . Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it, there was a continual perception of sanctity in the whole of nature, from the slightest thing to the vastest ; I could only feel this perfectly when alone, and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it when, after being some time away from hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles.' It is of the emotions experienced amid mountain scenery that Ruskin here more expressively

speaks. . . . Endowed with the keenest sensibility to the influences of nature, he has observed them with accuracy and at the same time with strong poetic feeling. Few men are more alive to the beauties of art, and none have studied its actual manifestations with more diligence. Applying his knowledge of nature to works of art, he is able to judge their comparative merits with a rare taste and profound sympathy. . . . Ruskin stands among a select and honored few who have interpreted nature's meaning and conveyed her bounty to mankind. He has spoken with a voice of power of those pictures which ever change yet are ever new, which are old yet are not dim or defaced, of the beauty of which all art is an acknowledgment, of the admiration of which all art is the result, but which, having hung in our view since childhood, we are apt to pass lightly by. . . . At his bidding, we awake to a new consciousness of the beauty and grandeur of the world. We have more distinct ideas as to what it is; we know better how to look for it."—*Peter Bayne*.

"He sees the glorious world as we have never known it or have perhaps forgotten to look upon it. He takes the first example to hand; the stones which he makes into bread; the dust and scraps and dry sticks and moss which are lying to his hand; he is so penetrated with the glory and beauty of it all, of the harmony into which we are set, that it signifies little to him upon what subject he preaches and by what examples he illustrates his meaning."—*A. T. Ritchie*.

"He has read the book of nature with unwearied diligence and conscientious observation. He cannot only see rightly, but he can express with passion which is sufficiently tempered to be intense and with copiousness sufficiently charged with fact to be interesting that which he has seen in the natural world. It is not too much to say that for many of us whose deepest pleasure is in the beauty of the world, he has tripled our power of pleasure. And it has been done, not as the poet does it, by developing intensity of feeling but by ap-

pealing to feelings through the revelation of fact and by the exquisite delight which we feel he takes in the discovery and beauty of the fact and by the charm of the vehicle through which he tells the story."—*Stopford Brooke*.

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"Few of us, perhaps, have thought, in watching its career across our own mossy hills or listening to the murmur of the springs amidst the mountain quietness, that the chief masters of the human imagination owed, and confessed that they owed, the force of their noblest thoughts, not to the flowers of the valley nor the majesty of the hill, but to the flying cloud. Yet they never saw it fly, as we may in our own England. So far, at least, as I know the clouds of the south, they are often more terrible than ours, but the English Pegasus is swifter. On the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, when the rain-cloud is low and much broken and the steady west-wind fills all space with its strength, the sungleams fly like golden vultures : they are flashings rather than shinings ; the dark spaces and the dazzling race and skim along the acclivities and dart and dip from crag to dell, swallow-like ;—no Graiae these—gray and withered : grey-hounds rather, following the Cerinthian stag with the golden antlers."—*The Angel of the Sea*.

"Most people think of waves as rising and falling. But if they look at the sea carefully, they will perceive that the waves do not rise and fall. They change. Change both place and form, but they do not fall ; one wave goes on, and on, and still on ; now lower, now higher, now tossing its mane like a horse, now building itself together like a wall, now shaking, now steady, but still the same wave, till at last it seems struck by something and changes, one knows not how—becomes another wave."—*Of the Pathetic Fallacy*.

"And therefore we see at once that the stem of Gaspar Pousin's tall tree, on the right of the La Riccia, in the National Gallery, is a painting of a carrot or a parsnip, not the trunk of a tree. For, being so near that every individual leaf is visible, we should not have seen, in nature, one branch or stem actually tapering. We should have received an *impression* of graceful

diminution ; but we should have been able, on examination, to trace it joint by joint, fork by fork, into the thousand minor supports of the leaves. Gaspar Poussin's stem, on the contrary, only sends off four or five branches altogether, and both it and they taper violently and without showing why or wherefore—without parting with a single twig—without showing one vestige of roughness or excrescence—and leaving, therefore, their unfortunate leaves to hold on as best they may. The latter, however, are clever leaves, and support themselves as swarming bees do, hanging on by each other.”—*Of Truth of Vegetation*.

8. Inconsistency — Self-Contradiction. — “ It has never, during Mr. Ruskin's long career, troubled him to bethink himself whether he knew what he was talking about, whether he was or was not talking nonsense, whether he was or was not contradicting something that he had said before. . . . In his inequalities of style Mr. Ruskin is very much at one with all practitioners of prose during this century. . . . But where he is almost unique is in his inequalities of thought and matter. . . . At times his thought has really marvellous vigor, felicity, and truth. At others, and just as often, it borders on sheer nonsense. . . . [This characteristic is illustrated in] that marvellous compound of ingenuity and folly, ‘The Queen of the Air,’ [and in] . . . that astonishing mixture of namby-pamby guess-work and suggestive thought, ‘The Ethics of the Dust.’ ” —*Saintsbury*.

“ Ruskin is, so far as my reading goes, the most self-contradictory writer who ever lived. . . . In his art criticism he has a first principle for every day in the year and every hour of the day ; pictures and practices are forever being praised or blamed under general laws set up for that occasion only. At one time he will denounce as unworthy all writing for money ; at another he will present as model lives those of Shakespeare and Scott, who systematically wrote to

make money. . . . He contradicts himself in the same book, sometimes in the same chapter, sometimes in the same page. . . . The frequent discovery that he sees things altogether differently at different times, seems never to have impaired his habitual, his constitutional, confidence in the rightness of his impressions."—*J. M. Robertson.*

"No man has ever contradicted himself so often, so recklessly, so complacently as Mr. Ruskin has done. It is absurd to call him a great critic, even in art; for he seldom expresses an opinion one day without flatly contradicting it the next. He is a great writer, audacious, . . . eloquent, writing out of the fulness of the present mood and heedless how far the impulse of to-day may contravene that of yesterday."—*Justin McCarthy.*

"Ruskin has phases of impression, but his noble instinct is for the truth, although the example he gives at times seems so changeable and his system of instruction almost hopeless for students who have to live during their short lives, to pay their way and their long bills as well as to study their art."—*Anne Thackeray Ritchie.*

"We feel the pleasure of meeting, in the middle of a number of writers cut out after the same pattern, with one who cuts out his own pattern and alters it year by year. . . . We should be dismayed to lose the most original man in England. . . . It is quite an infinite refreshment to come across a person who can gravely propose to banish from England all manufactures which require the use of fire, who has the quiet audacity to contradict himself in the face of all the reviewers, and who spins his net of fancies and thoughts without caring a straw what the world thinks of them. . . . The good which a man of so marked an originality does to us all is great if it is provoking; and we would rather possess him with his errors than a hundred steady-going writers who can give solemn reasons for all they say."—*Stopford Brooke.*

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"Therefore, the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national conscience in enforcing the law,—that he should keep who has *justly earned*."—*The Crown of Wild Olive*. [Compare this with the second illustration.]

"Has not the man who has worked for the money a right to use it as best he can? No, in this respect, money is now exactly what mountain promontories over public roads were in olden times. The barons fought for them fairly:—the strongest and cunningest got them; then fortified them and made every one who passed below pay toll. Well, capital now is exactly what crags were then. Men fight fairly for their money; but once having got it, the fortified millionaire can make everybody who passes below pay toll to his million and build another tower of his money castle."—*The Crown of Wild Olive*. [Compare this with his general economical doctrines.]

This characteristic finds clearest illustration, not in detached paragraphs, but in the general tenor of a volume.

9. Moral Aim—Didacticism.—"He had a strong but capricious moral sense. . . . His insatiable appetite for moral applications and his firm belief in his moral mission blind him, as we find these things do often the Britons. . . . He is a man with an ardent sense of duty combined with an ardent desire to do good; eager to throw everything into the form of a general law, but eager also to give that general law, directly or indirectly, mystically or simply, an ethical bearing and interpretation."—*Saintsbury*.

"The importance of individual character, the value of work in forming it, the supremacy of duty in directing it, these are some of the leading moral lessons that Mr. Ruskin, like Carlyle, has had to teach, but to which he has given a new turn by adding the sanction of art. . . . In life the only liberty worth having is founded on personal discipline. This is why Mr. Ruskin lays so much stress upon the dignity and usefulness of manual labor."—*G. W. Cooke*.

"Nobody makes a more thrilling appeal to the individual conscience or a more direct demand for individual action."

—*J. M. Robertson.*

"It is as a moralist and a reformer and in his passionate love for humanity that we must recognize him. His place is in the pulpit, speaking largely and in the unsectarian sense.

. . . Ruskin could never, any more than Savonarola, escape the condition of being in every fibre of his nature a moralist and not an artist, and as he advanced in life the ethical side of his nature more and more asserted its mastery, though less and less in theological terms."—*W. J. Stillman.*

"Mr. Ruskin's lectures upon art are apt to pass into moral or religious discourses."—*Leslie Stephen.*

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"Love and trust are the only mother-milk of any man's soul. So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. Do not think that with impunity you can follow the eyeless fool and shout with the shouting charlatan, and that the men you thrust aside with gibe and blow are thus sneered and crushed into the best service they can do you. I have told you they *will* not serve you for pay. They *cannot* serve you for scorn."—*Peace.*

"The importance of the results thus obtained by the slightest change of direction of the infant streamlets, furnishes an interesting type of the formation of human characters by habit. Every one of those notable ravines and crags is the expression, not of any sudden violence done to the mountain, but of its little *habit*: persisted in continually. It was created with one ruling instinct; but its destiny depended nevertheless, for effective result, on the direction of the small and all but invisible tricklings of water, in which the first shower of rain found its way down its sides. The feeblest, most insensible oozings of the drops of dew among its dust were in reality arbiters of its eternal form; commissioned, with a touch more tender than that of a child's finger,—as silent and slight as the fall of a half-checked tear on a maiden's cheek,—to fix forever the forms of peak and precipice and hew those leagues of lifted granite into the shapes that were to divide the earth and its kingdoms."—*Crests.*

“It was a beautiful thought, yet an erring one, as all thoughts are which oppose the Law to the Gospel. When people read, ‘the law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Christ,’ do they suppose that the law was ungracious and untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfilment;—the whole forming one glorious Trinity of judgment, mercy, and truth. And if people would but read the text of their Bibles with heartier purpose of understanding it, instead of superstitiously, they would see that throughout the parts which they are intended to make most personally their own (the Psalms) it is always the Law which is spoken of with chief joy.”—*The Angel of the Sea*.

10. Spirituality—Biblical Coloring.—“His writings are . . . characterized by a spirituality of tone. Their tendency is to purify and ennoble, to enthrone duty, reveal goodness, and encourage admiration, hope, and love. He seeks to rescue man from the engrossing spirit of greed and woman from the life of frivolity and fashion. He has a profound reverence for the God of his fathers, and firmly holds a belief in the unseen. Righteousness with him is no slowly evolved quality but a Divine principle, eternal and unchangeable. . . . Many of the poems reveal a depth of devotion and a spirituality of tone which show his youth to have been lived beneath the dominance of intense religious feeling. . . . [He cannot] separate the principles of biblical teaching from the duties of every-day life. . . . They [his writings] are free from the materializing influences common to so much of the teaching of the present age. . . . If there be a supreme truth flowing out of Ruskin’s writings, it is the ennobling and spiritualizing truth that reminds us that we are born in the Divine image for Divine ends. . . . His power to make a verse of Scripture interpret a phenomenon of nature, his apt method of reducing prophetic and apostolic principles to every-day life, and his unrivalled skill in interweaving sacred phraseology with his own, make his writings sugges-

tive and interpretive of the greatest of all books."—*J. M. Mather.*

"A notable characteristic of all these writings of Ruskin . . . is the earnestness and biblical simplicity of their religion. His father and mother, especially the latter, were fervently devout persons of the evangelical school, which in Ruskin's early days had not lost its intellectual prestige. With the ingenuous passion of an affectionate, trustful, dutiful boy, whose home had been for him a temple, he accepted loyally, as beyond all dispute, the creed he learned at his mother's knee."—*Peter Bayne.*

"We must recur to a leading characteristic of Mr. Ruskin's writings which gives to them their purest beauty and the deepest truth; we mean the profound religious feeling which pervades them all. . . . He cannot look on the flaming wings of the angels of Angelice without rising in thought to the heavenly hosts above."—*H. H. Lancaster.*

"High above all else he puts the development of the soul through the world-experiences of man; and underneath he ranges the other functions down to the lowest, on which all the others rest. He has devised no system and made no table of human duties; but he ever keeps before himself the fact that human nature is a whole, that in a full and faithful life every faculty shares, and that we are not to live for what is sensual and subordinate. . . . If his love of nature and beauty was great in its earliest manifestations, not the less emphatically was he drawn toward that inward realm where the higher nature discloses other attractions as fascinating and as real. His love for the unreal and spiritual was a master passion as ardent as that which guided him to art and to beauty of nature, so that he could never look upon the one without being confident the other was interwoven with whatever it is or can become. . . . But the currents of his faith run too deep and broad for any real lapse of it or for any real pessimism that sees the world abandoned of God. . . . His is

the religion of the spirit, of one who sincerely loves worship and praise, and whose soul is entranced by visions of the eternal."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"I have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owed to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear as habitual music. . . . In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law and all; and began with Genesis again the next day. . . . After our chapters . . . I had to learn a few verses by heart or repeat something I had already learned. . . . I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases . . . and to these, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound."—*Ruskin.*

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"She [England] has not yet read often enough that old story of the Samaritan's mercy. He whom he saved was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho—to the accursed city (so the old church used to understand it). He should not have left Jerusalem; it was his own fault that he went out into the desert, and fell among the thieves, and was left for dead. Every one of these English children, in their day, took the desert bypath, as he did, and fell among friends—took to making bread out of stones at their bidding, and then died, torn and famished; careful England, in her pure, priestly dress, passing by on the other side. So far as we are concerned, that is the account *we* have to give of them."—*Peace.*

"For these are the robes of love of the Angel of the Sea. To these that name is chiefly given, the 'spreadings of the clouds,' from their extent, their gentleness, their fullness of rain. Note how they are spoken of in Job xxxvi. 29-31. 'By them judgeth he the people; He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds he covereth the light. He hath hidden the light in his hands, and commanded that it should return. He speaks of it to his friend; that it is his possession and that he may ascend thereto.' That,

then, is the Sea-Angel's message to God's friend ; *that*, the mear-
ing of those strange golden lights and purple flushes before the
morning rain. The rain is sent to judge and feed us ; but the
light is the possession of God, and they may ascend thereto—
where the tabernacle veil will cross and part its rays no more.”
—*The Angel of the Sea.*

“ You can scarcely, at present, having been all your lives, hith-
erto, struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace
of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfish-
ness as the root of action ; but it is peace, observe, only, that is
promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*.
You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the
yoke of Christ ; but joy only when you have borne it as long as
He wills and are called to enter the joy of your Lord.”—*Fors
Clavigera.*

11. Philanthropy—Desire for Social Reform.—

“ Compassion for the poor is the last word of Mr. Ruskin's
books on art as well as of those on morals. He said that
neither sound art, policy, nor religion can exist in England
until, neglecting, if must be, your own pleasure-gardens and
pleasure-chambers, you resolve that the streets which are the
habitations of the poor . . . shall be again restored to
the rule of the spirits. Ruskin is possessed of ardent feeling
and intense sympathies. His heart is warm and glowing and
his affections strong. To help others is to him a delight, and
it is one of the noblest objects life offers him. He feels with
the poor, takes their sorrows and burdens to his own heart,
and has for them whatever of sympathy man can give to
man. . . . No one has shown such powerful imagination
as he in lifting the veil which hides the grim realities of pov-
erty from the gay dreams of wealth or such fearless satire
in mocking the churches for dining with the rich and preach-
ing to the poor.”—*G. W. Cooke.*

“ The moral influence of Ruskin is also felt in the direc-
tion of social reforms. Organizations for the improvement of
the people have not only been suggested and elaborated in

his writings, but, in some cases, started and sustained largely by their motive power. . . . And there are not a few men and women engaged in philanthropic labor in the present day who acknowledge his teaching as the force first rousing their efforts and since guiding and encouraging them in their self-appointed duties among the poor."—*J. H. Friswell.*

" 'Sesame and Lilies' is, and most deservedly so, a favorite book with the public. Who can ever forget the closing passages, in which the poet, looking round about, seeing the need of the children even greater than that of their elders, bids women go forth into the garden and tend to the flowerets lying broken with their fresh leaves torn, set them in order in their little beds, fence them from the fierce wind. — 'Flowers with eyes like yours and thoughts like yours.'"
—*Anne Thackeray Ritchie.*

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"Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the work-house which the rich have not ; for, of course, every-one who takes a pension from the government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale ; only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears ; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty or pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory speculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the condition. . . . We make our relief either so insulting to them or so painful that they rather die than take it at our hands."—*Sesame and Lilies.*

"Suppose the captain of a frigate saw it right, or were by any chance obliged to place his own son in the position of a common sailor ; as he would then treat his son, he is bound always to treat every one of the men under him. So, also, supposing the master of a manufactory saw it right, or were by any chance obliged to place his own son in the position of an ordinary workman ; as he would then treat his son, he is always bound to treat every one of his men."—*The Roots of Honour.*

"The ant and the moth have cells for each of their young, but our little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves; and night by night from the corners of our streets rises up the cry of the homeless—'I was a stranger and ye took me not in.' . . . The mistake of the best men through generation after generation has been that great one of thinking to help the poor by almsgiving and by preaching of patience or of hope and by every other means, emollient or consolatory, except the one thing which God orders for them, justice."—*Poverty*.

12. Critical Acumen.—"No Englishman that we know is comparable to him . . . for the vividness and value of his critique. Lord Lindsay, who made the history of art a specialty, is not more minutely acquainted with it than Ruskin is; nor is Mrs. Jameson, though a woman, more susceptible to all its finer poetical feelings; nor is Eastlake, though President of the Royal Academy, a nicer judge of its technical excellence. In fact, we might roll a great many critical 'single gentlemen' into one, without forming a compound equal to Ruskin. . . . The appearance of 'Modern Painters,' by an 'Oxford Graduate,' protesting so vehemently against the shallow pedantries of the magazine writers, and throwing down the gauntlet of critical combat to the entire circle of on-lookers with such lusty disdain, was an era in the history of British criticism. . . . He is the critic rather than the philosopher of art. . . . As a judge he is positive and severe but also enthusiastic. His praise and his blame alike come from the heart."—*Parke Godwin*.

"He has spent half a lifetime of strenuous if fitful labor on the study and analysis of artistic phenomena, of which he has written with a fire and an earnestness that were quite new in critical literature. . . . He has made himself one of the most stringent and stirring of modern critics of life, attaining in that function to an intensity if not a breadth of impressiveness and of influence reached by none of his contemporaries."—*J. M. Robertson*.

"Ruskin is a critic in the largest and best sense that can be given to that word, defining him as one who points out the limitations of life and shows the way to what is higher and better. . . . In this sense Ruskin is a critic, and one of the most noteworthy which this century has produced in England. In aim he has been noble, in theory right, in methods sound. That which is capable of keeping the critic sound in judgment and sweet in temper Ruskin has: a passionate love of nature and man. . . . A high aim and a consistent adherence to it are all that can be asked of the critic. In neither direction has Ruskin missed the highest mark of his calling. . . . Ruskin thoroughly understands the mission of the true critic. He has had a high and just standard of criticism, a distinct and worthy conception of life itself and the purpose to teach men a lofty ideal. . . . There are times when the critic is more needed than the poet, and Ruskin has done more for art than any artist the time has produced. . . . A new mission and a new spirit have come to criticism as Ruskin has dealt with it, for it has ceased to be literary and fastidious and come to be one with life and its genuine interests. . . . Ruskin's chief work has been done as a critic of art."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"Such a school of criticism as his must, in the very nature of things, perpetuate itself and correct and regulate the art criticism of the future."—*J. M. Mather.*

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"I regret that I have not been able, as yet, to examine with care the powers of mind involved in modern caricature. They are, however, always partial and imperfect; for the very habit of looking for the leading lines by the smallest possible number of which the expression may be attained, warps the power of *general* attention, and blunts the perception of the delicacies of the entire form and color. Not that caricature, or exaggeration of points of character, may not be occasionally indulged in by the greatest men—as constantly by Leonardo; but then it will be

found that the caricature consists, not in imperfect or nolent *drawing*, but in delicate and perfect drawing of strange and exaggerated forms quaintly combined : and even thus, I believe, the habit of looking for such conditions will be found injurious ; I strongly suspect its operation on Leonardo to have been the inverse of his non-natural tendencies in his higher works."—*Modern Painters*.

" On the whole, the first master of the lower picturesque among our living artists is Clarkson Stanfield ; his range of art being, indeed, limited by his pursuit of this character. I take therefore a windmill, forming the principal subject in his drawing of Brittany, near Dol, and beside it I place a windmill, which forms also the principal subject in Turner's study of the Lock, in the "*Liber Studiorum*." At first sight, I dare say, the reader may like Stanfield's best ; and there is, indeed, a great deal more in it to attract liking. Its roof is nearly as interesting in its ruggedness as a piece of the stony peak of a mountain, with a chalêt built on its side ; and it is exquisitely varied in swell and curve. Turner's roof, on the contrary, is a plain, ugly gable, —a windmill roof, and nothing more. Stanfield's sails are twisted into most effective wrecks, as beautiful as pine bridges over Alpine streams ; only they do not look as if they had ever been serviceable windmill sails ; they are bent about in cross and awkward ways, as if they were warped or cramped ; and their timbers look heavier than necessary. Turner's sails have no beauty about them like that of Alpine bridges ; but they have the exact switchy sway of the sail that is always straining against the wind ; and the timbers form clearly the lightest possible framework for the canvas,—thus showing the essence of windmill sail. Then the clay wall of Stanfield's mill is as beautiful as a piece of chalk cliff, all worn into furrows by the rain, coated with mosses, and rooted to the ground by a heap of crumbled stone, embroidered by grass and creeping plants. But this is not a serviceable state for a windmill to be in. The essence of a windmill, as distinguished from all other mills, is that it should turn round and be a spinning thing, ready always to face the wind ; as light, therefore, as possible and as vibratory ; so that it is in no wise good for it to approximate itself to the nature of chalk cliffs."—*Modern Painters*.

" Now, observe, that passage is noble primarily because it

contains the utmost number that will come together into the space of absolutely just, wise, and kind thoughts. But it is more than noble, it is *perfect*, because the quantity it holds is not artificially or intricately concentrated, but with the serene swiftness of a smith's hammer-strokes on hot iron ; and with choice of terms which, each in its place, will convey far more than they mean in the dictionary. Thus, 'however' is used instead of 'yet,' because it stands for 'howsoever,' or, in full, for 'yet whatever they did.' 'Thick' of society, because it means, not merely the crowd, but the *fog* of it ; 'ten hundred thousand' instead of 'a million' or 'a thousand thousand,' to take the sublimity out of the number, and make us feel that it is a number of nobodies."—*Præterita*.

IRVING, 1783-1859

Biographical Outline.—Washington Irving, born in New York City, April 3, 1783, the youngest of eleven children; father a Scotchman, who began life as a sailor and afterward became a New York merchant; mother the granddaughter of an English curate; they emigrate to New York in 1763; Irving is presented, as a child, to General Washington, then in New York, after whom he was named; he is reared as a strict Scotch Presbyterian by his father, who was a deacon in that church, but the severity produces a reaction, and, early in his boyhood, Irving is confirmed as an Episcopalian at Trinity Church; he develops an early love for the drama; in his fourth year he enters the school of Mrs. Kilmaster in Ann Street, where he spends two years in learning the alphabet; thence, in 1789, to a school for both sexes, kept by Benjamin Romaine, where Irving remains till his fourteenth year; he is an omnivorous reader from his tenth year, devouring especially books of travel, fiction, and poetry; writes verses as a child; enters a law-office at sixteen, apparently declining the opportunity of a course at Columbia College, such as had been given to his brothers; reads more literature than law, and begins to explore the lower Hudson district, which he was to make classic; makes his first trip up the Hudson and into the Mohawk Valley in 1802; in the same year he enters the law-office of Josiah Hoffman, whose family had great influence on Irving's future life; because of threatened pulmonary weakness, he spends most of the next few years travelling in the Hudson and Mohawk Valleys, penetrating as far north as Ogdensburg and Montreal, and stopping

to enjoy the social pleasures offered at Albany, Saratoga, Ballston, etc. ; his first literary publication is a series of letters in his brother Peter's paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, consisting of satires on the current local drama, etc., in the style of the *Spectator* and *Tatler* ; these papers foreshadow his ultimate humor, sensibility, and tenderness ; by 1804 he has become so consumptive in appearance that he is sent abroad by his brothers ; reaches Bordeaux in June, and goes thence, after a stay of six weeks, by diligence to the Mediterranean ; visits Avignon, Marseilles, and Nice, reaching Genoa in October, where he remains till late in December ; in Genoa he meets Lady Shaftesbury, who gives him valuable letters of introduction ; sets out for Sicily in December, the packet being seized and searched by pirates *en route* ; spends two months in Sicily, thence goes to Naples, and reaches Rome in March, 1805, where he begins his life-long friendship with the artist Washington Allston ; makes some effort to become a landscape-painter, but abandons the attempt ; meets Baron von Humboldt, Madame de Staël, and other notabilities ; reaches Paris in May, 1805, where he spends four months studying French and—the theatre ; reaches London via the Netherlands in October, and remains there till January, 1806 ; hears Kemble, Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons, who afterward acknowledges the power of Irving's pathos ; returning, reaches America in February, 1806, with restored health but with no taste for continuing legal pursuits ; devotes himself mainly to society ; with his brother William and John Paulding he issues *Salmagundi*, a semi-monthly duodecimo periodical, modelled after the *Spectator*, which runs through twenty numbers ; he becomes slightly interested in local politics in 1806, and fails in an attempt to secure a clerical appointment at Albany ; begins the "Knickerbocker History" in collaboration with his brother Peter, at first intending it simply as a bit of local satire on "The Picture of New York," a somewhat pedantic book then just issued ; Peter is called to Europe, and Irving

condenses their joint work into the first six chapters, completes the work on a new plan, and publishes the complete "History" in 1809; meantime his *fiancée*, Miss Matilda Hoffman, second daughter of Irving's law preceptor, between whom and himself there existed a most ardent attachment, dies suddenly in her eighteenth year; of the loss Irving wrote years afterward, "It threw some clouds into my disposition which have ever since hung about it;" the "Knickerbocker History" becomes immediately popular, and is highly praised by Sir Walter Scott; Irving now admits having "a fatal propensity to *belles lettres*," but continues to be a society man; he makes frequent visits to Washington, stopping for the social gayeties of Philadelphia and Baltimore and making many friends, especially "Dolly," wife of President Madison; during 1812 he edits a periodical, called at first *Select Reviews* and afterward the *Analectic Magazine*, some articles from which went, eventually, into the "Sketch Book;" during 1812 he writes also a brief biography of the poet Campbell as an introduction to an American edition of "Gertrude of Wyoming;" becomes gradually tired of "the tedious commonplace of fashionable society;" in March, 1812, sells a second edition of the "Knickerbocker History" (1,500 copies) for \$1,200; in the autumn of 1814 he enlists and becomes aid and secretary to Governor Tompkins of New York, serving till the close of the war, four months later; in May, 1815, he embarks for a short visit to his brother Peter, then in Europe, but remains abroad seventeen years; travels through middle England and Wales, and spends most of the two following years at Liverpool, trying vainly to bolster up the declining hardware importing business of his brothers, one of whom (Peter) was then an invalid; passes most of the year in ill-health and depression, but plans the "Sketch Book;" meets Byron, Disraeli, and other notabilities, and is entertained at Abbotsford by Sir Walter Scott; his brothers become bankrupt early in 1818, and Irving determines on literature as a profes-

sion ; he refuses a proffered clerkship at Washington, declines the editorship of an anti-Jacobin periodical at Edinburgh, proffered by Scott, and refuses a salary of a thousand guineas offered him by Murray to become editor of a projected new London magazine ; refuses also to contribute to the *Quarterly* at the rate of one hundred guineas an article "because it has always been so hostile to my country ;" the first number of the "Sketch Book" is published in America in May, 1819, and the last number in September, 1820 ; it wins immediate popularity in both America and England ; Irving feels "almost appalled by such success," and declares, "I have attempted no lofty theme. . . . I have preferred addressing myself to the feelings and fancy of the reader rather than to his judgment ;" piracy compels the republication of the "Sketch Book" in England ; Murray at first refuses it, and Irving publishes it on his own responsibility ; Murray afterward buys the copyright for £200 ; Irving becomes a social "lion" in London, and enters into cordial relations with Southey, Campbell, Hallam, Gifford, Rogers, Scott, and other notabilities ; visits Paris in 1820, where he forms a lasting friendship with Moore ; the "Sketch Book" (published over the *pseudonym* of Geoffrey Crayon) is highly praised by the Scotch reviews, by Byron, and others, and is attributed to Scott ; Irving returns to England in 1821, visits various watering-places, seeking relief from an eruptive malady in his ankles, and publishes "Bracebridge Hall ;" in 1822 he visits Germany, spending some time in Dresden, where all, including royalty, unite to do him honor ; he returns to Paris in July, 1823 ; writes only at rare intervals, but then with great rapidity and facility ; publishes "Tales of a Traveller" in 1824 ; in February, 1824, settles at Madrid, and begins work on his "Life of Columbus ;" publishes "The Life of Columbus" in February, 1828, receiving from Murray £3,150 for the copyright ; publishes "The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" soon afterward, receiving

£2,000 for the manuscript; in 1829 he is unexpectedly appointed Secretary of Legation at London, and returns thither in April, 1830; in 1831 he receives a gold medal from the Royal Society of Literature and the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford; resigns his secretaryship in September, 1831, and returns to New York in May, 1832, where he is received with great popular ovations; is called upon to support his two brothers and several nieces; invests his savings in Western "paper towns," an investment "as permanent as it was unremunerative;" visits the far West and South, passing up the Arkansas River, and publishes "A Tour on the Prairies;" in 1832 he purchases a small farm on the Hudson, near Tarrytown, improves the old Dutch stone cottage, names it "Sunnyside," and settles there in 1832; in 1838 he is living there "with Ebenezer's five girls, sister Catherine and her daughter," and other dependent relatives; he entertains Louis Napoleon, then an obscure French nobleman, at Sunnyside in 1837; declines a seat in Van Buren's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy; becomes editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* in 1839 at a salary of \$2,000; attempts to secure an act of Congress establishing international copyright; published "Recollections of Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey" in 1835, "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain" in 1835, "Astoria" (largely the work of his nephew, Pierre Irving) in 1837, the "Life of Goldsmith" in 1846, and "Mahomet and his Successors" in 1849; he collects his essays in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and publishes them under the title "Wolfert's Roost" in 1855; publishes "The Life of Washington" also in 1855-59; abandons, in favor of W. H. Prescott, his life-long project of writing a history of the conquest of Mexico (without Prescott's knowledge, though Irving had already collected much more material than had Prescott); is appointed Minister to Spain in 1842, at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, and is confirmed by acclamation; he fulfils the duties of minister satisfactorily in a time

of great civil disturbance in Spain; he visits Paris and London briefly, assists in settling the Oregon boundary dispute, and is recalled from Madrid in 1846; reaches Sunnyside in September, 1846, and continues to labor assiduously at his "Life of Washington;" his works are "out of print" from 1842 to 1848; they are reissued in 1848 by George Putnam, and from 1848 to 1859 Irving receives \$88,000 for his copyrights; he dies at Sunnyside, November 28, 1859.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Serenity—Mildness—Dreaminess.—"If I want at any moment to transport myself into a calm and restful time, I can do it by taking up Irving. . . . Irving's books are quite free from the unrest of these times, and there is a total absence in them of the intellectual strain which has characterized nearly all the writings of the past thirty years. . . . He never caught the restlessness of this century. . . . His placid, retrospective, optimistic strain pleased a public that were excited and harrowed by the mocking and lamenting of Byron. . . . There is no visible straining to attract attention. . . . He seems always writing from an internal calm, which is the necessary condition of his production. . . . To the last he basked in the sun and radiated cheerfulness all about him. . . . His writings induce to reflection, to quiet musing, to tenderness for tradition; they amuse, they entertain, they call a check to the feverishness of modern life; but they are rarely stimulating or suggestive."—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

"By temperament and cast of mind he was ordained to be a gentle minister at the altar of literature. . . . Since his advent as a writer an intense style has come into vogue; glowing rhetoric, bold verbal tactics, and a more powerful exercise of thought characterize many popular authors of the day. . . . But . . . as we look forth on the

calm and picturesque landscape which environs him, we are content that no fierce polemic, visionary philanthropist, or rabid sentimentalist has thus linked his name with the tranquil beauties of the scene. . . . He infuses . . . the sportiveness of fancy into his creations, and thus yields genuine refreshment and a needed lesson to the fevered minds of his countrymen. No contrast, indeed, can be more entire than that between the Dutch passivity he loves to delineate, the indolent humor which gives such zest to his sketches, and the Yankee enterprise which overlays the scene of his inventions."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"The earth seems to be reeling under our feet, and we turn to those who write like Irving for some assurance that we are still in the same world into which we were born ; we read and are quieted and consoled."—*G. P. Putnam*.

"He easily surpassed Charles Lamb in evenness of execution. Behind all that he did appeared his own serene, happy, and well-balanced character."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"We come from reading 'Rural Life in England' as much restored and as cheerful as if we had been passing an hour or two in the very fields and woods themselves. Mr. Irving's scenery is so perfectly true—so full of little beautiful particulars, so varied, yet so connected in character that the distant is brought nigh to us, and the whole is seen and felt like a delightful reality. It is all gentleness and sunshine. The bright and lively influences of nature fall on us, and our disturbed and lowering spirit is made clear and tranquil—turned all to beauty, like clouds shone on by the sun."—*R. H. Dana*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"It is a pleasing sight, of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church ; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings

gathering about their cottage doors and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them. It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments."—*Rural Life in England*.

"Though there may be something whimsical in all this, yet I confess that I cannot look upon John's [John Bull] situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humours and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is, at least, twice as good as his neighbors represent him."—*Sketch Book*.

"I would place implicit confidence in an Englishman's description of the regions beyond the cataracts of the Nile; of unknown islands in the Yellow Sea; of the interior of India; or of any other tract which other travellers might be apt to picture out with the illusions of their fancies. But I would cautiously receive his account of his immediate neighbors and of those nations with which he is in habits of most frequent intercourse. However I might be disposed to trust his probity, I dare not trust his prejudices."—*English Writers on America*.

2. Ease—Quiet Grace.—Irving has been called the American Addison. In one quality he more closely resembles Steele, and that is the quiet, colloquial ease everywhere apparent. Irving was in no sense a partisan. He disliked conflict, and his sensitive soul shrank from the aggressive forms of composition in which men like Carlyle delight.

"This easy-going gentleman, with his winning mildness and quiet deliberation—as if he never *could* and never *did* and never *would* knuckle down to hard task-work. . . . He had the manner of a lazy observer of life . . . his apparent lazy and really acute observations of life. . . . He had neither the power nor the disposition to cut his way transversely across popular opinion and prejudice that Ruskin has."—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

"Grace is an electric light evolved by the action of successive parts of the subject on the mind. It is the source of that fresh and delightful fragrance which always exhales from Irving's writings. . . . The pleasantness which he diffuses over subjects the most barren . . . arises chiefly from the instinctive quietness with which he seizes everything. . . . The art of this system consists in the gentleness and fineness of the rays. . . . Looking only at the style and manner of his works, we find a grace as inherent as that of childhood ; a gentle gayety as variable yet as unfailing and as unfatiguing as the breezes of June ; an indestructible presence of good taste, simplicity, and ease. . . . What renders the merit more singular in Irving is that, successful and inimitable as the charm is, it is obviously not spontaneous or unconscious."—*H. B. Wallace.*

"It [the name of Irving] is the synonym of a sweet literary grace and a harmless gayety of humor which retain their charm in the midst of new tastes and among powerful rivals."—*George William Curtis.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day ? I was sadly nervous and lonely ; and everything about an inn seemed calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times—good-for-nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the commonplace names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass ; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns and the Jacksons and the Johnsons and all the other sons ; and I deciphered several scraps of inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world."—*The Stout Gentleman.*

"As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot

to my apprehensions—if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation and compare notes, I am ruined; I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up; where French is neither eaten, drank, danced, nor spoken. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears and leave the Lambs and the Trotters to divide the distracted empire of Little Britain.”—*Little Britain*.

“To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day’s travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into his slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall; so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life, it is a sunny moment gleaming out of a cloudy day. Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn? thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon.”—*Sketch Book*.

“There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired with a hesitating air whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so, abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford guide-book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.”—*Stratford-on-Avon*.

3. Spontaneous Humor.—Irving is the prince of American humorists; his humor is unlike that of any other writer. In reading the works of other humorists, you are frequently conscious of a strained effect; the author seems to be making an effort to be funny. In Irving this rarely, if ever, appears. He seems to make us laugh because he cannot help

it ; and, consequently, one may read his lighter works again and again without any perception of weakness or staleness.

“Irving’s gift was humor ; and allied to this was sentiment. He acquired other powers which he himself may have valued more highly and which brought him more substantial honors ; but the historical compositions which he and his contemporaries regarded as a solid basis of fame could be spared without serious loss, while the works of humor, the first fruits of his genius, are possessions in English literature the loss of which would be irreparable. . . . The [Knickerbocker] History was hailed with delight as the most witty and original production from any American pen. The first foreign critic was Scott, who read it aloud in his family till their sides were sore with laughing. Of its humor one is tempted to use the words grotesque and gigantic. . . . I take it that no one would care to undertake to mend it or to disturb in any way the richest piece of native humor that the country has produced.”—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

“It is the genial coloring of his humorous conceptions, not their mechanism that wins our interest. He often makes us smile, but seldom elicits a broad guffaw—for his conceptions are charged with a feeling softened by culture and tempered by geniality.”—*D. J. Hill*.

“When I compare it [‘History of New York’] with other works of wit and humor of a similar length, I find that, unlike most of them, it carries forward the reader to the conclusion without weariness or satiety, so unsought, spontaneous, self-suggested are the wit and humor. The author makes us laugh because he can no more help it than we can help laughing. . . . His humor not only tinged his writings, but overflowed in his delightful conversation. Its [‘Salmagundi’s’] gayety is its own ; its style of humor is not that of Addison nor of Goldsmith, though it has all the genial spirit of theirs. . . . It is far more frolicsome and joyous, yet tempered by a mature gracefulness.”—*Bryant*.

"In the class of compositions to which it ['Knickerbocker History'] belongs, I know of nothing happier than this work in our language. It at once placed Mr. Irving at the head of American humorists."—*Edward Everett*.

"He had the singular fortune to write before all the good jokes had been made. . . . In him indeed are the germs of an American humor since run to seed in buffoonery, but he is never outrageous—always within delicate bounds."—*H. R. Haweis*.

"Scarce ever a page anywhere but on a sudden some shimmer of buoyant humor breaks through all the crevices of a sentence—a humor not born of rhetoric or measurable by critic's rules, but coming as the winds come, and playing up and down with a frolicsome, mischievous blaze that warms and piques and delights us."—*Donald G. Mitchell*.

"We smile habitually, and with the same zest, at the idea of the Trumpeter's rubicund proboscis . . . and the figure which the pedagogue cuts on the dorsal ridge of old Gunpowder."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Irving's 'History of New York' is, perhaps, the most unique, perfectly rounded, and elaborately sustained burlesque in our literature. It has enough of sober history to ballast it, and its ludicrous incidents and studies of the whimsical traits of Dutch character are painted with a grave air of verity that keeps the reader in a perpetual but never tiresome chuckle. . . . The vivacity of his youth never wholly deserted him; although he ceased writing humorous works, it served to animate his graver histories and to give them a charm which the mere annalist could not attain."—*F. H. Underwood*.

"He produced at the age of twenty-six the most deliciously audacious work of humor in our literature."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"His range was wide, covering essay, fiction, history, etc. . . . ; now he was tenderly pathetic, now broadly humorous. . . . The Hudson stories in the 'Sketch Book'

combine nearly every merit that can be found or wished in a tale of humor."—*C. F. Richardson.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed, he is a man of no little standing and importance; and his renown extends through Huggin Lane and Lad Lane and even unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in affairs of state, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Rapin's 'History of England,' and the 'Naval Chronicle.' His head is stored with invaluable maxims which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion that 'it is a moral impossible,' so long as England is true to herself, that anything can shake her; and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt; which, somehow or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing."—*Little Britain.*

"He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets and six pair of breeches under pretence of rendering them more alert. . . . The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it."—*History of New York.*

"'Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast,' and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might

witness the affray ; like a fat round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their ink-horns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills or because they could not get anything to eat—antiquity scowled sulkily out of his grave to see itself outdone—while even posterity stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.”—*History of New York*.

4. Tenderness—Sympathy—Deep Pathos.—“Irving’s method is the sympathetic rather than the precise or the philosophic. The ‘Sketch Book,’ especially, abounds in serious, tender, meditative passages. And in all his works you are made to feel, with Bryant, that ‘the author loved good women and little children and a pure life ;’ he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest. His heart caught and reflected every phase of humanity. . . . He shed over all the merry atmosphere of a kindly heart.”—*Lowell*.

“If Irving could enjoy wit and humor, . . . no other writer of books had a heart more tenderly sensitive than his to the ills and sufferings which flesh is heir to.”—*G. P. Putnam*.

“Concerning his ‘Tour on the Prairies,’ he tells us, indeed, with commendable honesty of his new appetite for destruction which the game of the prairies excited ; but we cannot fear for the tenderness of a heart that sympathizes so readily with suffering and yields so gracefully to kindly impulses.”—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

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"She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty ; a riband or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down with age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all."—*The Widow and Her Son.*

"If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent ; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knocking dolefully at thy soul. Then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter because unheard and unavailing."—*Rural Funerals.*

"I sank upon the grave and buried my face in the tall grass and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living ! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness ! But when she is dead and gone ; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts ; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes ; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. . . . 'Oh, my mother !' exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave ; 'oh, that I were once

more by your side, sleeping, never to wake again on the cares and troubles of the world ! ”—*Tales of a Traveller*.

5. Kindly Satire.—If Horace was the most amiable satirist among the ancients, Irving holds that rank among the moderns. He abounds in playful jest, but his jests leave no sting.

“ The boy mischief . . . lingered in him for a good while, . . . and lent not a little point to some of the keener pictures of the ‘ Knickerbocker History of New York ; ’ and if I do not mistake, there was now and then a quiet chuckle, as he told me of the foolish indignation with which some descendants . . . had seen their ancestors put to a tender broil over the playful blaze of his humor. . . . Can you recall a sneer that has hate in it anywhere in his books ? Can you tell me of a thrust of either words or silence which has malignity in it ? . . . Not that he is without a quiet power and exercise of satire—not that follies which strike his attention do not get a thrust from his fine rapier, but they are such follies, for the most part, as everybody condemns.”—*Donald G. Mitchell*.

“ We have a satire keen and biting, sparing no puffed-up dignity in state or in letter but withal so good-natured and forgiving that every reader is made more charitable instead of more censorious. . . . However satirical he is, there is never the sneer of the cynic. . . . However much he ridicules folly, he never attempts to taunt and deride it.”—*G. P. Putnam*.

“ If there are touches of satire in his writings, he is the best natured and most amiable of satirists, amiable beyond Horace ! and in his irony—for there is a vein of playful irony running through many of his works—there is no tinge of bitterness. . . . ‘ Salmagundi ’ satirizes the follies and ridicules the humors of the times with great prodigality of wit and no less exuberance of good nature.”—*Bryant*.

"The delicate flavor of Charles Lamb without, however, the sly but severe bite of Lamb's satire. . . . Knickerbocker's comic history is a feat of playful and sustained satire as far as I know without a parallel."—*H. R. Haweis*.

"The sympathetic spirit seen in the author enabled John Bull to accept fair criticism without offence."—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

"Irving was the earliest of American satirists, but there is no sting in the laughter that he moves."—*George William Curtis*.

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"I should not forget to mention that these popular meetings were held at a noted tavern, for houses of that description have always been found the most fostering nurseries of politics, abounding with those genial streams which give strength and sustenance to faction. We are told that the ancient Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it when drunk and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk, by which means a world of cold and tedious speculation is dispensed with; and, as it is universally allowed that when a man is drunk he sees double, it follows most conclusively that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbors."—*History of New York*.

"But the most important branch of civilization, and which has been most strenuously extolled by the zealous and pious fathers of the Romish church, is the introduction of the Christian faith. It was truly a sight that might well inspire horror, to behold these savages stumbling among the dark mountains of paganism and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of religion. It is true they neither stole nor defrauded; they were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to their word; but, though they acted right habitually, it was all in vain unless they *acted so from precept*. The newcomers, therefore, used every method to induce them to embrace and practice the true religion—except that of setting them the example."—*History of New York*.

"The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popu-

larity—the summit of which is the seat of power—is to be useful. I must explain what we understand by usefulness. The horse, in his native state, is wild, swift, impetuous, full of majesty, and of a most generous spirit. It is then the animal is noble, exalted, useless. But entrap him, manacle him, cudgel him, break down his lofty spirit, put the curb into his mouth, the load upon his back, and reduce him into servile obedience to the bridle and the lash, and it is then he becomes useful. Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence.”—*Salmagundi*.

6. Mild Melancholy—Contemplation.—“It was the instinct of Irving’s mind,” says Bryant, “to attach itself to the contemplation of the good and the beautiful.” And mingled with this vein is one of melancholy or mild regret. “His face was set toward the past, never toward the future.” This characteristic may be due, at least in part, to the touching romance of Irving’s earlier years. The thought of her who was so faithfully loved, so early lost, seems to have tinged his whole life.

“This country would seem at first to be quite barren of food for the imagination of such a writer as Irving, who was always a backward-looking man, whose mind dwelt more willingly in traditions than in the present. . . . That his early bereavement cast a cloud over his otherwise gay disposition . . . and gave an abiding tinge of melancholy to his life, is evident in his literature here and there and in certain half-tones of tenderness.”—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

“He became attached to a young lady whom he was to have married. She died unwedded in the flower of her age. . . . Those who are fond of seeking, in the biographies of eminent men, for the circumstances which determined the bent of their genius, find in this sad event and the cloud it cast over the hopeful and cheerful period of early manhood an explanation of the transition from the unbounded playfulness of the ‘Knickerbocker History of New York’ to the serious, tender, and meditative vein of the ‘Sketch Book.’ ”—*Bryant*.

"Irving was gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked."—*Margaret Fuller.*

"His point of view was retrospective and tranquil, and was particularly grateful to a people who had just emerged from the grim realities of the Revolution."—*Julian Hawthorne.*

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"How much, thought I, has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head—how many weary days! how many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters; shut themselves up from the face of man and the still more blessed face of nature, and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection! And all for what? to occupy an inch of dusty shelf—to have the titles of their works read now and then in a future age by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumor, a local sound; like the tone of that bell that has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear for a moment—lingering transiently in echo—and then passing away like a thing that was not."—*The Mutability of Literature.*

"I remained some little time, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave."—*Westminster Abbey.*

"To a mind thus temperately harmonized, thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn amid the

tranquillities of the country. There is a sobered and chastened air of gaiety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man ; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other and parting with a melancholy smile, like a couple of old friends who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again."—*Salmagundi*.

7. Picturesqueness.—"In all his wanderings," says H. T. Tuckerman, "his eye was busy with the scenes of nature and cognizant of their every feature. . . . With the feelings of a poet and the habitudes of an artist, he wandered over the rural districts of merry England, the melancholy hills of romantic Spain, and the exuberant wilderness of his native land, gathering up their most picturesque aspects and transferring them with the pure and vivid colors of his genial expression into permanent memorials. . . . The true basis of his genius is artistic."

"The perusal of Mr. Irving's writings is like walking in some familiar lawn or ordinary scene of nature on a fine soft morning in spring. A lustrous atmosphere brings out each object truly, yet under such strong aërial perspective as renders everything picture-like. . . . We meet few examples of incidents or scenes in nature rendered with simple accuracy, as by historical portraiture of a real occurrence. Yet such may be found which challenge comparison with anything in literature. . . . The picture, in 'Bracebridge Hall,' of the eagle expelled from his resting-place is unrivalled. . . . The description of Henry VIII.'s chapel, in the 'Sketch Book,' is equally remarkable in a very different style. It is a true Düsseldorf picture, minute in detail, dazzling in coloring, with a delightful bewilderment thrown over its actuality by cross-lights managed with consummate skill. . . . As a picturesque painter of material life he shines without an equal.

. . . He paints an ideal picture of inanimate nature, of animals, trees, and landscapes. Mr. Irving's microscopic fidelity accomplishes some remarkable effects. . . . The attractiveness of his tales depends upon the illustrative talent of the narrator, upon the innumerable occasional decorations that delight us into a forgetfulness of the plot, and upon the pleasant sketches of costume, scenery, and manners which are hung along the conduct of his piece in such profusion that it resembles at length a brilliant gallery of pictures. . . . He is in description what Backhuysen is in painting. So prominent is the perspective that you seem to have the thing itself rather than a representation of it."—*H. B. Wallace*.

"He not only seizes upon every presentation of form and color in objects, but paints them as if he enjoyed it. What he perceives is not coldly reflected as from a plate of burnished metal, but enters into his life and, enriched by contact with his heart's blood, comes forth vitalized. His pictures seem almost to pulsate with life. . . . He deals in pictures, not in arguments. His symbol in nature is neither the volcano, flaming with unexpected outbursts, nor the meteor flashing across the solemn gloom of the midnight sky. It is the iridescent arch of the rainbow, unsurpassed in beauty, but a form rather than a force."—*D. J. Hill*.

"In our lighter literature he is without a rival as an artist. He is equally happy in delineations of scenery and character. . . . His style is unrivalled in picturesque effect."—*F. H. Underwood*.

"There is in his writings also the gayety and airiness of a light, pure spirit—a fanciful playing with common things—and here and there beautiful touches till the ludicrous becomes half picturesque. . . . Mr. Irving's scenery is so true, so full of little beautiful particulars, that . . . the distant is brought nigh to us and the whole is seen and felt like a delightful reality. It is all gentleness and sunshine; the bright influences fall on us, and our disturbed and lowering

spirits are made clear and tranquil—turned all to beauty like clouds shone upon by the moon.”—*R. H. Dana.*

“The ‘Sketch Book’ was like the portfolio of an artist—a series of careful and authentic studies from life and nature, embodying the natural tastes and traits of the man as elicited by the scenes witnessed and the moods expressed by a genial and contemplative wanderer.”—*G. P. Putnam.*

“The scenes and characters [in ‘Rip Van Winkle’] are so harmonized that they have the effect of a picture, in which all the parts combine to produce one charming whole.”—*E. P. Whipple.*

“The boy had the artistic temperament—the love of the picturesque in books.”—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

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“It was on the morning after the events recorded in the preceding chapter that a magnificent and powerful train issued forth from the Christian camp. The advanced guard was composed of legions of cavalry, heavily armed, and looked like moving masses of polished steel. Then came the king and queen, with the prince and princess and the ladies of the court, surrounded by the body-guard, sumptuously arrayed, composed of the sons of the most illustrious houses of Spain; after these was the rear-guard, composed of a powerful force of horse and foot; for the flower of the army sallied forth that day. The Moors gazed with fearful admiration at this glorious pageant, wherein the pomp of the court was mingled with the terrors of the camp. It moved along in a radiant line, across the Vega, to the melodious thunders of martial music; while banner and plume and silken scarf and rich brocade gave a gay and gorgeous relief to the grim visage of iron war that lurked beneath.”—*Conquest of Granada.*

“The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters, beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusty splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld

the sungilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heavens."—*Westminster Abbey*.

"We at length arrived upon the highest point of the promontory above Granada, called the mountain of the sun. The evening was approaching : the setting sun had just gilded the loftiest heights. Here and there a solitary shepherd might be descried driving his flock down the declivities to be folded for the night or a muleteer and his lagging animals threading some mountain path, to arrive at the city gates before night-fall."—*Salmagundi*.

8. Smoothness—Elegance—Finish.—It is the quality so easily felt, but only partly expressed by these terms, that causes Irving to be called the American Addison. He was pre-eminently a *literary man*.

"No writer of his time had a better sense of literary form and proportion ; he seems to have been born with this as with his style. . . . It does not weary, and it combines many of the qualities that make what we call *charm* in lighter literature. . . . Surrender yourself to the flowing current of his transparent style, and you are conscious of a beguilement which is the crowning excellence of all lighter literature, for which we have no word but *charm*. . . . That his style was influenced by the purest English models was apparent. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctively his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue. . . . ['Bracebridge Hall' is] the perfection of ease and finish. . . . He felt his subject, and he expressed his conception not so much by direct statement or description as by almost imperceptible touches of shading here and there, by a diffused tone and color, with very little show of analysis."—*Charles Dudley Warner*.

"It is not only the genial philosophy, the humane spirit,

the humor and pathos of Irving, which endear his writings and secure them an habitual interest, but it is the refreshment afforded in a recurrence of the unalloyed, unaffected, clear and flowing style with which he invariably expresses himself."—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

"He unites the various qualities of a perfect manner of writing. . . . It is, above the style of all other writers of the day, marked with expressive elegance."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"His style is transparent as the light; sweetly modulated, unaffected, the mature expression of a fertile fancy, a benignant temper, a mind which, delighting in the noble and the beautiful, turned involuntarily away from their opposites."—*Bryant.*

"His works have all an admirable proportion; nothing necessary is omitted and needless details are avoided. He never fatigues us by learned antitheses nor by the parallelisms of proverbial philosophers—in short, we can say that his style is absolutely unrivalled in its fluency, grace, and picturesque effect."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"To all readers of refined taste he commended himself by the remarkable chastity of his English style and the uncommon delicacy of his moral sense, which, even in the tempting characters of the early Dutch settlers of New York, did not allow him to be betrayed into the coarse and vulgar. . . . If we were to characterize a manner, which owes much of its merit to the absence of any glaring characteristic, we should perhaps say that it is, above the style of all other writers of the day, marked with expressive elegance."—*Edward Everett.*

"The great charm and peculiarity of his work consists in the singular sweetness of the composition and the mildness of the sentiments. . . . We happen to be very intense and sensitive admirers of those soft harmonies of studied speech in which the author is so apt to indulge himself: and we have caught ourselves neglecting his excellent matter, to lap our-

selves in the liquid music of his periods—and letting ourselves float passively down the mellow falls and windings of his soft-flowing sentences, with a delight not inferior to that which we derive from fine versification.”—*Jeffrey*.

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“Mrs. Toole has for some time reigned unrivalled in the fashionable world and had the supreme direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers and tinsel. She has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world to run shivering through the streets with scarce a covering to their—backs; and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels, like the tail of a paper kite. Her despotic sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of Madame Bouchard, an intrepid little woman, fresh from the headquarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst, like a second Bonaparte, upon the fashionable world—Mrs. Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honor of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and everything portends open war. Madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field, flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, ‘flouting the skies;’ and Mrs. Toole, no ways dismayed, sallies out under cover of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm’s host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory.”—*Salmagundi*.

“From Poet’s Corner I continued my stroll towards that part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion, others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres and nobles in robes and coronets, lying, as it were, in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet

where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone."—*Westminster Abbey*.

"During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the gloom of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country is so holy in its repose—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us."—*The Widow and Her Son*.

"Following the current of the brook for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hill-tops in golden lustre, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while the farmer from the rural labor, the ox from his toil, the school-urchin from his primer, and bring the loving plowman home to the feet of his blooming dairy-maid."—*Salmagundi*.

9. Fondness for Tradition—Romanticism.—"He is not only an artist of the beautiful but one whose pencil is dipped in the mellow tints of legendary lore."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"He dearly loved to wander about in the silent woods, by the sparkling streams, in the solitude of the hills, under the open sky, and in the recesses where nature whispered to him her secrets, and to dream the dreams of youth and romance. . . . The boy was a dreamer and a saunterer; he himself says that he used to wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, watching the ships departing on long voyages, and dream of going to the ends of the earth. . . . With

the romantic period of Spanish history Irving was in ardent sympathy. The story of the Saracens entranced his mind. His imagination disclosed his Oriental qualities while he pored over the romance and the ruin of that land of fierce contrasts, of arid wastes beaten by the burning sun, valleys blooming with intoxicating beauty, cities of architectural splendor and picturesque squalor. It is a matter of regret that he, who seemed to need the Southern sun to ripen his genius, never made a pilgrimage into the East and gave to the world pictures of the lands that he would have touched with the charm of their own color and the witchery of their own romance. . . . The charm of 'The Alhambra' is largely in the leisurely, loitering, dreamy spirit in which the temporary American resident of the ancient palace-fortress entered into its wandering beauties and romantic associations and in the artistic skill with which he wove the commonplace daily life of his attendants there into the more brilliant woof of the past. . . . There is no question of our national indebtedness to him for investing a crude and new land with the enduring charms of romance and tradition. . . . The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy; and this would remain an imperishable possession in popular tradition if the literature creating it were destroyed. . . . In fact, it ['The Legend of Sleepy Hollow'] is old. And yet the original setting, the exquisite adaptation of the legend to its locality, make it a new creation. It has the same dignity of antiquity as 'The Legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.' . . . Legends these were which Irving heard, . . . but it was genius that gave the folk-tales form and added them to the romance of the world. . . . This sort of creation is unequalled in modern times. His mind dwelled more willingly in traditions than in the present. . . . It ['History of Columbus'] is in fact a composition of that borderland between legend and history."—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

"The charming stories comprised in the Alhambra volume, not less than the Hudson legends, show his fertility of thought, his originality of invention, his romantic tendency. . . . [The] old-fashioned flavor [which his works bore], as though they had been taken from the drawers of an ancient secretary scented with faded rose-leaves, gives them an added charm."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"He manifested a tender, satisfied repose in the venerable . . . by his quiet delight in the implicit tradition of English civility, the scarcely felt yet everywhere influential presence of a beautiful and grave past."—*Edward Dowden*.

"The consequence of this style of dainty selection and exquisite indistinctness is that we cannot determine whether we are reading a professed fiction or an intended history. . . . In the history of the siege of Granada this puzzle between truth and fiction becomes absolutely offending."—*H. B. Wallace*.

"In all his wanderings his eye, . . . his memory, brooded over the traditions of the past, and his heart caught and reflected every phase of humanity. . . . The lights and shadows of English life, the legendary romance of Spain, the novelty of a tour on the prairies of the West and of adventures in the Rocky Mountains, the poetic beauty of the Alhambra, the memories of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, the quaint and comfortable philosophy of the Dutch colonists, and the scenery of the Hudson, are themes upon which he expatiates with the grace and zest of a master."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"To pass the vague and venerable traditions of the austere and heroic founders of the city through the alembic of a youth's hilarious creative humor and turn them out in forms resistlessly grotesque but with their identity unimpaired, was a stroke as daring as it was successful. The audacious Goth of the legend who plucked the Roman senator by the beard was not a more ruthless iconoclast than this son of New Am-

sterdam, who drew his civil ancestors from venerable obscurity by flooding them with the cheerful light of a blameless fun."—*George William Curtis.*

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"It was the recollection of this romantic tale of former times and of the golden little poem which had its birth-place in this tower, that made me visit the old pile with more than common interest. The suit of armor hanging up in the hall, richly gilt and embellished, as if to figure in the tourney, brought the image of the gallant and romantic prince vividly before my imagination. I paced the deserted chambers where he had composed his poem; I leaned upon the window and endeavored to persuade myself it was the very one where he had been visited by his vision; I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen Lady Jane."—*The Sketch Book.*

"As he was one evening, about twilight, passing through the Court of Lions, he heard footsteps in the Hall of the Abencerrages. Supposing some loungers to be lingering there, he advanced to attend upon them, when, to his astonishment, he beheld four Moors richly dressed, with gilded cuirasses and cimeters and poniards glittering with precious stones. They were walking to and fro with solemn pace, but paused and beckoned to him. The old soldier, however, took to flight, and could never afterward be prevailed upon to enter the Alhambra. Thus it is that men sometimes turn their backs upon fortune; for it is the firm opinion of Mateo that the Moors intended to reveal the place where their treasures lay buried. A successor to the invalid soldier was more knowing; he came to the Alhambra poor, but at the end of a year he went off to Malaga, bought horses, set up a carriage, and still lives there, one of the richest as well as the oldest men of the place, all which, Mateo sagely surmises, was in consequence of his finding out the golden secret of these phantom Moors."—*The Alhambra.*

"Day after day he watched for the return of the messenger of love; but he watched in vain. He began to accuse him of forgetfulness, when toward sunset one evening the faithful bird fluttered into his apartment, and, falling at his feet, expired. The arrow of some wanton archer had pierced his breast, yet he

had struggled with the lingerings of life to execute his mission. As the prince bent with grief over this gentle martyr to fidelity, he beheld a chain of pearls round his neck, attached to which, beneath his wing, was a small enameled picture. It represented a lovely princess in the very flower of her years. It was doubtless the unknown beauty of the garden. But who and where was she? How had she received his letter—and was this picture sent as a token of approval of his passion? Unfortunately, the death of the faithful dove left everything in mystery and doubt.”—*The Alhambra*.

HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864

Biographical Outline.—Nathaniel Hawthorne, born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804 ; ancestors (who spelled their name Hathorne) were prominent in the public affairs of New England ; his father and grandfather were shipmasters ; father dies in Nathaniel's fourth year ; Hawthorne shows no precocious traits ; in 1853 he wrote of his childhood : " One of the peculiarities of my boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring me in this natural repugnance) I never did go half as much as other boys, partly owing to delicate health (which I made the most of for the purpose) and partly because, much of the time, there were no schools within reach ; " he reads " Pilgrim's Progress " and " The Faërie Queene " as a boy ; is lame for a time, and has for a tutor Dr. Worcester, of Dictionary fame ; in 1818 his mother removes to Raymond, Me., near Lake Sebago, where the family had lands and where, says Hawthorne, " I first got my cursed habits of solitude ; " he roams the woods alone, and skates alone till midnight on the lake ; begins to make experiments in verse, printing some of them in Boston papers ; returns alone to Salem in 1819, and enters school there ; begins preparation for college in 1820 under a private tutor ; writes to his mother, " You are in danger of having one learned man in your family. . . . I get my lessons at home and recite them to him [the lawyer-tutor] at seven in the morning. . . . Shall you want me to be a minister, doctor, or lawyer ? A minister I will not be ; " he enters Bowdoin College in 1821 ; writes to his mother, " I am quite reconciled to going to college if I am to spend the vaca-

tions with you [in Maine]. Yet four years of the best of my life is a great deal to throw away;" among his fellow-students at Bowdoin are Longfellow, Franklin (afterward President), Pierce, and Horatio Bridge, with the two latter of whom Hawthorne forms a close and lifelong friendship; in the preface to "The Snow Image" he says to Bridge, "If anybody is responsible at this day for my being an author, it is yourself;" in 1821 Hawthorne writes to his mother: "What do you think of my becoming an author and relying for support upon my pen? Indeed, I think the illegibility of my handwriting very author-like. How proud you would be to see my works praised by the reviewers as equal to the proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull;" he is only a fair student at Bowdoin, "doing a hundred things the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for us;" at one time he is fined fifty cents by the Faculty for playing cards for money; is graduated in 1825, and returns to Salem, whither his mother had meantime returned; of this period Hawthorne says: "It was my fortune or misfortune, just as you please, to have some slender means of supporting myself, and so, . . . instead of immediately studying a profession, I sat myself down to consider what pursuit in life I was best fit for. . . . I had always a natural tendency toward seclusion. . . . I had very few acquaintances in Salem, and during the nine or ten years that I spent there in this solitary way I doubt whether so much as twenty people of the town were aware of my existence. . . . I had read endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and, in the dearth of other employment, had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which I burned;" he contributes a few sketches to the *Token*, a Boston annual, and publishes a romance entitled "Fanshawe" anonymously at his own expense in 1828; soon afterward he collects and annihilates the entire edition; makes a critical study of many novels; begins contributing to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*

in 1836, and during the same year goes to Boston to become editor of *The American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge*, at a salary of \$500; the periodical has a short life and is a financial failure, Hawthorne getting but \$20 for his four months' service as editor; meantime he helps to prepare an "Universal History," which becomes a popular text-book and for his share in which Hawthorne receives \$100; he returns to Salem and publishes "Twice-Told Tales" in the spring of 1837; about this time he is duped by an adventuress, and is induced to challenge an old friend to a duel; explanations are made, and the friendship is renewed, but Hawthorne's faith in human nature is sorely shaken, especially as his promptness in sending the challenge influences his old college friend (then Congressman) Cilley to accept a challenge from a Southerner (Wise), which results fatally to Cilley; some of the first series of "Twice-Told Tales" reflect Hawthorne's remorse and his views of moral guilt at this period; from 1832 to 1838 he had printed in the *Token*, the *New England Magazine*, the *American Magazine*, the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and the *Democratic Review* some forty-four articles, many of them reprinted in "Twice-Told Tales;" meantime "he had little communication even with the members of his own family; frequently his meals were brought and left at his locked door. . . . He seldom chose to walk in town except at night" [see the "Night Sketches" in "Twice-Told Tales"]; in 1837 he meets Sophia Peabody, an invalid artist, the daughter of a Salem bookseller and related to Elizabeth Peabody; Julian Hawthorne calls her "Hawthorne's true guardian and recreating angel;" each falls rapturously, but silently, in love with the other; they become engaged early in 1839, but conceal their relation for three years, owing to Miss Peabody's ill-health, to the opposition to the match by Hawthorne's sister Elizabeth, and to the abnormal nervousness of his mother; early in 1839 he is appointed weigher and gauger in the Bos-

ton Custom House at a salary of \$1,200, a position which he called "a very grievous thralldom" and from which he was removed in 1841 through political changes; in April, 1841, he goes to reside with the socialistic community at Brook Farm, but as a visitor rather than a member; "does his share of the farm-work like a man," and does not shrink from milking cows and shovelling manure; while at Brook Farm he gathers the material for his "Blithedale Romance;" Miss Peabody recovers from her illness in 1842, and is married to Hawthorne, July 9th, after an ideal courtship—"a love-story such as the angels might delight to hear," and "the lovers were justified in believing that Love himself was the physician;" they settle in "The Old Manse" at Concord, where "Mr. Emerson passes by with a sunbeam in his face;" Hawthorne becomes intimate with Emerson, who "talks to him all the time, while Hawthorne looks answers;" Una, Hawthorne's first child, is born at Concord; they return to Salem in the autumn of 1845, in financial straits, because of the failure of Hawthorne's debtors to pay him for literary work; in the spring of 1843 he writes: "I have written with pretty commendable diligence, averaging twelve to fourteen hours a day, and the result is seen in various magazines. . . . Meantime the magazine people [the *Democratic Review*] do not pay their debts, so that we taste some of the inconveniences of poverty;" March 23, 1846, Hawthorne is appointed by President Polk Surveyor of the Custom House at Salem at a salary of \$1,200; he spends the summer of 1846 in Boston, where his second child, Julian, is born; in September, 1847, on moving into the Salem house, where "The Scarlet Letter" was written, Mrs. Hawthorne writes: "He has now lived in the nursery a year without a chance of one hour's uninterrupted musing and without his desk being once opened;" he loses his place in the Salem Custom House in the summer of 1849 through political chicanery; begins "The Scarlet Letter," which he completes in six months, though harassed

meantime by his "official decapitation," by the illness and death of his mother (who was at that time a member of Hawthorne's family), and at times by severe physical pain; the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter" (5,000 copies) is exhausted within ten days, and Hawthorne finds himself famous; the book is highly praised by English periodicals; in the summer of 1850 he removes to Lenox, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills, where he settles "in a small red house . . . far from a comfortable residence, but he had no means of obtaining a better one;" writes "The House of the Seven Gables" at Lenox, and publishes it in March, 1851; it is warmly praised in reviews by Longfellow and Lowell; Hawthorne's second daughter, Rose, is born at Lenox in May, 1851; in the June following he begins "The Wonder Book," "the only book he ever published which has not a gloomy page in it," finishes it in six weeks, and publishes it in July, 1851; he removes, in November, 1851, to West Newton, Mass., where he writes "The Blithedale Romance;" during the winter of 1851-52, he buys from Bronson Alcott the old home of the latter at Concord, and settles there in June, 1852; Hawthorne names the place, with its twenty acres of land, "The Wayside;" it is two miles from "The Old Manse," with which it has often been confounded; meantime "The House of the Seven Gables" becomes most popular in England and is twice translated into German; Hawthorne publishes "The Blithedale Romance" in the summer of 1851; he is deeply affected by the drowning of his sister Louisa from a burning steamboat on the Hudson in July, 1852; finishes "Tanglewood Tales" in March, 1853, and publishes it in the following autumn; in August and September, 1853, he writes the biography of his old friend Franklin Pierce, as a campaign document—"such a testimony to the character of a presidential candidate as was never before thrown upon the fierce arena of political warfare;" he visits the Isles of Shoals with Pierce later in the autumn; at first he refuses President Pierce's

urgent offers of official appointment, but finally accepts the consulship at Liverpool, for which he is confirmed March 26, 1853; sails for Liverpool late in the following June; the three American novels ("The Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and "The Blithedale Romance") are reprinted in England; the first two are pirated, but for "The Blithedale Romance" Hawthorne receives £200 from Chapman & Hall; during the following six years he writes only the manuscript volumes of his English, French, and Italian journals; at Liverpool he begins a correspondence with De Quincey, and forms a close friendship with Henry Bright, who had visited Concord the year before; Hawthorne finds the consulship less remunerative than he had expected; spends a part of the summer of 1855 at Leamington and in the Lake District, returning to "this black and miserable hole" (Liverpool) more miserable because of an unexpected reduction in his pay just then; visits London in September, 1855, escorting Mrs. Hawthorne on her way to Lisbon, where she spends the following winter in search of health; he revisits London in the spring of 1856, and receives attention from several literary lights, including Howitt and Charles Reade; visits Abbotsford and York in 1856, and meets Alexander Ireland, Emerson's friend; spends the summer of 1856 near Southampton, and thence to Bennoch's home near London, where Hawthorne meets the Brownings, Florence Nightingale, Macaulay, and others; he then resides for ten months at Southport, near Liverpool; resigns his consulship in September, 1857, and settles temporarily in London; on the 13th of January, 1856, starts for Italy by way of Paris, leaving with Henry Bright his English journals, "not to be opened till 1900;" "shivers through some of the palaces and churches of Genoa," and soon afterward reaches Rome, where he forms a close friendship with Story, the sculptor, and meets Bryant, Miss Bremer, and other literary people; leaves Rome for Florence in May, 1858; resides first at the villa Montauto, a mile outside the

city, near Mrs. Browning's Casa Guidi, where Hawthorne writes the first sketch of "The Marble Faun," afterward rewritten at Redcar in England; he returns to Rome by way of Sienna in October, and resides there at 28 Piazza Poli till May, 1859, but writes nothing because of the almost fatal illness of his daughter Una; he leaves Rome May 26, 1859, and returns to London, stopping briefly at Genoa, Marseilles, Avignon, Geneva, Villeneuve, and Paris; meets Thomas Hughes, Monckton Milnes, and Chorley; retires to Redcar, near Whitby, in July in order to prepare "The Marble Faun" for publication; thence to Leamington in October, where he remains till March, 1860, and where he finishes the romance; "The Marble Faun" is published in London by Smith, Elder & Co. in February, 1860, under the title "Transformation," and is favorably received; Hawthorne goes to London in May, 1860, where he meets Motley and Layard, and thence to America in June; he remodels "The Wayside" and settles there; is so oppressed by the political conditions that he writes nothing during 1860; in 1861 begins his romance "Septimius," the first and longest sketch of which has never been published; during 1861 Hawthorne contributes to the *Atlantic* the articles based on his English Note-Books, which were afterward gathered into a volume entitled "Our Old Home," published in 1863; he receives \$200 for each article in the *Atlantic*; in the spring of 1862 he visits Washington and the seat of war, and contributes to the *Atlantic* an article entitled "Chiefly about War Matters," appending ironical notes expressing "the horror-stricken comments of the editor upon the writer's want of patriotism," which deceived many readers; spends the summer of 1862 seeking for health on the Maine coast, near Mount Desert; begins the second sketch of "The Dolliver Romance" (Septimius) in the winter of 1862-63, and, contrary to his custom, allows the first part to be published serially before the manuscript is completed; afterward withdraws the introductory chapter, and writes to the editor of the *Atlantic*: "There are two or

three chapters ready to be written, but I am not robust enough to begin ; " his health continues to decline during 1863 ; he is visited by his old friend ex-President Pierce early in 1864 ; in March, 1864, he starts southward in search of health, accompanied by W. D. Ticknor ; Ticknor's sudden death while they are together in Philadelphia, in April, greatly shocks Hawthorne and aggravates his malady (which no one seemed to understand) ; he returns to Boston with Ticknor's remains, and on May 15th starts with Pierce for a tour of Northern New England ; dies suddenly at Plymouth, N. H., May 18, 1864 ; after his death his journals of England, Italy, etc., are transcribed and published by Mrs. Hawthorne ; afterward his daughter Una and Robert Browning decipher the second manuscript of " Septimius Felton," and it is published in the *Atlantic* ; " Grimshawe " has also been published since Hawthorne's death.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Mysticism—Weirdness.—"The old witch-hanging city [Salem] had no weirder product than this dark-haired son. . . . The mind of Justice Hawthorne's descendant was bewitched by the fascination of a certain devilish subtlety under the comeliest aspect of human affairs. . . . In the preface to the 'Twice-Told Tales,' Hawthorne says: 'Even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh

and blood as to be taken into the reader's mind without a shiver.' . . . The spell of mysterious horror which kindled Hawthorne's imagination was a test of the character of his genius. The mind of this child of witch-haunted Salem loved to hover between the natural and the supernatural, and sought to tread the almost imperceptible and doubtful line of contact. He instinctively sketched the phantoms that have the figures of men but are not human. . . . His genius broods entranced over the evanescent phantasmagoria of the vague delectable land in which the realities of experience blend with ghostly doubts and wonders. . . . Thus it was because the early New England life made so much larger account of the supernatural element than any other modern civilized society that the man whose blood had run in its veins instinctively turned to it. Human life and character, whether in New England, two hundred years ago, or Italy to-day, interested him only as they were touched with this glamour of sombre spiritual mystery. . . . His own times and their people and their affairs were just as shadowy to him as those of any of his stories. He wrote like a disembodied intelligence of events with which his neighbors' hearts were quivering."—*George William Curtis.*

"A kindred element in his genius is his affinity with the weird, the mysterious, the supernatural. His page is dappled with lights and shadows derived from other suns than ours. No foot moved with firmer tread than his over that dim twilight region which lies between the seen and the unseen. The skill with which he weaves his threads of mystery into the web of common life, the firm hand with which he controls the shadowy shapes which he evokes, the art with which he leaves his problems half unsolved and the reader's mind in doubt as to how much he himself believed of the wonders he suggested or revealed—these are among the most striking characteristics of his peculiar and original genius."—*G. S. Hillard.*

"He was really the ghost of New England—I do not mean the 'spirit' nor the 'phantom,' but the ghost in the older sense in which that term is used—the thin, rarefied essence which is supposed to be found somewhere behind the physical organization; . . . endowed with a certain painful sense of the gulf between his nature and its organization, always recognizing the gulf, always trying the bridge over it, and always more or less unsuccessful in the attempt. . . . There is nothing more ghostly in his writings than his account of the consulship at Liverpool. . . . Hawthorne, who was a delicate critic of himself, was well aware of the shadowy character of his own genius, though hardly aware that precisely here lay its curious and thrilling power. . . . Hawthorne's peculiar genius lies in the power he possesses to be haunted and, in his turn, to haunt the reader with his conceptions far more than in their intrinsic force."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"But he whose quickened eye
Saw through New England's life her inmost spirit—
Her heart and all the stays on which it leant—
Returns not since he laid the pencil by
Whose mystic touch none other shall inherit.

.
What sybil to him bore
The secret oracles that move and haunt?
At night's dread noon he scanned the enchanted glass,
Ay, and himself the warlock's mantle wore,
Nor to the thronging phantoms said Avaunt,
But waved his wand and bade them rise and pass."

—*E. C. Stedman.*

"The strange mysteries in which the world and our natures are shrouded are always present to his imagination; he catches dim glimpses of the laws which bring out strange harmonies but on the whole tend rather to deepen than to clear

the mysteries. He loves the marvellous, not in the vulgar sense of the word, but as a symbol of perplexity which encounters every thoughtful man in his journey through life." —*Leslie Stephen*.

"This air, on the author's part, of being a confirmed *habitué* of a region of mysteries and subtleties, constitutes the originality of his tales." —*Henry James*.

"His fondness for the out-of-the-way, the grotesque, and the abnormal is appeased a little by the introduction of the mesmerist element into composition." —*G. B. Smith*.

"Nothing could be more remote from the ordinary pictures of life and manners as shown in the modern novel than the romances of Hawthorne. Boston, as he paints it, is as far away as old Troy. There are striking and life-like figures which we see involved in the magical web of his story, but the art of the romancer throws upon them a film of distance, so that we seem contemplating phantasms. An air of mystery broods over every scene, whether it is in a many-gabled house or in the depths of an original forest. The reader feels a tingling in the silence of his room as in the days when his boyish terrors were roused by stories of ghosts. He feels that he is entering a realm over which shines 'a light that never was on sea or land,' where the flowers are like their semblance in wax, where the sounds of laughter have ceased to echo, and where the grave people, each burdened with his sin or his sorrow, walk about like the unresting throng in the halls of Eblis, each holding his hand over his ever-burning heart." —*F. H. Underwood*.

"He always takes us below the surface and beyond the material. . . . He makes us breathe the air of contemplation and turns our eyes inward. . . . It is as if we went forth in a dream into the stillness of an autumn wood or stood in a vast gallery of old pictures. . . . The appeal is to the retrospective, the introspective, to what is thoughtful and profoundly conscious in our nature and whereby it com-

munes with the mysteries of life and the occult intimations of nature. . . . It is around the boundary of the possible that he most freely expatiates ; the realities and the mysteries of life, to his vision, are scarcely apart ; they act and react so as to yield dramatic hints or vistas of sentiment.”—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

“The element of poetry is air ; we know the poet by his atmospheric effects, by the blue of his distance, by the softening of every hard outline he touches, by the silvery mist in which he veils deformity and clothes what is common so that it changes to awe-inspiring mystery, by the clouds of gold and purple which are the drapery of his dreams. And surely we have had but one prose-writer who could be compared with him in ærial perspective, if we may use the painter’s term. If Irving is the Claude of our unrhymed poetry, Hawthorne is its Poussin.”—*O. W. Holmes*.

In concluding “The Marble Faun,” Hawthorne says of his own work : “The idea of the modern Faun loses all the poetry and beauty which the author fancied in it, and becomes nothing better than a grotesque absurdity, if one bring it into the light of day.”

ILLUSTRATIONS.

“Her singing was as the murmur of a soul bewildered amid the sinful gloom of earth and retaining only enough memory of a better state to make sad music of the wail, which would else have been a despairing shriek. . . . Her studio was one of those delightful spots that hardly seem to belong to the actual world but rather to be the outward type of a poet’s haunted imagination, where there are glimpses, sketches, and half-developed hints of beings and objects grander and more beautiful than we can anywhere find in reality.”—*The Marble Faun*.

“Without absolutely expressing a doubt whether the stalwart Puritan had acted as a man of conscience and integrity throughout the proceedings which might have been sketched, they, nevertheless hinted that he was about to build his house over

an unquiet grave. His home would include the home of the dead and buried wizard, and would thus afford the ghost of the latter a kind of privilege to haunt its new apartments and the chambers into which future bridegrooms would lead their brides. . . . The terror and ugliness of Maule's crime and the wretchedness of his punishment would darken the freshly plastered walls and infect them early with the scent of an old and melancholy house."—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

"In the midst of this wild scene, where unbound passions jostled each other in a drunken career, there was one solemn voice of a man, and a manly and melodious voice it might once have been. He went to and fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for the story of his own individual wrong, and interrupted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate. Even as he went on, the shout, the laugh, the shriek, the sob, rose in unison, till they changed into the hollow, fitful, and uneven sound of the wind, as it fought among the pine trees on those three lonely hills. The lady looked up, and there was the withered woman smiling in her face."—*Twice-Told Tales*.

2. Profound Moral Insight.—"The common theme of all Hawthorne's stories is the deeper psychology. They deal, one and all, with what homely folk are disposed to call the mysteries of man's soul and conscience."—*Hazeltine*.

"The subtle analysis of spiritual moods, which made him at home in the darkest recesses of the human heart, long reflection upon the motives and moods and processes in minds conscious of crimes, sure intuition of the laws that govern them, a profound, perhaps melancholy, thoughtfulness upon the problems of good and evil, guilt and sorrow, life and death—these are but new growths in later times of those dark-veined leaves that grew of old upon the Puritan stalk. . . . In psychological insight he is unrivalled among the men of our time."—*J. A. Symonds*.

"His fondness for the analysis of the moral and mental framework of humanity is evidently absorbing. . . . What the scientific use of lenses—the telescope and the microscope—does for us in relation to the external universe, the psychological writer achieves in regard to our own nature. He reveals its wonder and beauty, unfolds its complex laws, and makes us suddenly aware of the mysteries within and around individual life. In the guise of attractive fiction, and sometimes of the most airy sketches, Hawthorne thus deals with his reader. . . . If we were obliged to designate that [mood] of Hawthorne in a single word, we should call it metaphysical or perhaps soulful. He always takes us below the surface and beyond the material. . . . Perhaps the union of the philosophic tendency with the poetic instinct is the great charm of his genius. . . . He opens vistas into that beautiful and unexplored world of thought that exists in every human being, though overshadowed by material circumstance and technical duty."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"The problems that Hawthorne started were usually connected with the deepest mysteries of the human mind and conscience. . . . He carried this preference for delineating states of mind and obscurely suggesting the class of facts which may have given rise to them to the farthest point in his last novel, 'Transformation.'"—*R. H. Hutton*.

"The great question over which, in one form or other, Hawthorne perpetually broods is the nature of Evil, the effect on the soul of error and misery and remorse and their mysterious relations to the highest forms of human heroism and to human progress."—*J. Nichol*.

"A man of morbid shyness, the path of whose genius diverged always out of the sun into the darkest shade and to whom human beings were merely psychological phenomena. . . . He treated his companions [in the Custom-house] as he treated himself and all the personages in history and experience with whom he dealt—merely as phenomena to be

analyzed and described. . . . It was not beauty itself nor deformity—not virtue nor vice which engaged the author's deepest sympathy. It was the occult relation between the two. . . . In his simplest passages he still seems to be studying and curiously observing rather than sympathizing. . . . His first romance (then acknowledged and now forgotten) was marked by that startling self-possession of style and cold analysis of passion, rather than sympathy with it, which showed no imitation but remarkable original power. The same lurid gloom overhangs it that shadows all his works. It is uncanny ; the figures of the romance are not persons, they are passions, emotions, spiritual speculations."—*George William Curtis.*

“ But none save he in our own time so laid
His summons on man's spirit ; none but he,
Whether the light thereof were clear or clouded,
Thus on his canvas fixed the human soul,
The thought of mystery,
In deep hearts by this moral guise enshrouded,
Wild hearts that like the church-bells ring and toll.”

—*E. C. Stedman.*

“ In the ‘ Prophetic Pictures,’ ‘ Fancy's Show-Box,’ ‘ The Great Carbuncle,’ ‘ The Haunted Mind,’ and ‘ Edward Fane's Rose-bud ’ there are flashes of moral insight which light up, for the moment, the darkest recesses of the individual mind. . . . In this two-fold power of insight into souls and of the spiritual laws which regulate both the natural action and morbid aberrations of souls, Hawthorne is so incomparably great that in comparison with him all the other romancers of the century, whether German, French, English, or American, seem to be superficial. . . . Scott once said that there were depths in human nature which it was unhealthy to attempt to sound ; and it is in attempting to sound

these that Hawthorne has exhibited his most marvellous gifts of insight and characterization. In the subtlety and accuracy, the penetration and sureness of his glance into the morbid phenomena of the human soul; in exhibiting the operation of the most delicate laws of attraction and repulsion which human natures can experience; in the capacity to terrify his readers with the consciousness of their latent possibilities for evil, so that they shrink from his exposures like guilty things surprised; he makes novelists like Thackeray and Dickens appear relatively superficial. . . . With his insight of individual souls he combines a far deeper insight of the spiritual laws which govern the strangest aberrations of individual souls."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"His intellectual and moral insight is so like one laying bare, under the greatest stress of circumstances, the inmost secrets of his own heart that we cannot forbear investing him with the intelligence and something, too, of the dread which we are apt to associate with clairvoyants. . . . Hawthorne has insight in the profoundest sense—a consciousness of visible and invisible life and of sound and unsound character, a gift of real analysis. . . . In his subtle and strong moral insight he surely represented his Puritan ancestors in the most worthy and obviously sympathetic way. . . . He is in the position of the father-confessor of whom he at one time thinks, . . . as he looks around his congregation, all whose secret sins are known to him."—*G. P. Lathrop*.

"The charm—the great charm—is that they [Hawthorne's works] are glimpses of a great field, of the whole deep mystery of man's soul and conscience."—*Henry James*.

"He calls your attention to the profound ethics involved in the tale, and yet does it so gently that you never think of the moral as being obtrusive."—*T. W. Higginson*.

"Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens create characters and place them before us clothed in their proper figures and using their proper and characteristic speech. Hawthorne reverses

the process, and, taking the ideal person for granted, shows him as upon a dissecting table, and lays bare every throbbing nerve and every secret fibre of his soul."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"This 'inward sphere,' the human heart, was Hawthorne's field of study and portrayal. He saw and described its innocence, its purity, its loveliness, its noble hopes, its truest triumphs, its temptations, its sinful tendency, its desperate struggles, its downward motions, its malignity, its total depravity, at least in appearance, its final putrefaction and self-destruction—the only destruction of which, in the divine plan, it is capable. . . . Hawthorne goes to the depths of the soul in his search for the basal principle of human action."—*C. F. Richardson.*

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"What is Guilt? A stain upon the soul. And it is a point of vast interest whether the soul may contract such stains, in all their depth and flagrancy, from deeds which have been plotted and resolved upon, but which, physically, have never had existence. Must the fleshly hand and the visible frame of man set its seal to the evil designs of the soul, in order to give them their entire validity against the sinner? Or, while none but crimes perpetrated are cognizable before an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts—of which guilty deeds are no more than shadows—will these draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence in the supreme court of eternity? In the solitude of a midnight chamber, or in a desert afar from men, or in a church, while the body is kneeling, the soul may pollute itself even with those crimes which we are accustomed to deem altogether carnal. If this be true, it is a fearful truth."—*Fancy's Show-Box.*

"The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon its mouth. Each drank a comfortable draw, and left the spot with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they

had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity."—*David Swan*.

"We have called the Evil; now let us call the Good. . . . Does none answer to the call? Not one; for the just, the pure, the true, and all who might most worthily obey it, shrink sadly back as most conscious of error and imperfection. Then let the summons be to those whose pervading principle is love. This classification will embrace all the truly good and none in whose souls there exists not something that may expand itself into a heaven both of well-doing and felicity."—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

3. Imaginative Power.—"Hawthorne was imagination in the flesh. Imagination and fancy load his most fragile theme; and to strip them away would be to leave a skeleton one would hardly deem it possible to so build on and vivify as to make it a thing of beauty. Here is Hawthorne's skill and charm; and, conscious of it, he was perpetually adding to the number of meagre hard-outlined notes of natural appearance, . . . by cunning use of which he held warp and weft of gossamer to the ground. Had Hawthorne employed fancy only, he would have left an enviable reputation; as it is, the employment of it seems to have been frequently the indulgence of a native bent as a means of rest from the exhausting exercise of pure imagination."—*John Vance Cheney*.

"In a peculiar and restricted domain of imagination . . . Hawthorne has fairly outmatched all his English brethren. He is the Jonathan Edwards of the imaginative representation of life as Thackeray is its Hume."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"In no [other] American writer is to be found the same predominance of weird imagination as in Hawthorne."—*Anthony Trollope*.

"That delicate and penetrating imagination which was always at play, always entertaining itself, always engaged in a game of hide-and-seek in the region in which it seemed to

him that the game could best be played—among the shadows and substructions, the dark-based pillars and supports of our moral nature—this is the real charm of Hawthorne's writing, this purity and spontaneity and naturalness of fancy."—*Henry James*.

"These effusions ['Twice-Told Tales'] of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained and in some measure repressed by fastidiousness of taste. . . . Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality."—*Edgar Allan Poe*.

"In our view the most remarkable trait in his writings is this harmonious blending of the common and familiar in the outward world with the mellow and vivid tints of his own imagination. . . . They [his tales] almost invariably possess the reality of tone which perpetuates imaginative literature, . . . buoyant with a fantasy as ærial as Shelley's conceptions."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"The secret of his power lies in the great art with which he reflects and re-reflects the main idea of the tale from the countless faces of his ghostly imagination until the reader's mind is absolutely haunted by it."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"The scenes of Hawthorne's novels are not accessible by earthly travel. His books, being works of art and of imagination, can be efficiently explained and illuminated only by study of their inner aim and significance, to which the pictures of nature and human nature which they contain are strictly auxiliary."—*Julian Hawthorne*.

"How masterly is the touch of the artist's crayon in this imaginative creation ['The House of the Seven Gables'] based upon the mental and moral anatomy of actual beings. . . . How lightly his spirit hovers over the streams of actual life, scarcely touching it before springing up again, like a seabird on the crest of a wave! Nothing could be more accurate and polished than his descriptions and his presentations of the actual facts; but his fancy rises resilient

from these to some dreamy, far-seeing perception or gentle moral inference. The visible human pageant is only of value to him as it suggests the viewless host of heavenly shapes that hang above it like an idealizing mirage. . . . Hawthorne, . . . the calm, ardent, healthy master of imagination."—*G. P. Lathrop*.

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"He [the faun] drank in the natural influence of the scene, and was intoxicated as by an exhilarating wine. He ran races with himself along the gleam and shadow of the wood-paths. He leapt up to catch the overhanging bough of an ilex, and swinging himself by it alighted far onward, as if he had flown thither through the air. In a sudden rapture he embraced the trunk of a sturdy tree, and seemed to imagine it a creature worthy of affection and capable of a tender response; he clasped it closely in his arms, as a Faun might have clasped the warm feminine grace of the nymph, whom antiquity supposed to dwell within that rough, encircling rind. Then, in order to bring himself closer to the genial earth with which his kindred instincts linked him so strongly, he threw himself at full length on the turf, and pressed down his lips, kissing the violets and daisies, which kissed him back again, though shyly, in their maiden fashion."—*The Marble Faun*.

"One of these rooms was filled with moonlight, which did not enter through the window, but was the aggregate of all the moonshine that is scattered around the earth on a summer night while no eyes are awake to enjoy its beauty. Airy spirits had gathered it up, wherever they found it gleaming on the broad bosom of a lake, or silvering the meanders of a stream or glimmering among the wind-stirred boughs of a wood, and had garnered it in this one spacious hall."—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

"In these lengthened vigils, his [Dimmesdale's] brain often reeled, and visions seemed to flit before him; perhaps seen doubtfully and by a faint light of their own in the remote dimness of the chamber or more vividly and close beside him within the looking glass. Now it was a herd of diabolical shapes,

that grinned and mocked at the pale minister and beckoned him away with them; now a group of shining angels, who flew upward heavily, as sorrow-laden, but grew more ethereal as they rose. Now came the dead friends of his youth and his white-bearded father with a saint-like frown and his mother turning her face away as she passed by."—*The Scarlet Letter*.

4. Semi-Fatalism—Quietism.—"He was, in political and social conviction, a democratic quietist; one might almost say a fatalist. . . . His deeply rooted conviction that, as far as any real and deep reform is accomplished, it may, in a certain sense, be said to *accomplish itself*."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"There is one other source of the extreme fascination of this man's writings. A plain word for it would be concentration or pertinacity; but in the lurid haze under which his genius so often works, it becomes something for which we really want a name. Perhaps we might call it a fatality of method which carries an almost awfully impersonal look with it. When Judge Pyncheon sits dead in his chair in the dark room all night, and the genius of the author, through all that most terrible time, walks round and round him in the gloom, gradually closing in on the solemn fact that you well know all the while, you feel with a shudder that this bad man is not only dead, he is dead—dead—fatally dead, so to speak. Now, the movement of Hawthorne as a narrator is always of this kind. He gradually closes in upon his idea; but as you feel his imagination is doing this spontaneously, the effect is like that of some preternatural fatality."—*M. Browne*.

"His relentless fancy seemed to seek a sin that was hopeless, a cruel despair that no faith could throw off."—*George William Curtis*.

"Instead of the old Puritan speculations about predestination and free-will, he dwells upon the transmission by natural laws of an hereditary curse and upon the strange blending of

good and evil which may cause sin to be an awakening impulse in a human soul."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"The bracing influence of quietude, so essential to his well-being, fascinates him, and he cannot shake off its influence so far as to enter actively and for personal interests into any of the common pursuits, even of the man who makes a business of literature. . . . He retires in profound sorrow, acknowledging that earth holds nothing perfect, that his dream of the ideal beings leading an ideal life, which, in spite of the knowledge of evil, he has been cherishing for so many years, is a dream to be fulfilled in the hereafter alone."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Was it not well that one—

One if no more—should meditate aloof,

Though not for naught the time's heroic quarrel

For what men rush to do, and what is done?"

—*E. C. Stedman*.

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"Thus ever does the gross fatality of earth exult in its invariable triumph over the immortal essence which, in this dim sphere of half development, demands the completeness of a higher state."—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

"How strange, indeed! Man had marked this woman's sin with a scarlet letter, which had such potent and disastrous efficacy that no human sympathy could reach her save it were sinful like herself. . . . By the first step awry thou didst plant the germ of evil; but since that moment all has been a dark necessity."—*The Scarlet Letter*.

"The perception of an infinite shivering solitude, amid which we cannot come close enough to human beings to be warmed by them, and where they turn to cold, chilly shapes of mist, is one of the most forlorn results of any accident, misfortune, crime, or peculiarity of character that puts an individual ajar with the world."—*Italian Notes*.

"'I perceive,' said the Man of Intelligence, examining it more

closely, 'that this is the Pearl of Great Price.' . . . 'Pardon me,' rejoined the Intelligencer, calmly, 'you ask what is beyond my duty. This pearl, as you well know, is held on a peculiar tenure, and having once let it escape from your keeping, you have no greater claim to it—nay, not so great—as any other person. I cannot give it back.'"—*The Intelligence Office*.

"Hence, too, might be drawn a weighty lesson from the little regarded truth, that the act of the passing generation is the germ which may and must produce good or evil fruit in a far distant time; that, together with the seed of the merely temporary crop, which mortals term expediency, they inevitably sow the acorns of a more enduring growth, which may darkly overshadow their posterity."—*House of the Seven Gables*.

"Would that I had a folio to write instead of an article of a dozen pages. Then might I exemplify how an influence, beyond our control, lays its strong hand on every deed which we do, and weaves its consequences into an iron tissue of necessity."—*Twice-Told Tales*.

5. Sly Humor.—"Observe, now, the vital office of humor in Hawthorne's thought. It gleams out upon us from behind many of the gravest of his conceptions, like the silver side of a dark leaf turning in the wind. Wherever the concretion of guilt is most adamant, there he lets his fine slender jet of humor play like a lambent fire, until the dark mass crumbles, and the choragos of the tragedy begins his mournful yet hopeful chant among the ruins."—*G. P. Lathrop*.

"Through all this intensity of suffering [in 'The Scarlet Letter'], through this blackness of narrative, there is ever running a vein of drollery. As Hawthorne himself says, a lively sense of the humorous again stole in among the solemn phantoms of her [Hester's] thought. He is always laughing at something with his weird mocking spirit. . . . Through it all there is a touch of burlesque—not as to the suffering of the sufferers but as to the great question whether it signifies much in what way we suffer, whether by crushing sorrows or little things."—*Anthony Trollope*.

"He had humor, and sometimes humor of a delicious kind; but this sunshine of the soul was but sunshine breaking through, or lighting up, a sombre and ominous cloud."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Hawthorne's humour is partly of the same root as his melancholy, springing from slow, close, inquisitive scrutiny of the paradoxes of life, the humour which is quite as much true criticism as true humour."—*R. H. Hutton*.

"Hawthorne was able to tread in that magic circle only by an exquisite refinement of taste and by a delicate sense of humour, which is the best preservative against all extravagance."—*Leslie Stephen*.

"Hawthorne with all his pensiveness and gravity is said to have been of a cheerful mood. . . . His essays contain a vein of the richest humor."—*J. A. Symonds*.

"[His humor in the Custom-house is] like the warbling of bobolinks before a thunder-storm. . . . A lambent light of delicate humor played over all Hawthorne said in the confidence of familiarity."—*George William Curtis*.

"He had humor; not facetiousness or buffoonery—a forced or imported brilliance—but innate humor, that plays about the subject like the lambent flames of incandescent coal."—*Julian Hawthorne*.

"Occasional touches of humor, introduced with exquisite tact, relieve the grave undertone of the narrative, and form vivacious and quaint images which might readily be transferred to canvas—so effectively are they drawn in words. . . . When intent upon the quaint or characteristic in life he has a humor as zestful as Lamb."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"He is to a considerable degree ironical—this is a part of his charm—part even, one may say, of his brightness; but he is neither bitter nor cynical. . . . On the whole, Hawthorne's observation has a smile in it oftener than may at first appear."—*Henry James*.

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"How can we elevate our history of retribution for sin of long ago when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce, not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty storm-shattered by affliction, but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden in a long-waisted silk gown, and with a strange horror of a turban on her head?"—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

"On this particular forenoon, so excessive was the warmth of Judge Pyncheon's kindly aspect, that (such, at least, was the rumor about town) an extra passage of the water-carts was found essential, in order to lay the dust occasioned by so much extra sunshine!"—*House of the Seven Gables*.

"The hens were now scarcely larger than pigeons, and had a queer, rusty, withered aspect and a gouty kind of movement and a sleepy and melancholy tone throughout all the variations of their clucking and cackling. It was evident that the race had degenerated, like many a noble race besides, in consequence of too strict a watchfulness to keep it pure. These feathered people had existed too long in their distinct variety, a fact of which the present representatives, judging by their lugubrious deportment, seemed to be aware. They kept themselves alive, unquestionably, and laid now and then an egg and hatched a chicken, not for any pleasure of their own, but that the world might not absolutely lose what had once been so admirable a breed of fowls."—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

6. Morbidity—Melancholy.—"The sort of morbidity that, so to speak, is not individual in its causes nor strictly personal in its expression; the sort of morbidity which is the accumulation of generations and which makes a nature unhealthy by reason of the peculiar form which its ancestors' perhaps healthy activity has impressed upon it; this, it seems plain, is a morbidity that Hawthorne had. His gifts and graces of imagination and fancy appear as if dominated by some spell compelling them to face always the sinfulness of sin, to busy themselves with the spiritual depths, not of man,

but of man under the curse of total depravity and fore-ordained to wrath—with the depths of human nature in corruption. It becomes impossible, then, to dissociate his morbidness from his genius and to avoid saying that his morbidness constitutes his genius, and that, in his case, in no other, 'genius is a disease.'"—*J. R. Dennett.*

"This [a quotation from his journal] seems to me to express very well the weak side of Hawthorne's work—his constant mistrust and suspicion of the society that surrounded him, his exaggerated, painful, morbid national consciousness. . . . The same tendency of imagination, in perhaps quite as characteristic form [as in Rappacini's daughter] is shown in the tale called 'The Birth-mark,' which turns on the morbid horrors inspired by a slight birth-mark on the cheek of a beautiful woman in the mind of her husband. . . . But it is in the more elaborate tales that Hawthorne has most scope at once for the relieving elements which these morbid interests . . . especially require and for the fuller development and justification, so to say, of emotions so subtle and unhealthy. . . . It may be well that Hawthorne believed no more of the so-called *science* of mesmeric and spiritual phenomena than the most acute and incredulous men of his society. But that he was especially fascinated by these morbid phenomena, as by all morbid phenomena of human nature, is proved by a vast number of passages in his various notebooks as well as by the subjects of his novels. . . . It would be very unjust to Hawthorne to represent him as in any degree addicted, like Edgar Poe, to the invention of monstrosities and horrors. I only mean that his genius naturally leads him to the analysis and representation of certain outlying moral anomalies, which are not the anomalies of ordinary evil and sin, but have a certain chilling unnaturalness of their own. . . . And when he delineates what is revolting, one of the main elements that makes it so revolting is the Manichean incarnation of some noble and half-angelic affection in a malig-

nant body of evil, from which it vainly seeks to be divorced. . . . Both the novels and the note-books testify to their author's melancholy, though hardly melancholy of a deep order. It is the melancholy of a man with a rather slow flow of blood in his veins and almost a horror of action rather than any deep melancholy which speaks in him."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"He creates a melancholy which amounts to remorse in the minds of his readers. There falls upon them a conviction of some unutterable woe, which is not altogether dispelled till other books and other incidents have had their effects."—*Anthony Trollope.*

"He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy; and his deepest glimpses of truth were calculated rather to sadden than to inspire."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"It is impossible, we should think, to read him without becoming sadder if not wiser—in spite of an assumed air of *gaillardise* and a cheery moral tacked now and then to a sorrowful parable, he is essentially sad-hearted, and confirms any similar tendency in his readers. . . . With special ability to depict exceptional modes of human nature is conjoined special temptation to linger amid what is morbid and to court intimacy with whatever deviates from the dull standard of conventionalism and gives to distortion and oddity the preference over harmonic unity."—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

"This world, it seemed, had naught for such as he—
For one who, in his heart's deep wilderness
Shrunk darkling, and, whatever wind might blow,
Found no quick use for potent hands and fain,
No chance that might express
To human-kind the thoughts that moved him so.
Oh, deem—deem not those long years were quite in vain."
—*E. C. Stedman.*

"The sensitive youth was a recluse, upon whose imagination had fallen the gloomy mystery of Puritan life and character. . . . Devoted all day to lonely reverie and musing upon the obscurer passages of the life whose monuments he constantly encountered, that musing became inevitably morbid. . . . He beholds and describes the generous impulses of humanity with sceptical courtesy rather than with hopeful cordiality. . . . The tranquil and pervasive sadness of all his writings, the kind of heart-ache that they leave behind, seems to spring from the fact that his nature was related to the moral world as his own Donatello was to the human. . . . There are many gleams upon the pages [of 'Twice-Told Tales'], but a strange, melancholy chill pervades the book."—*George William Curtis.*

Hawthorne once wrote to his friend Field, "I wish God had given me the faculty of writing a sunshiny book."

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"It was that heartsickness which, it is to be hoped, we may all of us have been pure enough to feel once in our lives, but the capacity for which is usually exhausted early, and perhaps with a single agony. . . . The character of our individual beloved one having invested itself with all the attributes of right—that one friend being to us the symbol and representative of whatever is good and true—when he falls the effect is almost as if the sky fell with him, bringing down in chaotic ruin the columns that upheld our faith."—*The Marble Faun.*

"A happy person is such an unaccustomed and holy creature in this sad world! . . . With only an inconsiderable change, the gladdest objects and existences become the saddest; hope fading into disappointment; joy darkening into grief, and festal splendor into funereal darkness—and all evolving as their moral a grim identity between gay things and sorrowful! Only give them a little time, and they turn out to be just alike."—*The Marble Faun.*

"Even as he spoke the door was gently and slowly thrust ajar,

ding a glimpse of the slender figure of a young girl, who, as timidly entered, seemed to bring the light and cheerfulness of the outer atmosphere into the somewhat gloomy apartment. We know not her errand there, nor can we reveal whether the young man gave up his heart into her custody. If so, the engagement was neither better nor worse than ninety-nine cases of a hundred, where the parallel sensibilities of a similar age, fortunate affections, and the easy satisfaction of characters deeply conscious of themselves, supply the place of any stronger sympathy."—*The Intelligence Office*.

How early in the summer, too, the prophecy of autumn comes! Earlier in some years than in others; sometimes even in the first weeks of July. There is no other feeling like what is evoked by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception—if it be not a presaging, rather—of the year's decay, so blessedly sweet and in the same breath. . . . Did I say that there was nothing like it? Ah, but there is a half acknowledged melancholy to this when we stand in the perfected vigor of our life and that Time has now given us all his flowers, and that the next stroke of his never idle fingers must be to steal them one by one away."—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

. Delicate Sensibility.—George William Curtis, who knew Hawthorne well, says: "He was so sensitive that his nature and manner can be suggested by the word 'glimmering.'"

"And his the gift which sees
A revelation and a tropic sign
In the lone passion-flower, and can discover
The likeness of the far Antipodes,
Though but a leaf is stranded from the brine;
His the fine spirit which is so true a lover
Of sovran Art that all the beck of life
Allure it not until the work be wrought."
—*E. C. Stedman*.

"Nothing could be more accurate and sensitive than the finest description of nature in his works. . . . He shad-

ows forth hints, makes signs, whispers, muses aloud, gives the key-note of a melody, puts us on a track; in a word, addresses us as nature does—that is, unostentatiously and with a significance not to be realized without reverent silence and gentle feeling; a sequestration from bustle and material care and somewhat of the meditative insight and latent sensibility in which his themes are conceived and wrought out.”—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

“There is perhaps no more delicate comment on the exquisite sensibility of Hawthorne than this, that he should be so open to climatic influence in his writing.”—*G. P. Lathrop*.

“Hawthorne’s pure and delightful fancies, though at times they may have led us too far from the healthy contact of every-day interests, never leave a stain upon the imagination, and generally succeed in throwing a harmonious coloring upon some objects in which we had previously failed to recognize the beautiful.”—*Leslie Stephen*.

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“Poor Old Earth! What I should chiefly regret in her destruction would be that very earthliness which no other sphere or state of existence can renew or compensate. The fragrance of flowers and of new-mown hay; the genial warmth of sunshine and the beauty of a sunset among the clouds; . . . the deliciousness of fruits and of all good cheer; the magnificence of mountains and seas and cataracts and the softer charm of rural scenery; even the fast-falling snow and the gray atmosphere through which it descends—all these and innumerable other enjoyable things of the earth must perish with her. . . . And then our mute four-footed friends and winged songsters of our woods! Might not it be lawful to regret them, even in the hallowed groves of Paradise?”—*Hall of Fantasy*.

“I doubt if anybody ever does really see a mountain who goes for the set and sole purpose of seeing it. Nature will not let herself be seen in such cases. You must patiently bide her time; and by and by, at some unforeseen moment, she will quietly and suddenly unveil herself, and for a brief space allow

you to look right into the heart of her mystery."—*English Note-Book*.

"What a sweet reverence is that, when a young man dreams his mistress a little more than mortal, and almost chides himself for longing to bring her close to his heart!"—*Marble Faun*.

"It must be a spirit much unlike my own which can keep itself in health and vigor without sometimes stealing from the sultry sunshine of the world, to plunge into the cool bath of solitude. At intervals, and not infrequent ones, the forest and the ocean summon me—one with the roar of its waves, the other with the murmur of its boughs—forth from the haunts of men."—*Twice-Told Tales*.

8. Vivid Description — Picturesqueness — Fidelity.—"Sometimes they [Hawthorne's sketches] are purely descriptive bits of Flemish painting, so exact and arrayed in such mellow colors that we unconsciously take them in as objects of sensitive rather than imaginative observation. . . . In truth to costume, local manners, and scenic features 'The Scarlet Letter' is as reliable as the best of Scott's novels. . . . So life-like in the minutiae and so picturesque in general effect are these sketches of still life that they are daguerreotyped in the reader's mind, and form a distinct and changeless background, the light and shade of which give admirable effect to the action of a story. . . . Were a New England Sunday breakfast, an old mansion, an easterly town, or the morning after it clears ever so well described? . . . The early history of New England has found no such genial and vivid illustrations as his pages afford. . . . We seem to breathe the air as we read and to be surrounded by the familiar objects of a New England town. The interior of the house [of the Seven Gables], each article described within it, from the quaint table to the miniature by Malbone; every product of the old garden, the street scenes that beguile the eyes of poor Clifford as he looks out of the arched window, the noble elm and the ginger-bread figures at the little shop window—all

have the significance that belongs to reality when seized upon by art. In these details we have the truth, simplicity, and exact imitation of the Flemish painters. The Old Manse and the Custom-house . . . are memorable instances of this fidelity in the details of local and personal portraiture and that chaste yet deep tone of coloring which secures an harmonious whole. . . . Nor is Hawthorne less successful in those pictures that are drawn exclusively for the mind's eye and are obvious to sensation rather than to actual vision."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"To read his historical sketches is like wandering through old portrait galleries or walking streets that have long disappeared, with quaint old houses about us and figures in the antique garb of a past generation."—*J. A. Symonds*.

"He studied minutely and portrayed with delicate faithfulness the smallest flower beneath his feet, the faintest bird in the distant sky, the trivial remark or the seemingly unimportant act of the person described."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"He virtually offers the most vivid reflection of New England life that has found its way into literature."—*Henry James*.

"The most obvious excellence of the work ['The Marble Faun'] is the vivid truthfulness of its descriptions of Italian life, manners, and scenery. . . . Hawthorne is one of those true observers who concentrate in observation every power of their minds. He has accurate sight and piercing insight. . . . We might quote from the descriptive portions of the work a hundred pages at least which would demonstrate how closely accurate observation is connected with the highest powers of the intellect and the imagination."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"In the whole literature of our civil strife there is no more vivid description than this [in 'Septimius Felton'] of the way the sounds of a skirmish pass away in the distance."—*T. W. Higginson*.

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"On every side the seven gables pointed sharply toward the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices breathing through the spiracles of one chimney. . . . It would be an omission, trifling indeed but unpardonable, were we to forget the green moss that had long since gathered on the projections of the windows ; nor must we fail to direct the reader's eye to a crop, not of weeds but flower-shrubs, which were growing aloft in the air, not a great way from the chimney, in the nook between two of the gables. They were called Alice's posies."—*House of the Seven Gables*.

"The early sunbeams hovered cheerfully upon the tree tops, beneath which two weary and wounded men had stretched their limbs the night before. Their bed of withered oak leaves was strewn upon the small level of one of the gentle swells by which the face of the country is diversified. The mass of granite, rearing its smooth, flat surface fifteen or twenty feet above their heads, was not unlike a gigantic gravestone, upon which the veins seemed to form an inscription in forgotten characters."—*The Intelligence Office*.

"Above the draw there was a broad and deep pool, one side of which was bordered by a precipitous wall of rocks, as smooth as if hewn out and squared and piled one upon another, above which rose the forest. On the other side there was still a gently shelving bank, and the shore was covered with tall trees, among which I particularly remarked a stately pine, wholly devoid of bark, rising white in aged and majestic ruin, thrusting out its barkless arms. It must have stood there in death many years, its own ghost. Above the dam the brook flowed through the forest, a glistening and babbling water-path, illuminated by the sun, which sent its rays almost straight along its course."—*The American Note Book*.

9. Natural Simplicity—Clearness.—"Hawthorne not only writes English, but the sweetest, simplest, and clearest English that ever has been made the vehicle of equal depth, variety, and subtlety of thought and emotion. . . . He contrives to embody in his simple style qualities which would

almost excuse the verbal extravagance of Carlyle."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"His utterance is singularly clear and simple. His style only rises above the colloquial in the sustained order of its flow; the terms are natural and fitly chosen. Indeed, a careless reader is liable continually to lose sight of his meaning and beauty from the entire absence of pretension in his style.

. . . The style of Hawthorne is wholly unevasive; he resorts to no tricks of rhetoric or verbal ingenuity; language is to him a crystal medium through which to let us see the play of his humor, the glow of his sympathy, and the truth of his observation."—*H. T. Tuckerman*.

"Another characteristic of this writer is the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters are. Indeed, he uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought."—*Longfellow*.

"That limpid flow of expression, never laboring, never shallow, but moving on with tranquil force, clear to the depths of its profoundest thought, shows itself with all its consummate perfections."—*O. W. Holmes*.

"There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has demonstrated the fact."—*Poe*.

"There was no conception so daring that he shrank from attempting it, and none that he could not so master as to state it, if he pleased, in terms of monosyllables."—*T. W. Higginson*.

"Hawthorne had in his composition, contemplator and dreamer as he was, an element of simplicity and rigidity, a something plain, masculine, and sensible. . . . The main impression produced by his observations is that of simplicity. They spring not only from an unsophisticated but from an exceedingly natural mind. Never, surely, was a man of literary

genius less a man of letters. He looks at things as little as possible in that composite historic light which forms the atmosphere of many imaginations."—*Henry James*.

"In Hawthorne's college themes and in his renderings from the ancient classics there was even then the promise of that matchless simplicity and brilliancy of style in which his later works were written ; a style so pure that it seems a new element, in which the airiest creatures of the imagination may play at will."—*John Addington Symonds*.

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"The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendant icicle for the fruit."—*The Snow Image*.

"The study had three windows, set with little old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it. The two on the western side looked, or rather peeped, between the willow branches, down into the orchard, with glimpses of the river through the trees. The third, facing northward, commanded a broader view of the river, at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history."—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

"And now we are seated by the brisk fireside of an old farmhouse—the same fire that glimmers so faintly among my reminiscences at the beginning of this chapter. There we sat with the snow melting out of our hair and beards and our faces all ablaze with the past inclemency and present warmth. It was, indeed, a right good fire that we found waiting us, built up of great rough logs and knotty limbs and splintered fragments of an oak-tree such as farmers are wont to keep for their own hearths."—*The Blithedale Romance*.

"For often as he sat waiting for her by the margin of the spring, she would suddenly fall down around him a shower of

sunny raindrops, with a rainbow glancing through them, and forthwith gather herself up into the likeness of a beautiful girl, laughing—or was it the warble of the rill over the pebbles—to see the youth's amazement."—*The Marble Faun*.

10. Idealism—Romanticism.—Hawthorne has been well called "a born lover of romance." In his method he was an idealist; he idealized the real.

"I may, perhaps, accept a phrase of which Hawthorne himself was fond—'the moonlight of romance'—and compel it to explain something of the secret of his characteristic genius. If the objects illuminated were not real and familiar, the light would not seem so mysterious; it is the pale uniform tint, the loss of color and detail, and yet the vivid outline and the strong shadow which produce what Hawthorne calls 'the moonlight of romance.'"—*R. H. Hutton*.

"Was it not a thing to weep over that a man so keenly alive to every picturesque influence, so anxious to invest his work with the enchanted haze of romantic association, should be confined to middle age amongst the bleak granite rocks and the half-baked civilization of New England?"—*Leslie Stephen*.

"The imagination is a wayward faculty, and writers largely endowed with it have acknowledged that they could expatiate with confidence only upon themes hallowed by distance. . . . But to clothe a familiar scene with ideal interest and to exalt things to which our senses are daily accustomed into the region of imaginative beauty and genuine sentiment, requires an extraordinary power of abstraction and concentrative thought. . . . Yet with a calm gaze, a serenity and fixedness of musing that no outward bustle can disturb and no power of custom render hackneyed, Hawthorne takes his stand and loses all consciousness of himself and the present in transferring its features and atmosphere to canvas. . . . The imaginative grace lends itself quite as aptly to redeem

and glorify homely fact in the plastic hands of the author. A rare and most attractive quality of Hawthorne is this artistic use of familiar materials. . . . In our view the most remarkable trait in his writings is this harmonious blending of the common and familiar in the outward world with the mellow and vivid tints of his own imagination. . . . 'The scenery, tone, and personages of 'The House of the Seven Gables' are imbued with a local authenticity which is not for an instant impaired by the imaginative charm of romance.'—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

"In Hawthorne the whole class of little descriptive effusions directed upon common things . . . have a greater charm than there is any warrant for in their substance. The charm is made up of the spontaneity, the personal quality of the fancy that plays through them, its mingled simplicity and subtlety, its purity and its bonhomie."—*Henry James.*

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"The good lady could look all over the garden and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the children!"—*The Snow Image.*

"As we threaded the streets, I remember how the buildings on either side seemed to press too closely upon us, insomuch that our mighty hearts found barely room enough to throb between them. The snow-fall, too, looked inexpressibly dreary (I had almost called it dingy), coming down through an atmosphere of city smoke and alighting on the sidewalk only to be moulded into the impress of somebody's patched boot or overshoe."—*The Blithedale Romance.*

"Houses of any antiquity in New England are so invariably possessed with spirits that the matter seems hardly worth alluding to. Our ghost used to heave deep sighs in a particular cor-

ner of the parlor, and sometimes rustled paper, as if he were turning over a sermon in the long entry—where, nevertheless, he was invisible, in spite of the bright moonshine that fell through the eastern window.”—*Mosses from an Old Manse*.

“He descended among the foliage, waiting for her to come close to the trunk, and then suddenly dropped from an impending bough, and alighted at her side more as if the swaying of the branches had let a ray of sunlight through. The same ray likewise glimmered among the gloomy meditations that encompassed Miriam, and lit up the pale, dark beauty of her face, while it responded pleasantly to Donatello’s glance.”—*The Marble Faun*.

II. Self-Reflection.—“His mind is reflected in his style as a face is reflected in a mirror, and the latter does not give back its image with less appearance of effort than the former.”—*E. P. Whipple*.

“There never was a man more shrinkingly retiring, yet surely was an author never more naïvely frank. He is willing that you should know all that a man may fairly reveal of himself. The great interior story he does not tell, of course, but the introduction to the ‘*Mosses from an Old Manse*,’ [etc.] are as intimate and explicit chapters of autobiography as can be found.”—*George William Curtis*.

“There is probably no writer whose personality seems to us so largely mingled with his productions as Hawthorne. In truth, the man and his work are inseparable in our minds. . . . From this we conclude that few writers have had such power of self-absorption in their own creations as Hawthorne had, and that it is for this reason his strong individuality is so indelibly stamped upon his characters.”—*S. A. Drake*.

“His stories are, in the truest sense of the word, autobiographical; and with repeated opportunities for cultivating his acquaintance by direct intercourse, we have learned from his books immeasurably more of his mental history, tastes, ten-

dencies, sympathies, and opinions than we should have known had we enjoyed his daily concourse for a lifetime. Diffident and reserved as to the habitudes of the outer man, yet singularly communicative in disposition and desire, he takes his public for his confidant, and betrays to thousands of eyes likes and dislikes, whims and reveries, veins of mirthful and serious reflection, modes of feeling both healthful and morbid, which it would be beyond his power to disclose through the ear, even to the most intimate of friends or the dearest of kindred."—*A. P. Peabody.*

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"The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's-self a fool ; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt and the profoundest wisdom, to know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed."—*The Blithedale Romance.*

"There is a piercing, thrilling, delicious kind of regret in the idea of so much beauty thrown away, or only enjoyable at its half-development, in winter and early spring and never to be dwelt amongst as the home scenery of any human being."—*The Marble Faun.*

"Happy the man that has such a friend beside him when he comes to die ! How many men, I wonder, does one meet with, in a lifetime, whom he would choose for his death-bed companions !"—*The Blithedale Romance.*

"Truth often finds its way to the mind close muffled in robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness of matters in regard to which we practice an unconscious self-deception during our waking moments."—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

12. High Moral Tone.—"In all of Hawthorne's works the remarkable and characteristic thing is the incessant action of the moral faculty, exquisitely toned by the moral sentiment."—*E. Benson.*

"The moral ideal which Hawthorne keeps before himself

and his readers throughout all his works is, on the whole, not only pure but noble."—*R. H. Hutton.*

"Referring again to the morbidly intricate and repellent in his works, we must not forget that accompanying these there is generally a touch of light which leads the mind to some higher consideration beyond the tangled and gloomy web. Masked under the modest reserve of a story-teller the noblest spirit is at work, and a beautiful and impressive lesson is found enclosed within the fancy. . . . In his search for the beautiful he found more truth than philosophers in seeking the true."—*T. Bradfield.*

"Hawthorne, when you have studied him, will be very precious to you. . . . He will have enabled you to feel yourself an inch taller during the process. Something of the sublimity of the transcendent, something of the mystery of the unfathomable, something of the brightness of the celestial, will have attached itself to you, and you will all but think that you might live to be sublime and revel in mingled light and mystery."—*Anthony Trollope.*

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"It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily makes its obscene and noisome odor. Thus we see too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others."—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

"We do ourselves wrong, and too meanly estimate the Holiness above us, when we deem that any act or enjoyment, good in itself, is not good to do religiously."—*The Marble Faun.*

"It behooves men, and especially men of benevolence, to consider well what they are about, and, before acting on their philanthropic purpose, to be quite sure that they comprehend the nature and all the relations of the business in hand."—*The Snow Image.*

"If for any cause I were bent upon sacrificing every earthly hope as a peace-offering towards heaven, I would make the wide world my cell and good deeds to mankind my prayer. Many penitent men have done this and found peace in it. . . . Has there been an unutterable evil in your young life? Then crowd it out with good, or it will lie corrupting there forever, and cause your capacity for better things to partake of the noisome corruption."—*The Marble Faun*.

EMERSON, 1803-1882

Biographical Outline.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, born in Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803, the second of five sons; father pastor of the "First Church" (Congregational) of Boston; Emerson enters the public grammar-school in 1811 and the Boston Latin School soon afterward; at the age of eleven (1814) he is translating Virgil into English verse; is fond, also, of Greek, history, and poetry; composes verses, and thinks highly of "the idle books under the bench at the Latin School;" enters Harvard College in 1818 and is graduated in 1821; receives second prize for English composition in his Senior year, but gives little evidence of remarkable ability while in college; joins his brother William in conducting a private school at Boston, and later serves as principal of an "Academy" at Chelmsford, now a part of Lowell; later he has a private school at Cambridge; in 1823 he begins studying for the ministry under Dr. Channing, afterward taking a course of lectures at the Harvard Divinity School; owing to trouble with his eyes, he takes no notes at the Divinity School, and is excused from the examinations; Emerson wrote later, "If they had examined me, they probably would not have let me preach at all;" in 1826 he is "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers; visits South Carolina and Florida during the winter of 1827-28, and preaches several times at Charleston and other places; returning, preaches temporarily in several New England towns; in March, 1829, he is ordained colleague of Dr. Ware in the "Second Church" of Boston; in September, 1829, he marries Ellen

Louisa Tucker, who dies of consumption in February, 1832 ; in September, 1832, he preaches his famous sermon on the Lord's Supper, expressing his scruples against administering the same, and announcing his intention, therefore, to resign his office ; he visits Europe in 1833, making a tour of Sicily, Italy, France, and England, and meeting Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, De Quincey, and Carlyle ; he becomes a resident of Concord in the summer of 1834, first occupying the " Old Manse " of Hawthorne's novel ; begins lecturing in the winter of 1833-34, giving three lectures treating of his European experiences and two, respectively, on " Water " and " The Relation of Man to the Globe ; " during 1834 he lectures on Michael Angelo, Milton, Luther, George Fox, and Burke ; the first two of these lectures were published in the *North American Review* for 1837-38 ; Emerson begins, in May, 1834, his correspondence with Carlyle, which lasts till 1872 ; in September, 1835, he marries Lydia Jackson, of Plymouth, Mass. ; during 1835 he gives ten lectures in Boston on " English Literature ; " in 1836, twelve lectures on " The Philosophy of History ; " in 1837, ten lectures on " Human Culture ; " in April, 1836, he writes his great " Concord Hymn ; " till 1838 he preaches frequently as a " supply " at East Lexington, Mass. ; lectures on " War " in 1837 ; publishes anonymously in 1836 his small book entitled " Nature," which Holmes calls " a reflective prose poem ; " in August, 1837, delivers his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, entitled " The American Scholar ; " July 15, 1838, delivers at Cambridge his Divinity School Address, which excites severe criticism by theologians and raises Emerson " to the importance of a heretic ; " in 1838-39 he gives ten lectures on " Human Life," of which these titles—Love, Demonology, and The Comic—remain in his published works ; he contributes, during 1838 and 1839, the poems entitled " The Humble Bee " and " To the Rhodora " to the *Western Messenger* (both poems written about 1823) ; in July, 1838,

he lectures on "Literary Ethics" at Dartmouth College; in December, 1838, Emerson writes to Carlyle that he has \$22,000 drawing six per cent. interest, besides his house, his two-acre lot, and an income of \$800 from his lectures; in August, 1841, he lectures at Waterville, Me., on "The Method of Nature;" writing to Carlyle about this time, Emerson calls himself "an incorrigible spouting Yankee;" from 1840 to 1844 he contributes more than thirty articles, including some of his best poems, to the *Dial*, first edited by Margaret Fuller and later (1842-44) by Emerson himself; during 1841 he delivers, also, his lectures on "Man the Reformer," "The Times," "The Transcendentalist," and "The Conservative;" he publishes, during 1841, his first volume of collected essays, including those on History, Self-Reliance, Compensation, Spiritual Laws, Love, Friendship, Prudence, Heroism, the Over-Soul, Circles, and Art; in February, 1842, he loses his only son, then five years old, whom he mourns to Carlyle as "a piece of love and sunshine well worth my watching from morning to night;" writes "A Threnody" in memory of his lost child; delivers his address on "The Young American" in February, 1844, and publishes, during the same year, the second volume of his essays; lectures also on "New England Reformers" during 1844; publishes the first volume of his poems in 1846; sails a second time for Europe October 5, 1847; after spending a week with Carlyle, Emerson begins a lecture tour, arranged for him by the Rev. Alexander Ireland; while lecturing in Edinburgh he meets Leigh Hunt, De Quincey, and many other notabilities; visits Paris before returning to America; in 1850 publishes selections from his English lectures under the title "Representative Men;" during 1855 he delivers anti-slavery addresses in New York and Boston, favoring the purchase of the slaves by the Government, and also favors female suffrage in an address before the Woman's Rights Convention; in 1856 he publishes "English Traits;" in 1857 he begins to contribute to the

Atlantic Monthly, then just established, and continues till his twenty-eighth article; he helps to found the famous "Saturday Club," which includes Hawthorne, Motley, Dana, Lowell, Whipple, Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, and others; during 1858 he publishes his Essay on Persian Poetry; in 1859 makes his greatest public speech—at the Burns Festival in Boston; in 1860 he publishes the "Conduct of Life;" in 1862 delivers his funeral address over Thoreau and his Address on the Emancipation Proclamation; during 1863 publishes "The Boston Hymn," "Voluntaries," and many other poems; during 1866 writes "Terminus," one of his noblest poems; during 1868, 1869, and 1870 lectures at Harvard University on "The Natural History of the Intellect;" in 1870 publishes "Society and Solitude;" during 1871 visits California in company with Prof. J. B. Thayer, who afterward publishes an account of the journey; Emerson loses a part of his house and many valuable papers by fire in July, 1872; he sails the third time for Europe in October, 1872, in company with his daughter Ellen, going as far as Egypt; during his absence friends subscribe \$11,620 for the rebuilding of his house; he returns to Concord in May, 1873, and is greeted with a popular ovation; in 1874 he publishes "Parnassus," a collection of poems from British and American authors; during the same year he is nominated Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and receives five hundred votes against seven hundred for Disraeli, which he calls "quite the fairest laurel that has ever fallen on me;" in April, 1875, he delivers an address at Concord on the one hundredth anniversary of "the fight at the bridge;" before the shock of the fire in 1872 his mental powers, especially his memory, began to show signs of failure; in March, 1878, he lectures in the Old South Church at Boston on "Fortune of the Republic;" in May, 1879, he lectures at Harvard University on "The Preacher;" in 1881 reads before the Massachusetts Historical Society a paper on Carlyle; in February, 1882, publishes in

the *Century* an article on "Superlatives ;" dies at Concord April 27, 1882.

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Littell's Living Age, 23: 344-350 (English Review)

PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Terseness—Epigram—Aphorism.—"So many precious sayings enrich his more sustained poems as to make us include him at times with the complete artists. . . . Bacon's elementary essays excepted, there are none in English of which it can be more truly averred that there is nothing superfluous in them. . . . Each sentence is an idea, an epigram, an image, or a flash of spiritual light. . . . Terseness is the distinctive feature of his style. . . . No one has compressed more sternly the pith of his discourse. . . . His generalizations pertain to the unseen world; viewing the actual, he puts its strength and fineness alike into a line or an epithet. He was born with an unrivalled faculty of selection. . . . Emerson treats of the principles behind all history, and his laconic phrases are the very honey-cells of thought."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"His short sentences scintillate and snap like sparks from an electrical conductor, and each gives a separate tingle to the nerves."—*Edward Dowden*.

"In choice and pith of diction he hits the mark with a felicity that is almost his own in this generation. He is terse, concentrated, and free from the blunder of mistaking intellectual dawdling for meditation."—*John Morley*.

"It would be impossible to condense any of his essays; they are the last results of condensation; we can only cut them up and abridge them."—*John Burroughs*.

"You are dazzled on every page by his superabundance of

compactly expressed reflection and his marvellous command of all the resources of imaginative illustration. Every paragraph is literally 'rammed with life.' A fortnight's meditation is sometimes condensed into a sentence of a couple of lines. Almost every word bears the mark of deliberate thought in its selection. . . . That wonderful compactness and condensation of statement which surprise and charm the reader of his books were due to the fact that he exerted every faculty of his mind in the act of verbal expression. A prodigal in respect to thoughts, he was still the most austere economist in the use of words. . . . The fire in him, which would instantly have dissipated ice into vapor, made the iron in him run molten and white-hot into the mould of his thought when he was stirred by a great sentiment or an inspiring insight. It is admitted that he is worthy to rank among the great masters of expression; yet he was the least fluent of educated beings. In a company of swift talkers he seemed utterly helpless, until he fixed upon the right word or phrase to embody his meaning, and then the word or phrase was like a gold coin, fresh and bright from the mint and recognized as worth ten times as much as the small change of conversation which had been circulating so rapidly around the table while he was mute or stammering."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"What he says of both [Shakespeare and Goethe] is deduced from the very essence of their characters, and is at once so terse and so profound that in many places almost every word seems to need a commentary."—*Grimm*.

"To know how universally the thought and the portable epigram of Emerson have been diffused, it is only necessary for the reader, familiar with recent literature, to open some of the early essays, such as 'Nature' or 'English Traits' and to renew the acquaintance begun twenty-five years ago. On every page there will be seen scintillating lines that have since become the common property of mankind, quoted by everybody, like 'Hamlet' or 'Lycidas,' and generally with-

out a thought of the source whence they came."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"For choice and pith of language he belongs to a better age than ours. . . . His eye for a fine telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself. A diction at once so rich and homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like homespun cloth of gold."—*Lowell.*

"It may be fearlessly said that, within the limits of the English sentence, no man who ever wrote the English tongue has put more meaning into words than Emerson. . . . Neither Greek precision nor Roman vigor could produce a phrase that Emerson could not match. . . . Look through all Emerson's writings, and then consider whether in all literature you can find a man who has better fulfilled that aspiration stated in such condensed words by Joubert, 'to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word.' After all, it is phrases and words won like this which give immortality."—*T. W. Higginson.*

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"There is always a best way to do everything, if it be to boil an egg. . . . The nobility cannot, in any country, be disguised. . . . Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little suspected. . . . Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces which expose the whole movement. . . . Fine manners need the support of fine manners in others. . . . The basis of good manners is self-reliance. . . . The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career."—*Essay on Behavior.*

"Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all manly virtue. It is a virtue gone to seed: it is a kind of posthumous honor. It does not often caress the great but the children of the great:

it is a hall of the past. It usually sets its face against the great of this hour. Great men are not commonly in its halls: they are absent in the field; they are working, not triumphing."—*Essay on Manners.*

"Prudence is the virtue of the senses. It is the science of appearances. It is the outmost action of the inward life. It is God taking thought for oxen. It moves matter after the laws of matter. It is content to seek health of body by complying with physical conditions and health of mind by the laws of the intellect."—*Essay on Prudence.*

2. Lack of Logical Sequence.—"The weak place in him as a literary artist is probably his want of continuity and the tie of association—a want which, as he grew old, became a disease, and led to a break in his mind like that of a bridge with one of its piers gone, and his power of communication was nearly or quite lost. There is no artistic conception that runs the length and breadth of any of his works; no unity of scheme or plan, like that of an architect or of a composer, that makes an inevitable whole of any of his books or essays; seldom a central and leading idea, of which the rest are but radiations and unfoldings. His essays are fragmentary successions of brilliant and startling affirmations or vaticinations with little or no logical sequence."—*John Burroughs.*

"He sacrifices unity to richness of detail. . . . The ideas his sentences involve are on the scale of a continent; in form they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. They are sweeping generalizations given in essences. Short and penetrating, though irregularly arranged, they are like gold nails struck into a temple wall apparently at random; the pattern is an enigma to the uninitiated. . . . His style, all armed with points and antitheses, like the bristles of a hedgehog, lacks repose. . . . His essays are bundles of loose ideas tacked together only by a common title; handfuls of scraps

laid by singly, taken out in a mass, and tossed down before his audience like the miscellaneous contents of a conjurer's hat."—*J. Nichol.*

"There is a certain impression left on the minds of Emerson's readers which may be described as fragmentary. . . . Philosophers and prophets do not feel bound to produce epics in twelve books or dramas in five acts, or even blank-verse poems fifty pages long. When Emerson had said his say in verse he stopped. . . . Emerson as a writer has been compared to that minister who gradually filled a barrel with separately written pages and picked out enough for a sermon when Sunday came. Again, it has been said that Emerson's essays would read as well backward as forward, sentence by sentence. . . . In poetry, as in prose, Emerson prepared his bits of material when he would and afterward elaborated them into symmetrical wholes at leisure or fit occasion."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"Emerson cannot, I think, with justice be called a great philosophical writer. He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. . . . Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his 'formidable tendency to the lapidary style.' 'I build my house of bowlders,' he says again, 'with very little system, and, as regards composition, with most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellant particle.' Nothing can be truer."—*Matthew Arnold.*

"It [a certain lecture] was as if, after vainly trying to get his paragraphs into sequence and order, he had tried at last the desperate expedient of shuffling them. It was chaos come again, but it was a chaos full of shooting stars, a jumble of creating forces."—*Lowell.*

"We are told of his mode of preparing an essay—of the slow-going medley of thoughts on a topic at last brought out

and strung at random, like a child's variegated beads."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"Everything is thrown in just as it comes, and sometimes the pell-mell is enough to persuade us that Pope did not exaggerate when he said that no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts. . . . 'Can you tell me,' asked one of his neighbors, while Emerson was lecturing, 'what connection there is between that last sentence and the one that went before, and what connection it all has with Plato?' 'None, my friend, save in God,' was the reply. . . . As he says of Landor, his sentences are cubes which will stand firm, place them how or where you will. . . . One of the traces that every critic notes in Emerson's writing is that it is so abrupt, so sudden in its transitions, so discontinuous, so inconsecutive."—*John Morley.*

There are, in many of his essays, separate statements presenting no logical continuity. . . . He might, for harmony's sake, have arranged the blossoms he had plucked according to their hue and fragrance; but it was not his affair to go further in their classification. . . . His writings have coherence by virtue of their single-hearted motive."—*Julian Hawthorne.*

"There is not a trace of system, of progressive advancement in thought, of consistent intuition, in all his writings. . . . Contradictory intuitions, as he would call them, abound in almost every page. . . . As a writer his mannerism lies in the exceeding unexpectedness of his transitions; in his strange, swift, and sudden yokings of the most distant and unrelated ideas."—*George Gilfillan.*

"His compositions affect us, not as logic linked in syllogisms, but as voluntaries rather, or preludes, in which one is not tied to any design of air, but may vary his key or note at pleasure, as if improvised without any particular scope of argument; each period, each paragraph being a perfect note in

itself, however it may chance to chime with its accompaniments in the piece."—*Bronson Alcott*.

"He was only a philosopher in that ancient sense of which his friend Alcott still offers a faint adumbration; his mission was to sit, like Socrates beneath the plane tree, and offer profound and beautiful aphorisms, without the vague thread of the Socratic method to tie them together."—*T. W. Higginson*.

"Indifferent to logic, he suppressed all the processes of his thinking, and announced its results in affirmations. . . . The collection of these separate insights into nature and human life he ironically calls an essay; and much criticism has been wasted in showing that the aphoristic and axiomatic sentences are often connected by mere juxtaposition on the page and not by logical relation with each other, and that at the end we have no perception of a series of thoughts leading up to a clear idea of the general theme. . . . Emerson's so-called essays sparkle with sentences which might be made the texts for numerous ordinary essays; and his general title, it may be added, is apt to be misleading. He is fragmentary in composition because he is a fanatic for compactness; and every paragraph, sometimes every sentence, is a record of an insight. Hence comes the impression that his sentences are huddled together rather than artistically disposed."—*E. P. Whipple*.

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"A man is a whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man. Epoch after epoch, camp, kingdom, empire, republic, democracy, are merely the application of his manifold spirit to the manifold world. This human mind wrote history and this must read it. The Sphinx must solve her own riddle. If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time."—*Essay on History*.

"The only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less or anything else. The only reward of virtue is virtue ; the only way to have a friend is to be one. Vain to hope to come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off, and they repel us ; why should we intrude ?"—*Essay on Friendship*.

"Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truths ? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those ' far from fame,' who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength."—*Man Thinking*.

3. Mysticism—Introspection—Subjectiveness.—

"It must be taken for granted that Wordsworth's experience was the result and record of genuine insight and that it cannot be curtly dismissed as ' crazy, mystical metaphysics ' before Emerson can even obtain a hearing ; for he undoubtedly was more crazy and mystical than Wordsworth cared to be, while independently following in the path which Wordsworth had marked out. . . . He was a man who had earned the right to utter these noble truths by patient meditation and clear insight. . . . It is this depth of spiritual experience and subtlety of spiritual insight which distinguishes Emerson from all other American authors and makes him an elementary power as well as an elementary thinker."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"There is much in Emerson's works that will not stand rigid literary tests ; much that is too fanciful and ethereal,

too curious and paradoxical—not real or true, but only seemingly so, or so by a kind of violence or disruption.”—*John Burroughs*.

“He feels that every enigma runs into the great enigma—what is man? and that, if he could but unlock his own heart, the key of the universe were found. . . . He persists in believing that the creation is a vast symbol of man; that every tree and blade of grass is somehow cognate with his nature and significant of his destiny; and that the remotest stars are only the distant perspective of that picture of which he is the central figure. . . . You feel somewhat like the unlearned reader of Howe and Baxter when he comes upon their Latin and Greek quotations: you skip or bolt his bits of mysticism, and pass on with greater gusto to the clear and the open. . . . His utterances are becoming vaguer and more elaborately oracular. He is dealing with deliberate puzzles—through the breaks in the dark forest of his page you see his mind in full retreat toward some remoter Cimmerian gloom. . . . He has been living in a world of his own. He has been more conversant with principles than with facts—and more with dreams than with either. . . . It is the bird that speaks—our soul alone can furnish the interpretation. So with many of Emerson’s poems. They mean absolutely nothing—they are nonsense verse, except to those who have learned their cipher and whose heart instinctively dances to their tune. It is often a wordless music—a wild, wailing rhythm—as a sound inexplicable but not absurd or meaningless. . . . Emerson’s verses float us away listening and lost on their stream of sound and of dim suggestive meaning. Led himself, as he repeatedly says, ‘as far as the incommunicable,’ he leads us into the same mystic regions.”—*George Gilfillan*.

“Few have had Emerson’s inward eye, but it is well that some have not been restricted to it. . . . His voice comes ‘like a falling star’ from a skyey dome of pure ab-

straction. . . . If a theist, with his intuition of an all-pervading life, he no doubt felt himself a portion of that life, and the sense of omnipresence was so clearly the dominant sense of its attributes that to call him a theist rather than a pantheist is simply a dispute about terms. . . . One may say that his philosophical method bears to the inductive or empirical a relation similar to that between the poetry of self-expression and the poetry of æsthetic creation, a relation of the subjective to the objective. . . . If he sought first principles, he looked within himself for them."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"His mysticism gives us a counterpoise to our super-practicality."—*Lowell.*

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"The wise man not only leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves out the few. Fountains, fountains; the self-moved, the absorbed, the commander because he is commanded, the assured, the primary—they are good, for these announce the present pressure of supreme power. Our action should rest mathematically on our own substance. In nature there are no false valuations. A pound of water in the ocean tempest has no more gravity than in a mid-summer pond. All things work exactly according to their quality and according to their quantity; attempt what they can do, except man only."—*Essay on Character.*

"And the first condition is, that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history; for each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not, to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain slime of error, while that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful, seen from the point of

the intellect or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience."
—*Essay on Love*.

"A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty rather than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moon-like ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at least a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity."—*Essay on Friendship*.

4. Originality — Independence — Individuality.—

"It was impossible for Emerson to part with his own individuality, even in celebrating the achievements of the inspired saints, bards, and artists who had seemingly parted with theirs. He did not desire to 'disindividualize' himself while intensely appreciating other individualities. . . . He represents Thought in any adjustment of our poetic group, and furthermore—his thought being independent and emancipatory—the American conflict with superstition, with servility to inherited usage and opinion. . . . We know his distaste for convention, his mistrust of 'tinkle' and 'efficacious rhymes.' But his gift lifted him above his will; and while throwing out his grapnel, clinging to prose as the firm ground of his work, he rose involuntary and with music. . . . The force of Emerson lay in the depth and clearness of his intentions. He gave us the revelation and prophecy of a man among millions. . . . He has taught his countrymen the worth of virtue, wisdom, courage—above all, to fashion life upon a self-reliant pattern, obeying the dictates of their own souls. . . . Emerson never felt the strength of proportion that compels the races to whom art is a religion and a

law. . . . His instinct of personality, not without a pride of its own, made him a nonconformist."—*E. C. Steadman.*

"Emerson had a pronounced, almost a haughty individuality. Throughout his life he guarded it with a jealous care. He could never endure the thought of being the organ of any. . . . In reading him we feel that we are in communion with an original person as well as with an original poet. . . . Nothing that can be said against him touches his essential quality of manliness. . . . How superb and animating is his lofty intellectual courage! 'The soul,' he says, 'is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love.' . . . The poet's character was on a level with his lofty thinking."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"Both in poetry and in prose his influence is as spontaneous as that in nature; he announces and lets others plead."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"Instead of cultivating the tormenting and enfeebling spirit of scruple, instead of multiplying precepts, he bade men not to crush out their souls under the burden of duty; they are to remember that a wise life is not wholly filled up by commandments to do and to abstain from doing. Hence we have in Emerson the teaching of a vigorous morality without the formality and the deadly tedium of didacticism."—*John Morley.*

"No one has had so steady and constant and above all so natural a vision of what we require and what we are capable of in the way of aspiration and independence."—*Henry James.*

"The intellectual life of Emerson for nearly half a century has affected educated men with an influence that is immeasurable; he is 'the Columbus of modern thought.' Since Lord Bacon there has not been another writer whose resources were so wholly in himself. He belongs with the three or four philosophic minds of the first order born of the Anglo-Saxon race."—*F. H. Underwood.*

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"The characteristic of a genuine heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be common nor the common the heroic. Yet we have the weakness to expect the sympathy of people in those actions whose excellence is that they outrun sympathy and appeal to a tardy justice. If you would serve your brother because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you. Be true to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant and broken the monotony of a decorous age."—*Essay on Heroism*.

"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own minds. Absolve you to yourself and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer, which, when quite young, I was prompted to make to a valued adviser, who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, 'What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?' my friend suggested—'But these impulses may be from below, not from above.' I replied, 'They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil.'"—*Essay on Self-Reliance*.

5. Sense of Beauty—Poetic Imagery.—"The sense of beauty is his supreme faculty. In this respect only one modern author, Ruskin, bears a comparison with him."—*F. H. Underwood*.

"The perception of beauty in nature or in human nature, whether it be the beauty of a flower or of a soul, makes Emerson joyous and glad; he exults in celebrating it, and he communicates to his readers his own ecstatic mood. . . . The singular attractiveness of his writings comes from his intense perception of beauty, both in its abstract quality as the 'aw-

ful loveliness' which such poets as Shelley have celebrated and in the more concrete expression by which it fascinates ordinary minds. . . . His 'Ode to Beauty' indicates that the sense of beauty penetrated to the inmost centre of his being, and was an indissoluble element in his character.

. . . The sense of beauty, indeed, was so vital an element in the constitution of his being that it decorated everything it touched. . . . His imaginative faculty, both in the conception and creation of beauty, is uncorrupted by any morbid sentiment. His vision reaches to the very source of beauty—the beauty that cheers."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Words which are pictures—sounds which are songs—jubilant raptures in praise of nature, reminding you afar off of those old Hebrew hymns, which, paired to the timbrel or the clash of cymbals, rose like the cries of some great victory to Heaven—are given to Emerson at his pleasure. . . . Exquisite as many of his poems are, his other writings are a truer and richer voice, their short and mellow sentences moving to the breath of his spirit as musically as the pine cones to the breeze. . . . He is the greatest of American poets. We refer not to his verse, which is, in general, woven mist, involving little—but to the beautiful and abrupt utterances about nature in his prose. No finer things about the outward features and the transient meanings of creation have been said since the Hebrews than are to be found in some of his books."—*George Gilfillan*.

"The poetic element at times takes the form of the graphic or picturesque, the pictorial or imaginative expression of ideas. . . . It gave to his prose that poetic flavor that so much of it possesses. . . . Hence the frequent recurrence, especially in his literary essays, of passages of marked poetic beauty. . . . There is the presence of taste, beauty, imagination, poetic appreciation, and culture in theme, discussion, and motive."—*T. W. Hunt*.

"Emerson's prose is full of poetry, and his poems are light

and air. His modes of expression, like his epithets, are imaginative."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"There is more poetry in his prose than in his poems."
—*Matthew Arnold*.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

"There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection; when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth make a harmony, as if nature would indulge her offspring; when, in these bleak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to desire that we have heard of the happiest latitudes, and we bask in the shining hours of Florida and Cuba; when everything that has life gives sign of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts. These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of Indian Summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough."—*Essay on Nature*.

"For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, grows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames."—*Essay on Love*.

"I have seen the softness and beauty of the summer clouds floating feathery overhead, enjoying, as it seemed, their height and privilege of motion, while yet they appeared not so much the drapery of this place and hour as forelooking to some pavilions and gardens of festivity beyond. It is an odd jealousy: but the poet finds himself not near enough to his object. The pine tree, the river, the bank of flowers before him does not seem to be nature. Nature is still elsewhere. This other is but outskirts and far-off reflection, an echo of the triumph that has passed by, and is now at its glancing splendor and heyday, perchance in the neighboring fields, or if you stand in the fields, then in the adjacent woods."—*Essay on Nature*.

6. Suggestiveness.—Emerson himself well defines this characteristic of his own style, when he says: "The most interesting writing is that which does not quite satisfy the reader. Try and leave a little thinking for him; that will be better for you both. The trouble with most writers is they spread too thin. The reader is as quick as they; has got there before them, and is ready and waiting. A little guessing does him no harm, so I would assist him with no connection. If *you* can see how the harness fits, he can. But make sure that *you* see it."

"Emerson's so-called essay sparkles with sentences which might be made the texts for numerous ordinary essays. . . . He has the immense advantage of suggesting something new to the diligent reader after he has read him for the fiftieth time. . . . His sentences have furnished texts for sermons; his paragraphs have been expanded into volumes, and open minds, representing every variety of creed, have gladly appropriated and worked out, after their own fashion, hints and impulses derived from the creedless seer and thinker."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"We look upon him as one of the few men of genius whom our age has produced, and there needs no better proof of it than his masculine faculty of fecundating other minds."—*Lowell.*

"From that time I have never ceased to read Emerson's works; and whenever I take up a volume it seems to me as if I were reading it for the first time. . . . He sometimes made wonderfully simple observations which yet disentangled the most intricate trains of thought."—*Grimm.*

"Probably the best test of good prose is this: it is always creative; it begets in the mind of the reader a deep and pervading sense of life and reality. Now that Emerson is gone, how many are there in America? . . . He was to scatter the seed-germs of nobler thinking and living, not to rear a temple to the muses."—*John Burroughs.*

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"The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims in some one particular to let the great soul have its way through us ; in other words, to engage us to obey. Of this pure nature every man is at some time sensible. Language cannot paint it with colors. It is too subtle. It is undefinable, immeasurable ; but we know that it pervades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, ' God comes to see us without bell : ' that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul, where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away."—*Essay on the Over-Soul*.

"Our admiration of the antique is not admiration of the old but of the natural. The Greeks are not reflective but perfect in their senses, perfect in their health, with the finest physical organization in the world. Adults acted with the simplicity and grace of boys. They made vases, tragedies, and statues such as healthy senses should—that is, in good taste. Such things have continued to be made in all ages, and are now, wherever a healthy physique exists, but, as a class, from their superior organization, they have surpassed all. They combine the energy of manhood with the engaging unconsciousness of childhood. Our reverence for them is our reverence for childhood. Nobody can reflect upon an unconscious act with regret or contempt."—*Essay on History*.

"There is a class of men, individuals of which appear at long intervals, so eminently endowed with insight and virtue that they have been unanimously saluted as divine, and who seem to be an accumulation of that power we consider. Divine persons are character-born, or, to borrow a phrase from Napoleon, they are victory-organized. They are usually received with ill-will because they are new, and because they set a bound to the exaggeration that has been made of the personality of the last divine person."—*Essay on Character*.

7. Sincerity.—"There are living organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing—so transparent was the life of Emerson. . . . When a

man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth his eye is as clear as the heavens."—*O. W. Holmes.*

"On every page there is set the strong stamp of sincerity and the attraction of a certain artlessness; the most awkward sentence rings true; and there is often a pure and simple note that touches more than if it were the perfection of elaborated melody."—*John Morley.*

"Emerson preached sincerity as among the first virtues. He never hesitated to tell the poets, prose writers, reformers, fanatics, who were his friends and acquaintances exactly what he thought of them; and there was never a doubt of his mental and moral honesty in their reception of his criticisms."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"In an era of excessive reticency and hypocrisy, he has no concealments. We never suspect him of withholding half of what he knows or of formularizing for our satisfaction a belief which he does not sincerely hold. He is transparently honest and honorable."—*J. Nichol.*

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"That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily but involuntarily. Thoughts come into our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Character teaches over our head. The infallible index of true progress is found in the tone the man takes."—*Essay on the Over-Soul.*

"Our culture, therefore, must not admit the arming of the man. Let him hear in season that he is born into the state of war . . . and neither defying nor dreading the thunder, let him take both reputation and life in his hand, and with perfect urbanity dare the gibbet and the mob by the absolute truth of his speech and the rectitude of his behavior."—*Essay on Heroism.*

"We know each other very well,—which of us has been just to himself and whether that which we teach or behold is only an aspiration or is our honest effort also."—*Essay on the Over-Soul.*

8. Optimism.—"His persistent optimism is the root of his greatness and the source of his charm. . . . Strong

as was Emerson's optimism, and unconquerable as was his belief in a good result to emerge from all which he saw going on around him, no misanthropical satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously. . . . Truly, his insight is admirable; his truth is precious. Yet the secret of his effect is not ever in these; it is in his temper. It is in the hopeful, serene, beautiful temper wherewith these, in Emerson, are indissolubly joined; in which they work, and have their being. Never had man such a sense of the inexhaustibleness of nature and such hope. It was the ground of his being; it never failed him. . . . Happiness in labor, righteousness, and veracity; in all the life of spirit; happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. There is no man living to whom, as a writer, so many of us feel and thankfully acknowledge so great an indebtedness for ennobling impulses."—*Matthew Arnold.*

"Emerson's lines are an emancipation proclamation set to music, a resurrection to that immortality and ideality he told his friend Sanborn he held to. He has not written a verse that does not refresh and exhilarate. He never for an instant panders to despondency and to despair."—*C. A. Bartol.*

"To him no individual was ever so low as to have lost his capacity for manhood or to have lost the opportunity of becoming a receptacle of descending truth."—*G. W. Cooke.*

"Emerson declared that truth is mighty and will prevail; he looked serenely at the ugly aspect of contemporary life because, as an optimist, he was a herald of the future. . . . Carlyle, as a pessimist, denounced the present, and threw all the energy of his vivid dramatic genius into vitalizing the past. He [Emerson] declared, even when current events appeared ugliest to the philanthropist, that 'the highest thought and the deepest love is born with Victory on its head.'"—*E. P. Whipple.*

"He looked upon nature as pregnant with soul; for him

the spirit always moved upon the face of the waters. The incomprehensible plan was perfect : whatever is, is right. Thus far he knew, and was an optimist of reverent intent."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"In all he is the optimist rather than the pessimist, the philosopher, not the mere by-stander. Idealism appears to him a lovely thing and of eternal truth. . . . He was an optimist, a serene presence, unexcited because confident of the ultimate result. Though bitterly attacked, he seldom retorted and seldom swerved from his self-confident course."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"He is the champion of the republic ; he is our future living in our present and showing the world, by anticipation, what sort of excellence we are capable of."—*Julian Hawthorne.*

"He fought with the bright battalions. And their allies of the graver faiths have proclaimed that his serenity of optimism invalidated his authority as a practical moral exponent."—*C. J. Woodbury.*

"The greatness of his work consists in the measure of pure genius and of inspiration to noble and heroic conduct which it holds. As a writer he had but one aim, namely, to inspire, to wake up his reader or hearer to the noblest and the highest that there was in him. . . . As a prose writer there is one note in Emerson which we get with the same emphasis and clearness in no other writer. I mean the heroic note, the noble note of manhood rising above the accidents of fortune and the tyranny of circumstances, the inspiration of courage and self-reliance. . . . In Emerson more than in any other there are words that are like banners leading to victory, symbolical, inspiring, rallying, seconding and pointing the way to our best endeavor."—*John Burroughs.*

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"Never mind the ridicule, never mind the defeat : up again, old heart ! . . . there is victory yet for all justice ; and the true romance which the world exists to realize will be the transformation of genius into practical power."—*Essay on Experience*.

"Yet when we have said all our fine things about the arts, we must end with a frank confession that the arts, as we know them, are but initial. . . . He has conceived meanly of the resources of man who believes that the best age of production is past."—*Essay on Art*.

"The intellect, with blazing eye, looking through history, from the beginning onward, gazes on this blot [slavery], and it disappears. The sentiment of Right, once very low and indistinct but ever more articulate because it is the voice of the universe, pronounces Freedom. The power that built this fabric of things affirms it in the heart ; and in the history of the First of August has made a sign to the ages of his will."—*Emancipation Address*.

9. Idealism.—"Emerson was the champion of the Ideal; Carlyle asserted the absolute dominion of fact."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"He began where many poets end, seeking at once the upper air, the region of pure thought and ideality. . . . Emerson was the freest and most ideal of them all, and what came to him by inheritance or prophetic forecast he gave like a victor."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"The consistent idealist, yet realist none the less, he has illustrated the learning and thought of former times on the noblest themes, and has come nearest of any to emancipating the mind of his own time from the dreams of past ages."—*A. Bronson Alcott*.

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"The things we now esteem fixed shall, one by one, detach themselves like fruit from our experience and fall. . . . The soul looketh steadily forward, creating a world always before

her, leaving worlds always behind her. She has no dates nor rites nor persons nor specialties nor men. The soul knows only the soul; all else is idle weeds for her wearing."—*Essay on the Over-Soul*.

"My house stands in low land, with limited outlook, and on the skirt of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river; and with one stroke of the paddle, I leave the village politics and personalities, yes, and the world of villages and personalities behind, and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight, too bright almost for spotted man to enter without novitiate and probation. We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty: we dip our hands in this painted element: our eyes are bathed in these lights and forms."—*Essay on Nature*.

10. Dignity—Gravity—Courtliness.—"That which struck me most, as distinguishing him from most other human beings, is *nobility*. He is a born nobleman."—*Frederika Bremer*.

"There was a majesty about him beyond all other men I have known, and he dwelt, habitually, in that ampler and diviner air to which most of us, if ever, rise but occasionally."—*Lowell*.

"In a time full of personal pretension, his poise of modest dignity rebuked the fantastic and shamed the grovelling. Nobility was in his walk, his word, his every gesture."—*Julia Ward Howe*.

"Emerson had an unpretentious dignity of demeanor, and I felt as if I had always known him."—*Grimm*.

"There are stanzas in Emerson's poems which read like oracles. . . . He announces them with the confident tones of the seer and the prophet. They rank with the loftiest utterances that have ever proceeded from the awakened heart and consciousness and intellect of man."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"Nor does his abruptness ever impede a true urbanity. The accent is homely and the apparel plain, but his bearing has a friendliness, a courtesy, a hospitable humanity, which

goes nearer to our hearts than either literary decoration or rhetorical unction."—*John Morley*.

"The epithet 'sun-accustomed' is applied to Emerson's piercing eye by one, a woman and a poet, who marked the effect of his noble profile. I, too, remember him in this wise and as the most serene of men: one whose repose, whose tranquillity, was not the contentment of an idler housed in worldly comforts, but the token of spiritual adjustment to all the correspondences of life as the bravest and most deferential, the proudest in self-respect, yet recognizing in deep humility the supremacy of universal law."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"The cast of his character was majestic. The order of his mind was majestic. It was morally impossible for him to descend from the high plane of his thought and life to any lower levels; so that when he came to the act of written expression he must present 'high thinking' in high forms and illustrate in every line and page that elevation of spirit and sentiment on which Longinus so insists. . . . If dignity of style is essentially literary, Emerson furnished it beyond measure. . . . His demeanor was marked by a kind of classical decorum—by that lofty 'urbanity' of presence and bearing which subdued all that was unrefined and gave a courtly character to the place and hour."—*T. W. Hunt*.

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"What is so excellent as strict relations of amity when they spring from this deep root? The sufficient reply to the skeptic, who doubts the power and the furniture of man, is in that possibility of joyful intercourse with persons which makes the faith and practice of all reasonable men. I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfactory as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend. It is a happiness which postpones all other gratifications, and makes politics and commerce and churches cheap. For when men shall meet as they ought, each a benefactor, a

shower of stars clothed with thoughts, with deeds, with accomplishments, it should be the festival of nature which all things announce."—*Essay on Character*.

"The entire end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery."—*Essay on Friendship*.

"The farmer's office is precise and important, but you must not try to paint him in rose-color; you cannot make pretty compliments to fate and gravitation, whose minister he is. He represents the necessities. It is the beauty of the great economy of the world that makes his comeliness. He bends to the order of the seasons, the weather, the soils and crops, as the sails of a ship bend to the wind. He represents continuous hard labor, year in, year out, and small gains. He is a slow person, timed to nature and not to city watches. He takes the pace of seasons, plants, and chemistry. Nature never hurries: atom by atom, little by little, she achieves her work."—*Essay on Farming*.

II. Dignified Irony.—"He has subtle and kindly irony. . . . No satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did or exposed them more courageously. When he sees 'the meanness,' as he calls it, of American politics, he congratulates Washington on being 'long already happily dead,' on being 'wrapped in his shroud and forever safe.' . . . With what subtle though kind irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organizations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like,—follows it in all its 'dissidence

of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion !' He loves even to rally the New Englander on his philanthropic activity and to find his beneficence and its institution a bore."—*Matthew Arnold*.

"Even when provocation was great, his satire was so gentle and genial that it warmed even its object."—*C. J. Woodbury*.

"In judging of works of immensely less importance [than Goethe's 'Faust'], which only excited his ridicule, his irony was often delicious."—*E. P. Whipple*.

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"Senators and presidents have climbed so high with pain enough, not because they think the place specially agreeable, but as an apology for real worth and to vindicate their manhood in our eyes. This conspicuous chair is their compensation to themselves for being of a poor, cold, hard nature. They must do what they can."—*Essay on Politics*.

"What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter by giving them the like gratifications another day,—bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, 'We are to have such a good time as the sinners have now;'—or, to push it to its extreme import,—'You sin now, we shall sin by-and-by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful, we expect our revenge to-morrow.' "—*Essay on Compensation*.

"When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful, and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel and say, 'Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to all his native devils.'"—*Essay on Spiritual Laws*.

"The world is filled with the proverbs and acts and winkings of a base prudence, which is a devotion to matter; as if we possessed no other faculties than the palate, the nose, the touch, the eye and ear; a prudence which adores the Rule of Three, which never subscribes, which gives never, which lends seldom, and asks but one question of any project—Will it bake bread? This is a disease like a thickening of the skin until the vital organs are destroyed. But culture, revealing the high origin of the apparent world and aiming at the perfection of the man as the end, degrades everything else, as health and bodily life, into means."
—*Essay on Prudence.*

LOWELL, 1819-1881

Biographical Outline.—James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; father a Congregational minister, and both parents of English descent; in 1827 Lowell enters the school of William Wells, near "Elmwood," as Lowell's home was called; he enters Harvard College as a Freshman in 1834; forms there an intimate friendship with George B. Loring; is only a fair student, but evinces an early love for literature, especially poetry; becomes secretary of the "Hasty Pudding Club," whose records were then kept in verse; is suspended for several months during his Senior year for neglect of studies; passes the interval studying under a tutor at Concord, where he meets Emerson and Thoreau; writes the poem for Class Day in 1838 (a satire on the Abolitionists and the Concord Transcendentalists), but is not allowed to read it because of his suspension, then in effect; it is printed in pamphlet form for the class; Lowell passes his final examinations and takes A.B. with his classmates in June, 1838; first thinks seriously of entering the ministry and then takes up the law; by October, 1838, he is reading Blackstone "with as good a grace and as few wry faces as I may;" he plans a dramatic poem on Cromwell, and regrets "being compelled to say farewell to the muses;" in 1839 he writes, "I am schooling myself and shaping my theory of poetry;" during 1839 he writes verses ("pottery") for the *Boston Post* and for the *Advertiser*; in December, 1839, meets Miss Maria White, who "knows more poetry than anyone I am acquainted with;" receives LL.B. from the Harvard Law School in the summer of 1840; takes up the law more seriously because of

his father's heavy financial losses at that time and because of his engagement to Miss White in the autumn of 1840 ; during 1839-40 he contributes verses to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and to the *Southern Literary Messenger* under his own name and under the pseudonym of "Hugh Percival ;" publishes, early in 1841, a collection of his own poems entitled "A Year's Life," which wins some recognition ; spends the winter of 1842-43 in New York, undergoing treatment by an oculist, and makes valuable acquaintances, including Page, the artist, and Briggs, the "Henry Franca" of the "Fable for Critics ;" during 1841-42 he begins his life-long effort to secure international copyright, and contributes poetry to the *Boston Miscellany*, *Graham's Magazine*, and the *Democratic Review*, receiving from ten to thirty dollars for each poem ; in June, 1843, writes to Loring : "I am more and more assured every day that I shall yet do something that will keep my name (and perhaps my body) alive. My wings were never so strong as now. So hurrah for a niche and a laurel !" publishes his second volume of poems in December, 1843, and resolves to devote himself to literature rather than law ; during 1844 he publishes "Conversations on Some of the Older Poets" (not since republished), and marries Maria White, another poet, in December of that year ; they spend the winter in Philadelphia, where Lowell, doubtless influenced by his wife's strong abolitionist sentiments, becomes a contributor to the *Freeman*, an anti-slavery paper ; he returns to Cambridge in June, 1845 ; in 1846 becomes a regular contributor to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* at a salary of \$500 per annum for a weekly contribution in prose or verse ; continues this connection till the spring of 1850, contributing many of "The Biglow Papers" and his poems on "Garrison," "Freedom," "Eurydice," "The Parting of the Ways," "Beaver Brook," and "The First Snowfall," the latter in memory of his first child, Blanche, who died in March, 1847, aged fifteen months ; during 1848 he collects and publishes the first series

of "The Biglow Papers," publishes "A Fable for Critics" (anonymously), and contributes "Sir Launfal" to the *North American Review*; the entire first edition of "The Biglow Papers" is sold within a week after publication; during the winter of 1849-50 he publishes a collective edition of his poems, entertains Frederika Bremer, and loses his second child, Rose, then three years old, concerning whom he writes "After the Burial" (first published in 1869); sails for Italy in July, 1851, hoping thus to improve his wife's failing health, and selling a part of his patrimony for the expenses of the journey; he severs his connection with the *Anti-Slavery Standard* in April, 1850, saying: "It has never been a matter of dollars and cents between us, for I might have earned much more in other ways. . . . For every poem which has been printed in the *Standard* I could have got four times the money paid me by the committee" [controlling the *Standard*]; loses his only son, then in his second year, at Rome in the spring of 1852, and returns to America in the following autumn; writes little during his first foreign tour, saying, "I have been observing;" contributes, in September, 1853, his "Moosehead Journal" to *Putnam's Magazine*, in which are also published about that time several of Mrs. Lowell's poems; his wife dies in October, 1853, leaving him one child, a daughter; Lowell writes, "I understand now what is meant by 'the waters have gone over me;'" he spends the summer of 1854 at Beverly, Mass.; prepares a series of lectures on the English poets during the autumn, and delivers the same at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, during the following winter, thus winning his spurs as a critic; contributes "Cambridge Twenty Years Ago" to *Putnam's Magazine* in January, 1854, and "Pictures from Appledore" to the *Crayon* for December, 1854; in January, 1855, he is offered the chair of French and Spanish Literature at Harvard ("at a salary that will make me independent"), thus succeeding Ticknor and Longfellow; accepts the Harvard chair on condition of being allowed a year

in Europe for preparation ; lectures in Wisconsin and other central Western States early in the spring of 1855, " going home with \$600 in my pocket ; " publishes "*Invita Minerva*" in the *Crayon* for May, 1855, and sails for Paris in June ; meets Leigh Hunt and Lowell's friend Story, the sculptor, in London, where Thackeray gives a dinner in Lowell's honor at the Garrick Club ; to Germany early in the autumn of 1855, stopping at Bruges, Antwerp, and The Hague, and settling at Dresden to study the German language and literature ; remains at Dresden, " working like a dog—no, a pig," passing a wretched winter, " out of health and out of spirits ; " in March, 1856, he starts for Italy ; visits Bologna, Parma, Verona, Modena, Florence, Naples ; recovers his health and returns to Dresden in June, 1856 ; to Paris in July, and back to America early in the autumn, to take up the duties of his professorship, which he held for seventeen years thereafter ; gives up his home at Elmwood temporarily and goes to reside with his brother-in-law, Dr. Howe, in Cambridge ; gives two courses of lectures each year at Harvard ; in the summer of 1857 marries Miss Frances Dunlap, and in the following autumn becomes editor of the then newly established *Atlantic Monthly* ; lectures in New York City in February, 1857 ; during 1858 writes that he is " working often fifteen hours a day ; " in 1859 begins a correspondence with Thomas Hughes ; returns to Elmwood in the spring of 1861 ; during the same year writes " The Washers of the Shroud," begins the second series of " The Biglow Papers," and resigns the editorship of the *Atlantic* in May, 1861 ; gives up " The Biglow Papers " in June, 1862, saying, " It's no use . . . my brain must lie fallow a while ; " early in 1864 becomes joint editor of the *North American Review* with Professor C. E. Norton ; edits a volume of " Old Dramatists " in August, 1864 ; in July, 1865, writes and reads at the Harvard memorial exercises his " Commemoration Ode"—" so rapt with the fervor of conception as I have not been these ten years ; " but, a little later, is " ashamed at hav-

ing been again tempted into thinking that I could write poetry, a delusion from which I have been tolerably free these dozen years;" continues his studies in German literature in 1865, but chafes at the drudgery of his professorship, saying, "If I can sell some of my land and slip my neck out of this collar again, I shall be a man. . . . My professorship is wearing me out;" concerning his financial receipts from his magazine articles, he writes in December, 1865, "For some years I have had twice fifty dollars for whatever I write and three or four times fifty for a long poem;" becomes a contributor to *The Nation* in 1866, and begins a correspondence with Leslie Stephen; prints his last "Biglow Paper" in the *Atlantic* for May, 1866, and publishes during that year a complete series of "The Biglow Papers" with a long introduction on "Yankeeisms" ("getting \$820 for my last six weeks' work"); writes "The Nightingale in the Study" in 1867, and continues his "annual dissatisfaction" of lecturing at Harvard; in October, 1868, publishes a new volume of old poems entitled "Under the Willows;" during the summer of 1869 writes his long poem "The Cathedral" (published in the *Atlantic* for January, 1870); in the winter of 1870 visits Washington, stopping to lecture at Baltimore; during the summer of 1870 he studies old French metrical romances, averaging twelve hours a day, and writes, "I long to give myself to poetry again before I get so old that I have only strength and no music left;" entertains Thomas Hughes at Elmwood in the autumn; in July, 1871, sells "my birthright [part of the land at Elmwood] for a mess of pottage," and writes to Leslie Stephen, "It will give me about \$5,000 a year, and Mabel [his daughter] about \$400 more;" he retains the Elmwood house with two acres; publishes "Among My Books" in 1870 and "My Study Windows" in 1871; resigns the Harvard professorship in 1872, writing to Miss Norton, "It takes a good while to slough off the effect of seventeen years of pedagogy;" publishes his essay on Dante, and

sails for Europe the third time in 1872 ; lands at Queenstown, and visits Dublin and Chester *en route* to London ; thence to Paris ("picking up books here and there"), where he meets Emerson ; in June, 1873, receives D.C.L. from Oxford and leaves Paris, making a tour of Belgium, Holland, and Germany and reaching Venice in October ; thence to Florence ; at Rome in January and February, 1874, and to Naples in March ; while at Rome writes his "Elysian Argosy" (published in the *Atlantic* for May, 1874) ; back to Paris in May, 1874, and to America in July ; during 1875 publishes in the *Atlantic* his essay on Spenser and his Centennial Ode, "Under the Old Elm," and in book form the second series of "Among My Books," containing the essays on Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats ; lectures again at Harvard, and writes for *The Nation* two poems entitled "The World's Fair, 1876," and "*Tempora Mutantur*," both of which excite some popular condemnation ; he becomes actively interested in political reform in April, 1876, and is made, successively, a delegate to the State and national conventions—the latter at Cincinnati, where Hayes was nominated ; writes his "Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876," read at the Philadelphia Centennial Celebration ; declines repeated popular invitations to run for Congress, is made a Presidential elector, and continues lecturing at Harvard in the autumn of 1876 ; visits Washington in February, 1877, stopping at Baltimore to give a course of lectures at Johns Hopkins University ; is offered by President Hayes the embassy to Austria and afterward that to Germany, but declines both ; in June, 1877, is appointed Minister to Spain and sails thither in July, visiting Paris and London *en route* and reaching Madrid in August ; finds his ministerial duties unexpectedly heavy, and suffers from the gout (as he had suffered for years) ; visits Seville, Cordova, and Granada during the winter of 1877-78 ; in the spring of 1878 makes a two months' tour through Southern France, Italy, and Greece, returning to Madrid in July ; entertains

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General Grant there in October; on January 19, 1870, receives his appointment as Minister to England, and accepts on condition of a two months' interim; in the autumn of 1881 he makes another tour through Germany and Italy, as far as Rome, returning to London in January, 1882; during 1884 he is elected Lord Rector of St. Andrew's, and receives a doctor's degree from the University of Edinburgh and LL.D. from Harvard; delivers his address on "Democracy" at Birmingham in October, 1884, and makes several other public addresses in England, about this time, winning great popularity there; he incurs the hostility of Irish-American politicians by certain official action during 1884; during 1885 he loses his second wife in London, and is recalled by President Cleveland, reaching America in June; unable to bear the associations at Elmwood, he settles at Southborough, Mass., with his daughter and her family; publishes "Democracy and other Addresses" in 1886, and revisits London during the summer; receives great public honors, visits Gladstone, and returns in the autumn; in November, 1886, delivers an address on the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard; in 1887 is receiving \$2,000 a year from his general copyrights; spends the summer of 1887 in England; during 1888 re-edits and publishes his poems, attends the anniversary of the University of Bologna as Harvard's representative, and spends the summer in England, at Whitby; is at Whitby again in 1889, returning to America in October and settling with his daughter at his old Elmwood home; is severely ill during the spring of 1890; dies at Elmwood August 12, 1891.

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- Good Words*, 28: 521-527 (F. H. Underwood).
- Review of Reviews*, 4: 287-291 (J. F. Jamieson) and 291-294 (C. F. Winchester) and 294-296 (R. D. Jones) and 296-310 (W. T. Stead).
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- Gentleman's Magazine*, 15: 464-487 (Haweis).

PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

I. Culture—Allusiveness.—If Spenser is "the poet's poet," Lowell is certainly the poet of the man of culture. While he is generally intelligible to the ordinary reader, his pages abound in allusions and evidences of erudition that delight the more cultivated classes. The pleasure felt on recognizing the force of some allusion, perhaps hidden from the ordinary mind, is doubtless akin to that felt at guessing a conundrum or at being recognized in company by some eminent personage.

"He was a scholar in the best sense of the word, possessing a thorough knowledge of English literature and critically con-

versant with other literature as well—the classics of Greece and Rome and the classics of Spain and Italy, France and Germany. A scholar, not a pedant, he mastered his learning, and it profited him in the large horizons which it disclosed to his spiritual vision and in the felicity and dignity which it imparted to his style. Gentleman and scholar in all that he wrote, there is that in his writing which declares a greater intellect than it reveals.”—*R. H. Stoddard.*

“The best things in all tongues naturally gravitated to him ; and it was difficult for any but the most curiously learned to say whether he seemed more at home with the philosophic authors of Germany, the great poet of Italy, the immortal romancer of Spain, the brilliant wit and classic finish of the French, or with the long line of poets, chroniclers, and thinkers of our old home. . . . There is nothing in Lowell’s odes obscure to a well-trained mind ; but, unfortunately, all minds are not so trained as to dissolve his thought from out the richly incrustated diction. So it remains that the stronger poems of Lowell are beyond the comprehension of all but cultivated readers. . . . Lowell’s prose is like cloth of gold—too splendid and too cumbrous for every-day wear.”—*F. H. Underwood.*

“He is not a writer for dullards, and to read him enjoyably is a point in evidence of a liberal education. . . . A pedant quotes for the sake of a display of his learning ; Lowell, because he has mastered every thing connected with his theme. . . . He is not only a man of letters but a fine exemplar of culture, and of culture so generous as to be thought supra-American by those observers who, while pronouncing him a citizen of the world, are careful to exclude this country from his range. . . . The fine thing about Lowell was his plentiful and original genius. This was so rich that he never was compelled, like many writers, to hoard his thoughts or be miserly with his bright sayings. When warmed by companionship and in talk he gave full play to this spontaneity, and

said enough witty and epigrammatic and poetic things to set up a dozen small talkers or writers."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"It was a pleasure to feel that he was accomplished up to the hilt. Those who didn't like him pronounced him too accomplished, too omniscient."—*Henry James*.

"One whom studious search through varied lore has taught
The streams, the rills, the fountain-heads of thought."

—*O. W. Holmes*.

"Lowell's poetry has simply gone on perfecting itself in form and finish till now he is as complete a specimen of 'a literary man's poet'—of the consummate artist in expression—as it would be easy to find in a summer day's hunt through a well-filled library." "Around the stormy topics of war, slavery, and politics plays an incessant summer lightning of literary, antiquarian, and instructive social and domestic twitter."—*H. R. Haweis*.

"He was not merely a professional literary man, but one to whom self-improvement was a sacred calling and who assigned to culture that same unique place in humanity's achievements as did that engaging mediæval blue-stocking, Roswit of Gandersheim, when she declared, '*Homo animal capax disciplinæ*.' I would give Lowell his high rank in American culture perhaps for no other reason more than because he was both learned and liberal in scholarship. He held the firm middle ground between the unbalanced æsthete and the statistical grammarian, who dwells among the very dry bones of dead literature."—*James I. Hatfield*.

At the time of Lowell's death a writer in the *London Times* declared: "With him there passes away one of the very few Americans who were the equals of any son of the Old World—of any Frenchman or any Englishman—in that indefinable mixture of qualities which we sum up, for want of a better word, under the name of culture. . . . Whenever official

business was not too heavy, he invariably read for a minimum of four hours a day. This did not include the time that he gave to ephemeral literature; it was the time that he spent in the serious reading of books, generally old books."

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"As he shrank away after the last thaw, he built for himself the most exquisite caverns of ice to run through, if not 'measureless to man' like those of Alph, the sacred river, yet perhaps more pleasing for their narrowness than for their grandeur. What a cunning silver-smith is frost! The rarest workmanship of Delhi or Genoa copies him but clumsily, as if the fingers of all other artists were thumbs. Fernwork and lacework and filagree in endless variety, and under it all the water tinkles like a distant guitar, or drums like a tambourine, or gurgles like the Tokay of an anchorite's dream. Beyond doubt there is a fairy procession marching along those frail arcades and translucent corridors."—*A Good Word for Winter.*

"Credulity, as a mental and moral phenomenon, manifests itself in widely different ways, according as it chances to be the daughter of fancy or terror. The one lies warm about the heart as Folk-lore, fills moonlight dells with dancing fairies, sets out a meal for the Brownie, hears the tinkle of airy bridle-bells as Tamlane rides away with the Queen of Dreams, changes Pluto and Proserpine into Oberon and Titania, and makes friends with unseen powers as Good Folk."—*Essay on Witchcraft.*

"I had seen many lakes, ranging from that of Virgil's Cumean to that of Scott's Caledonian Lady; but Moosehead, within two days of me, had never enjoyed the profit of being mirrored in my retina. At the sound of the name, no reminiscential atoms (according to Kenelm Digby's Theory of Association—as good as any) stirred and marshalled themselves in my brain."—*Moosehead Journal.*

"I say nothing of such matters as the *montagna bruna* on which Ulysses was wrecked. . . . Faustus, Don Juan and Tannhäuser are the last ghosts of Legend that linger almost until the Gallic cockcrow of universal enlightenment and disillusion."—*Leaves from My Journal.*

2. Independence — Manliness — Vigor.—From the beginning to the end of his career, Lowell exemplified by contrast the force of his own stirring lines,

“ They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.”

“ He never feared and never shirked the obligation to be positive. . . . When he felt at all he felt altogether—was always on the same side as his likings and loyalties. He had no experimental sympathies, and no part of him was traitor to the rest. . . . If he was an admirable man of letters, there should be no want of emphasis on the first term of the title. He was indeed in literature a man essentially masculine, upright, downright.”—*Henry James*.

“ The singer who was willing to sacrifice so much for the sake of anti-slavery and unpopular religious movements and to write a whole series of poems, with his utmost force, against a popular war, is certainly not amenable to the charge of weakness.”—*C. F. Richardson*.

“ In Lowell’s verse there was something of Wordsworth’s simplicity, something of Tennyson’s sweetness and musical flow, and something more of the manly earnestness of the Elizabethan poets.”—*F. H. Underwood*.

“ A poet, he was more than a poet ; a critic, he was more than a critic ; a thinker, he was more than a thinker ; from beginning to end he was a man—a man in every fibre and every feeling, right-minded, clear-minded, strong-minded, honest, honorable, courageous, and resolute.”—*R. H. Stoddard*.

“ If there is a clew that may be used, it is to be sought in his individuality, in the fact that his ten talents have somehow been melted and fused into one and that the greatest—the talent of being a man first and everything else afterward.”—*G. E. Woodberry*.

“ As he allowed no church or sect to dictate his religious

views or control his daily conduct, so he permitted no party to direct his political action. He was a Whig, an abolitionist, a Republican, a Democrat, according to his conception of the public exigency."—*George William Curtis.*

"Lowell was himself alone, wearing his academic garb, yet hasting to throw aside his crook at the sound of the trumpet."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"His taste for experiment and imitation did not for a moment lead him to intellectual servility. If he sometimes played on other men's instruments, he played his own tune. It was the tune which he had heard in the Atlantic breezes as they swept through the trees round the old home at Elmwood. . . . His whole life shows that he had, and had in overflowing abundance, what most Americans lack—moral courage, the high-bred courage to defy that voice of the people which is not yet the voice of God. . . . In courage, in truthfulness, in everything, he was the type of the Puritan idea in its most bracing expression. . . . His courage, his honesty, his proud, uncompromising independence were all his own, but Puritanism fostered them."—*Sidney Low.*

"No one of our poets shows a richer or wider range of thought than Mr. Lowell; no one a greater variety of expression in verse. But whatever form his Muse may select, it is the *individuality* of an intellect rather than that of a literary artist which she represents."—*Bayard Taylor.*

"Lowell is indeed one of the most exquisite prose writers of the century, the master of a style which, while it is flexible to all the demands of statement, description, reflection, epigram, and narrative, is strongly individualized and suggests no model on which it is formed."—*E. P. Whipple.*

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"I am not, I think, specially thin-skinned as to other people's opinions of myself, having, as I conceive, later and fuller intelligence on that point than anybody else can give me. . . . Whoever at fifty does not rate himself quite as low as most of his acquaintance would be likely to put him, must be either a fool or a great man, and I humbly disclaim being either."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

"It may be coarse, earthy, but in reading it ['Gammer Gurton's Needle'] one feels that he is at least a man among men and not a humbug among humbugs."—*Essay on Spenser.*

"Is it not the highest art of a Republic to make men of flesh and blood and not the marble ideals of such? It may be fairly doubted whether we have produced this higher type of man yet. Perhaps it is the collective, not the individual, humanity that is to have a chance of nobler development among us. . . . In some places, we have arrived at a point at which civil society is no longer possible, and already another reaction has begun, not backwards to the old system, but toward fitness either from natural aptitude or special training."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

3. Sectionalism—Nationalism.—Quite as much as Whittier, though in another way, Lowell proclaims himself a son of New England and of America. He gloried in being an American. It has been justly said of him that "he did more than any other man to command respect for our institutions" in the minds of all Europeans. During his later years Lowell was charged by that class of pseudo-statesmen against whom he had directed some of his keenest darts with being un-American. Never was a more baseless slander uttered. In a recently published letter addressed to his friend, Joel Benton, and bearing date of January, 1876, Lowell indignantly exclaims: "These fellows have no notion of what love of country means. It is in my very blood and bones. If I am not an American, who ever was? I am no pessimist, nor

ever was. . . . What fills me with doubt and dismay is the degradation of the moral tone. Is it, or is it not, a result of Democracy? Is ours a government of the people, by the people, for the people, or a Kakistocracy rather, for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools? Democracy is, after all, nothing more than an experiment, like another; and I know only one way of judging it—by its results. Democracy in itself is no more sacred than monarchy. It is man who is sacred. . . . It is honor, justice, culture that make liberty invaluable. . . . Forgive me for this long letter of justification, which I am willing to write for your friendly eye, though I should scorn to make any public defence. Let the tenor of my life and writings defend me."

"Lowell was an intense New Englander. There is no finer figure of the higher Puritan type. The New England soil, from which he sprang, was precious to him. The New England legend, the New England language, New England character and achievement, were all his delight and familiar study. . . . Burns did not give to the Scottish tongue a nobler immortality than Lowell gave to the dialect of New England. . . . Literature was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress."—*George William Curtis.*

"His America was a country worth hearing about, a magnificent conception, an admirably consistent and lovable object of allegiance. If the sign that in Europe one knew him best by was his intense national consciousness, one felt that this consciousness could not sit lightly on a man in whom it was the strongest form of piety. . . . Above all, it was a particular allegiance to New England. . . . New England was heroic, for he felt in his pulses the whole history of her *origines*."—*Henry James.*

"Lowell will chiefly be remembered as poet because of his New England heart and voice—his idyls of the Junes and

Decembers of Massachusetts and his verse of anti-slavery and patriotism."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"He is an American of the Americans, alive to the idea and movement of the whole country, singularly independent in his tests of its men and products—from whatever section or in however unpromising a form they chance to appear. . . . He seems to represent New England more variously than either of his comrades. We find in his work, as in theirs, her loyalty and moral purpose. She has been at cost for his training, and he in turn has read her heart, honoring her as a mother before the world and seeing beauty in her common garb and speech. . . . To him the Eastern States are what the fathers, as he has said, desired to found—no new Jerusalem but a New England and, if it might be, a better one. His poetry has the strength, the tenderness, and the defects of the down-East temper."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"The elementary fact about Lowell, which stands at the threshold of every discussion of his works, is that he was born and bred a New Englander. It is a fact which he himself does not permit his readers to forget. In his prose and in his verse he goes back to it again and again. Literature will know him longest, not as the critic nor as the writer of elegies, lyrics, and odes, but as the poet who gave literary form and value to the indigenous humour, rhetoric, and satire of the farmers of New England."—*Sidney Low.*

"If there was one quality more than another that summed up Lowell's characteristics, it was his Americanism. . . . Longfellow and Bryant are essentially English, modified slightly by their American environment."—*G. E. Woodberry.*

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"Above all, we beg them to remember that America is not to us, as to them, a mere object of external interest to be discussed and analyzed, but in us, part of our very marrow. . . . I know one person who is singular enough to think Cambridge the very

best spot on the habitable globe. Doubtless God *could* have made a better, but doubtless he never did."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

"America he informed me, was without arts, science, literature, culture, or any native hope of supplying them. We were a people wholly given to money-getting and who, having got it, knew no better use for it than to hold it fast. I am fain to confess that I felt a sensible itching of the biceps, and that my fingers closed with such a grip as he had just informed me was one of the effects of our unhappy climate. . . . That young man will never know how near he came to being assaulted by a respectable gentleman of middle age at the corner of Church Street. . . . Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. By jove, you know, fellows don't fight like that for a shop-till! No, I rather think not. To Americans, America is something more than a promise and an expectation. . . . There was never a colony save this that went forth, not to seek Gold but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these as from some burly beggar who came over with *Wilhelmus Conquestor*?"—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

4. **Appreciation of Nature.**—"The charm of Lowell's out-door verse lies in its spontaneity; he loves nature with a child-like joy, her boon companion, finding even in her illusions welcome and relief—just as one gives himself up to a story or a play, and will not be a doubter. Here he never ages, and he beguiles you and me to share his joy. It does me good to see a poet who knows a bird or a flower as one friend knows another, yet loves it for itself alone. . . . He has the pioneer heart, to whom a homestead farm is dear and familiar, and native woods and waters are an intoxication. . . . There is little of the ocean in his verse; the sea-breeze brings fewer messages to him than to Longfellow and Whittier. His sense of inland nature is all the more alert—

for him the sweet security of meadow paths and orchard closes. What Lowell loves most in nature are the trees and their winged inhabitants and the flowers that grow untended."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"He is the poet who can stoop to read
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;
Whom June's warm breath with child-like rapture fills,
Whose spirit 'dances with the daffodils.'"
—*O. W. Holmes.*

"How Nature mourns thee in the still retreat
Where passed in peace thy love-enchanted hours!
Where shall she find an eye like thine to greet
Spring's earliest foot-prints on her opening flowers?
Have the pale wayside weeds no fond regret
For him who read the secrets they unfold?
Shall the proud spangles of the field forget
The verse that lent new glory to their gold?"
—*O. W. Holmes.*

"In a considerable portion of his nature-verse he accepts the Wordsworthian doctrine, and goes to the fields as an escape from books, lays thought down like a burden, and plays 'tis holiday with him; and in coming back to the study, seems to make an unwelcome return to himself. . . . In the poem in which he describes his day under the willows, Mr. Lowell reveals in most phases the feeling habitual to his mind of the sense of nature as a refuge, of the strength of associations with a familiar landscape, and, in a word, shows the attribute of the poet who is also a man of thought toward nature and human nature met face to face."—*G. E. Woodberry.*

"When out for a walk nothing escaped him—not the plumage of a bird, the leafage of a tree, the color of a blossom, nor a trait upon a human countenance. He knew almost

every bird by its note, its color, and its flight. He knew where flowers grew and when they should appear. All this knowledge might have been possessed by a person with little sentiment; but it was with the eyes of love that Lowell looked upon the world."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"There is something of seasonable nature in every verse—the freshness of the spirit sociable with earth and sky and stream. . . . What could be more strangely sweet than the little poem 'Phoebe' in 'Heartsease and Rue'—a reminiscence of the saddest of all bird-notes caught in the dimmest of wakeful dawns?"—*Henry James.*

"I regret that I cannot dwell at greater length upon the lighter tones of sweet feeling that come streaming in from his 'Garden Acquaintance'—like the song of birds in spring. The bobolink and the oriole, the song-sparrow and the cat-bird, besides the many birds with which we are familiar in England—are all his friends, and he is their protector."—*H. R. Haweis.*

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"If they [the birds] will not come near enough to me (as most of them will), I bring them close with an opera glass,—a much better weapon than a gun. I would not, if I could, convert them from their pretty pagan ways. The only one I sometimes have savage doubts about is the red squirrel. . . . He steals the corn from under the noses of my poultry. But what would you have? He will come down upon the limb of a tree I am lying under till he is within a yard of me. He and his mate will scurry up and down the great black walnut for my diversion, chattering like monkeys. Can I sign his death warrant who has tolerated me about his grounds so long? Not I. Let them steal, and welcome. I am sure I should, had I the same bringing up and the same temptation. As for the birds, I do not believe there is one of them but does more good than harm; and of how many featherless bipeds can this be said?"—*My Garden Acquaintance.*

"So far as he himself can shape his course, it [Walton's brook] leads us under the shadow of honey-suckle hedges, or along the rushy banks of silence-loving streams, or through the cloistral hush of cathedral closes, or where the shadow of the village church-tower creeps round its dial of green graves below, or to the company of godly and thoughtful men."—*Essay on Walton*.

"The Pewee is the first bird to pipe up in the morning; he saddens with the season, and as summer declines, he changes his note to che pewee! as if in lamentation. He is so familiar as often to pursue a fly through the open window into my library. There is something inexpressibly dear to me in these old friendships of a lifetime. There is scarce a tree of mine but has had, at some time or other, a happy homestead among its boughs."—*My Garden Acquaintance*.

5. High Moral Purpose—Religious Instinct.—

Although Lowell often ridiculed and always rebelled against the narrow "orthodoxy" in the midst of which he was reared, his poems prove him to be possessed of a profound religious instinct. Says one critic: "Hope and faith are his heart's pillars—hope for man, faith in truth, love, right. A loving spirit flows from his soul into his poetry. The woes and wonderings of humanity are touched with exquisite tenderness."

"Lowell's voice was ever for independence, human rights, the dignity of labor."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"That justice and law and righteousness are things for which any man with an immortal soul in him would willingly die—these formed the stock of axioms with which the son of the Massachusetts minister started in life. . . . There is hardly anything which Lowell wrote that is not calculated and intended to awaken worthy ambition, generous effort, and an earnest appreciation of purity, nobility and truth, whether in literature or life. . . . It is pleasant in his last poems to note how the generous enthusiasm for progress, the faith in an ideal, which were the legacies of his early

training, remained, through all the bitterness of controversy and after the militant scorn for the mean and unworthy had died down into a placid tolerance."—*Sidney Low*.

"He is the poet of pluck and action and purpose, of the gayety and liberty of virtue. . . . His poetical performance might sometimes, no doubt, be more intensely lyrical, but it is hard to see how it could be more intensely moral—I mean, of course, in the widest sense of the term. His play is as good as a game in the open air; but when he is serious, he is as serious as Wordsworth and much more compact."—*Henry James*.

"Mr. Lowell was a Puritan by heredity, and the moral fervor of the men of the Mayflower was wrought into the inmost fibre of his being. But his Puritanism was a living force applied to the living issues of the day. . . . Mr. Lowell has been, and long will be, the most potent preacher of the living Christ that this century has produced. . . . The real abiding power which dwelt in him when he was 'greatly and suddenly inspired' lies in those poems where he reveals the Christ still wandering among men, seeking to help and to save."—*W. T. Stead*.

"Never did a man trust himself more unreservedly to the guidance of a blazing principle—never did 'principle' bring a man through more triumphantly. . . . The deep religious instinct, emancipated from all forms, but vibrating with the fitful uncertainty of an æolian harp to 'the wind which bloweth where it listeth,' this is the first thing in Lowell's mind, as it is the second in Longfellow's and the third in Bryant's."—*H. R. Haweis*.

"At the root of this personality lay a deep moral earnestness. Mr. Lowell was of Puritan descent; and though the training of three generations had refined all Puritan acerbity and narrowness out of him, yet the aggressive moral temper of the Puritan was still in his blood. . . . His own ideals were rather moral than merely literary; and all his best writ-

ing, in poetry, at all events, has a distinct ethical motive."
—*C. T. Winchester.*

"The obvious characteristic of the poems is their high religious spirit. It is not a mild and passive morality that we perceive, but the aggressive force of primitive Christianity. . . . Though the physical aspect of evolution had engaged his attention, as it has that of all intellectual men, and had commanded perhaps a startled and dubious assent, yet his strong spiritual nature recoiled in horror from the materialistic application of the doctrine to the origin of things. Force could never be to him the equivalent of spirit, nor law the substitute of God. In conversation once upon the 'promise and potency' phrases of Tyndall, he exclaimed with energy, 'Let whoever will believe that the idea of Hamlet or Lear was developed from a clod; I will not.'"—*F. H. Underwood.*

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"Traditions? Granting that we did not have any, all that is worth having in them is the common property of the soul—an estate in gavel-kind for all the sons of Adam—and, moreover, if a man cannot stand on his two feet, were it not better for him to be honest about it at once and go down on all-fours?"—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

"During the great storm of two winters ago, the most robust periwig-pated fellow of late years, I waded and floundered a couple of miles through the whispering night, and brought home that feeling of expansion we have after being in good company. 'Great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend: for He saith to the snow, Be thou on the earth.' . . . There is nothing in the original of that fair snow's tender flakes, but neither Pope nor Cowper could get out of their heads the Psalmist's tender phrase: 'He giveth his snow like wool!'"—*A Good Word for Winter.*

"I am something of a protestant in matters of government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham.

Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment, and that is the debt of the Maker of this universe to the universe He has made. I have no notion of selling out my shares in a panic."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

6. Humor.—Brilliant Satire.—"Here [in 'The Biglow Papers'] was now seen that maturity of genius, of which Humor is a flower, revealing the sound, kind man within the poet. . . . The jesting is far removed from that clownish gabble which, if it still increases, will shortly add another to the list of offences that make killing no murder."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"No speech, no plea, no appeal was comparable in popular and permanent effect with this pitiless tempest of fire and hail ['The Biglow Papers'], in the form of wit, argument, satire, knowledge, insight, learning, common-sense, and patriotism. It was humor of the purest strain, but humor in deadly earnest. In its course, as in that of a cyclone, it swept all before it—the press, the Church, criticism, scholarship—and it bore resistlessly down upon the Mexican War, the pleas for slavery, the Congressional debates."—*George William Curtis.*

"While it is just open to argument whether Mr. Lowell is an actual or an adopted son of the Muses, he is unquestionably a born humorist. He possesses a humour of thought which is at once broad and subtle; his humour of expression is his American birthright."—*H. D. Traill.*

"We have before referred to the peculiar dualism of Lowell's mind; a strong current of reason running parallel with a creative imagination. We might think one of his ink-stands filled by the spirit of Fun while the other was under the care of the sedatest of the Muses."—*F. H. Underwood.*

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"There is something touching in the constancy with which men attend free lectures and in the honest patience with which they listen to them. He who pays may yawn or shift testily in his seat, or even go out with an awful reverberation of criticism, for he has bought the right to do any or all of these and paid for it. But gratuitous hearers are anæsthetized to suffering by a sense of virtue."—*A Good Word for Winter*.

"Just so many misdirected letters every year and no more! Would it were as easy to reckon up the number of men on whose backs fate has written the wrong address, so that they arrive by mistake in congress and other places where they do not belong! May not these wanderers of whom I speak have been sent into the world without any proper address at all? Where is our dead-letter office for such? And if wiser social arrangements should furnish us with something of the sort, fancy (horrible thought!) how many a workingman's friend (a kind of industry in which the labor is light and the wages heavy) would be sent thither because not called for in the office where at present he lies."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*.

"Even poor old Dennis himself had arrived at a kind of muddled notion that artifice was not precisely art, that there were depths in human nature which the most perfectly manufactured line of five feet could not sound."—*Essay on Pope*.

"The air, after all, is only an infinitely thinner kind of water, such as I suppose we shall have to drink when the state does her whole duty as a moral reformer."—*A Good Word for Winter*.

7. Wit.—"Wit was as natural to him as breathing, and when the mood was on he could no more avoid seeing and signalling puns than an inebriate could help seeing double. But the wit and the puns were not the end and aim of his talk. . . . Viewing Lowell as a poet, his mind seems to have two independent functions: in serious verse he might be weighty, incisive, imaginative, or tender; but when he is *Hosea* he revels in ludicrous images, droll conceits, and quaint

terms of expression. In his serious moments a poetical image, as in Wordsworth's line:

' Floats double, swan and shadow ; '

while in the humorous half of his existence the vision of the stately swan above is attended by the shadow of a mirth-provoking gander below. The reflection is a jocose similitude—not a disenchanting parody of sentiment, but a comic twist of it—giving the lively shock of the unexpected, which is wit. . . . It must be repeated by way of emphasis, that from the first fly-leaf to the colophon, this ['The Biglow Papers'] is the only complete and perfect piece of grotesque comedy in existence. . . . It ['A Fable for Critics'] is the wittiest of literary satires and the most faithful of caricatures. . . . It is the gay humor of a youth in the freedom of an anonymous pasquinade—revelling in puns, clashing unexpected and all but impossible rhymes like cymbals, tossing off grotesque epithets and comparisons, and going at a break-neck canter, like a race-horse let loose. . . . No other poem of the kind equals it in the two aspects of vivid genius and riotous fun. . . . It is as full of puns as a pudding of plums. The good ones are the best of their kind, strung together like beads, and the bad ones are so 'atrocious' as to be quite as amusing."—*F. H. Underwood*.

"There is no historic circle of wits and scholars to which Lowell's abundance would not have contributed a golden drop and his wit a glittering repartee. . . . It is so finely compact of illustration, of thought and learning, of wit and fancy and permeating humor, that his prose page sparkles and sways like a phosphorescent sea."—*George William Curtis*.

"James Russell Lowell is a wit and a genius; wit sparkles through whole essays and long poems, and in the best part of 'A Fable for Critics' or 'The Biglow Papers' it fairly proves that it *is* genius."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"Mr. Lowell's wit is as omnipresent and as tireless as electricity itself. He himself says of Carlyle that he saw history by flashes of lightning. It would be equally true to say of Mr. Lowell that he reads literature by flashes of wit. The effect is quite indescribable. A quivering phosphorescent sheen plays everywhere over the pages and sets them in a tremulous illumination that never permits the attention of the reader to sleep. . . . No other equal amount of literature can be produced that will yield to a competent assay a larger net result of pure wit."—*W. C. Wilkinson.*

"Nature to the poet's power bestowed,
A genial humor and a trenchant wit,
That now like mild heat-lightning gleamed and glowed,
Now with a sudden flash life's centre hit."

—*W. W. Story.*

"Fortunately for him and for his friends he was one of the most whimsical, one of the wittiest of human beings."—*Henry James.*

"He paints at one time with a dab of color, at another he etches elaborately—but always with the same firmness and certainty of touch and always equally deliberate—there is nothing of the greased lightning about his wit: it never plays about his subject, it always riddles it through and through."—*H. R. Haweis.*

"Not halting statesmen and not dons outdone,
Taught us to love this lord of sense and fun;
Nor did it come to us as a surprise
To find a Yankee virtuous as wise.
No, *Holmes*, sweet *Holmes*! Our pride it nothing shames
To own us conquered by your truthful James,
His 'sword and spear' in truth were cause of it,
The sword of eloquence, the spear of wit."

—*E. E. Brown in London Punch.*

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"Everybody had a mission (with a capital M) to attend to everybody else's business. . . . Not a few impecunious zealots abjured the use of money (unless earned by other people), professing to live on the internal revenues of the spirit. Some had assurance of instant millennium so soon as hooks and eyes should be substituted for buttons. Communities were established where everything was to be common but common-sense. . . . All stood ready at a moment's notice to reform everything but themselves."—*Essay on Thoreau*.

"The finback whale recorded above has much the look of a brown paper parcel—the whitish stripes that run across him answering for the pack-thread. He has a kind of accidental hole in the top of his head, through which he *pooh-poohs* the rest of creation, and which looks as if it had been made by the chance thrust of a chestnut rail."—*Leaves from My Journal*.

"We have the documents in fac-simile, signed and sealed by Lucifer, Beelzebub, Satan, Elimi, Leviathan, and Astaroth, duly witnessed by Baalberith, Sec'y of the Grand Council of Demons. Fancy the competition such a state paper would arouse at a sale of autographs. Commonly no security seems to have been given by the other party to these arrangements but the bare word of the Devil, which was considered, no doubt, every whit as good as his bond."—*Essay on Witchcraft*.

"Well do I recall the sorrows of my youth, when I was shipped in search of knowledge on the long Johnsonian swell of the last century, favorable to anything but the calm digestion of historic truth. I had even then an uneasy suspicion, which was ripened into certainty, that thoughts were never draped in long skirts like babies if they were strong enough to go alone."—*Essay on Milton*.

8. Didacticism.—In his "Fable for Critics," Lowell says justly of himself:

"There's Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme;

The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching."

"The primary quality of Lowell's intellect, so far as one is able to understand it from an examination of his literary work as a whole, was not so much that of the poet or the critic or the essayist as the preacher. This was his vocation—the task for which he had a 'call;' and he felt it so himself, and knew, as men do in such cases, that it was at once the source of his weakness and his strength. . . . It is perfectly true that Lowell's ascent of the Parnassian steep was somewhat seriously impeded by the Republicanism, Neo-Calvinism, Old Liberalism, Humanitarianism, Meliorism, and the rest of the formidable spiritual baggage which he had to haul behind him. . . . The preacher in him, during at least the earlier and more characteristic period of his work, was more than the scholar, more than the critic or the poet. . . . Much of Lowell's teaching is like Carlyle's, a discourse on the text—'Work while you have the light.'"—*Sidney Low*.

"The work of public instruction is not so manifest nor so much needed in Lowell's critical writings, but the result is still that sought by the literary teacher, and Lowell's methods are consciously didactic, though not always apparently so."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"Lowell's 'progressive' verse often was fuller of opinion than beauty, of eloquence than passion. . . . When called upon, as he supposed, to make a choice between Taste and his conception of Duty, Taste sometimes went to the wall. . . . The thought, the purpose—these are the main ends with Lowell, though prose or metre suffer for it. . . . His doctrines and reflections, in the midst of an ethereal distillation, at times act like the single drop of prose which, as he reports a saying of Landor to Wordsworth, precipitates the whole. . . . If Whittier and Lowell, like the Lake

Poets before them, became didactic through moral earnestness, it none the less aided to inspire them. Their verse advanced a great cause and, as the years went by, grew in quality—perhaps as surely as that of poets who, in youth, reject all but artistic considerations.”—*E. C. Stedman*.

“Song, satire, and parable—more and more as he lives and ponders and pours forth—are all so many pulpit illustrations or platform pleas.”—*H. R. Haweis*.

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“There are certain defects of taste which correct themselves by their own extravagance. Language, I suspect, is more apt to be reformed by the charm of some master of it, like Milton, than by any amount of precept. The influence of second-rate writers for evil is at best ephemeral; for true style, the joint result of culture and natural aptitude, is always in fashion, as fine manners always are, in whatever clothes.”—*Essay on Pope*.

“But a classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form that consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new, and incapable of growing old.”—*Essay on Spenser*.

“The poet with a real eye in his head does not give us everything but only the best of everything. He selects, he combines, or else gives what is characteristic only; while the false style of which I have been speaking seems to be as glad to get a pack of impertinences on its shoulders as Christian in the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress’ was to be rid of his. One strong verse that can hold itself upright with the bare help of the substantive and verb is worth acres of this dead cord-wood piled stick on stick, a boundless continuity of dryness.”—*Essay on Spenser*.

9. Philanthropy — Faith in Human Nature.—

“With all the faith he had in his own people of the past, he looked forward to the new race which is yet forming in our

womb, and nowhere in our literature is there more direct expression of the national faith in mere manhood than in a few great lines of these patriotic poems, or, more soberly and explicitly, in the essay upon Democracy."—*G. E. Woodberry.*

"There was another phase of Lowell's teaching which was not less helpful, and that was his inexhaustible faith in the inextinguishable 'spark of God' in the human heart. . . . He ever sees

'Beneath the foulest faces lurking
One God-built shrine of reverence and love.' "

—*W. T. Stead.*

"Man is the great object of Lowell's song, because the world must be advanced to attain the full stature of greatness. . . . His ethical code is healthful and refreshing; he analyses human nature with all the magical power, if also with the tenderness, of the skilfullest of soul-physicians. . . . He is the best of metaphysicians, because his conclusions are based, not upon theory, but upon the heart-throbs of that humanity whose soul he endeavors to pierce."—*G. B. Smith.*

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"At first sight nothing seemed more drolly trivial than the lives of those whose single achievement is to record the wind and the temperature three times a day. Yet such men are doubtless sent into the world for this special end, and perhaps there is no kind of accurate observation, whatever its object, that has not its final use and value for some one or other. . . . I protect my game as jealously as an English squire. If anybody had oölogized a certain cuckoo's nest I know of (I have a pair in my garden every year) it would have left me a sore place in my mind for weeks. I love to bring these aborigines back to the mansuetude they showed to the early voyagers and before they had grown accustomed to man and knew his savage ways."—*My Garden Acquaintance.*

"Dryden, like Lessing, was a hack-writer, and was proud, as

an honest man has a right to be, of being able to get his bread by his brains. He lived in Gent Street all his life and never dreamed that where a man of genius lived was not the best part of town."—*Essay on Dryden*.

10. Rare but Deep Pathos.—"While this quality appears most frequently in Lowell's poetry, the sombre patches in his prose are as fine as they are rare. The deep pathos in some of Mr. Lowell's poems is as striking as any of his other qualities. . . . It may be a bold thing to say, but it seems to us that the pathetic and unadorned simplicity of this poem ['The Changeling'] has never been surpassed by any English writer."—*G. B. Smith*.

"If the test of poetry be in its power over hearts, the truth is this series ['The Biglow Papers'] must be placed in the highest rank. The beginning is quaint, simple, and even humorous, but with a subdued tone; there is no intimation of the coming pathos; nor are we conscious of the slow steps by which we are led, stanza by stanza, to the heights where thought and feeling become one. . . . Lowell had lost three nephews and other near relatives in the war, and his references to them can hardly be read without tears. There is a cry of pain in every line. . . . They are palpitant like naked nerves, and every word is like the leaf plucked by Dante, which trickled blood."—*F. H. Underwood*.

"There were qualities in this second book [of his poetry] which revealed an active and fertile mind, a quick sympathy with and a clear comprehension of sorrow and suffering."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

"To our mind, some of the simpler verses are the heart-poetry of Lowell's home—are the most pathetic, and consequently the most poetical."—*W. W. Story*.

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"How well I remember the indomitable good-humor under fire of him who fell in the front of Ball's Bluff, the silent pertinacity of the gentle scholar who got his last hurt at Fair Oaks, the ardor in the gallant charge of the gentleman who, with the death-wound in his side, headed his brigade at Cedar Creek! How it comes back, and they never come!"—*A Good Word for Winter.*

"The war was ended. I might walk townward without that aching dread of bulletins that had darkened the July sunshine and twice made the scarlet leaves of October seem stained with blood. I remembered with a pang, half proud, half painful, how, so many years ago, I had walked over the same path and felt round my finger the soft pressure of a little hand that was one day to harden with faithful grip of sabre. On how many paths, leading to how many homes where proud memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, must not men be walking in just such pensive mood as I? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you, at least, carried your ideal hence untarnished! It is locked for you beyond moth or rust in the treasure-chamber of death."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

"I love old ways, and the path I was walking felt kindly to the feet it had known for almost fifty years. How many fleeting impressions it had shared with me! How many times I had lingered to study the shadows of the leaves mezzotinted upon the turf that edged it by the moon, of the bare boughs etched with a touch beyond Rembrandt by the same unconscious artist on the smooth page of snow."—*On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners.*

11. Exuberant Imagery.—"Even in his poems of the heart, Lowell's poetic fancy made him too lavish in illustration and epithet. A discreeter bard would have restricted his figurative language and won greater fame."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"In a single page, Lowell compares Chaucer's style to a river and a precious vintage, and contrasts it with the froth of champagne and the folly of Milo. In relation to Shake-

speare's birth, we have astrology, vinous processes, and alembic projection, following upon one another as illustrations of the coming nativity. . . . Nor have we any writer whose imagery is oftener strong and exquisite: as in the description of a snowy winter landscape."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"Lowell's prose writings are as remarkable as his poetry. The copiousness of his illustrations, the richness of his imagery, the easy flow of his sentences, the keenness of his wit, give to his reviews and essays a fascinating charm that would place him in the front rank of our prose writers, if he did not occupy a similar position among our poets."—*George William Curtis*.

"Nothing in his first volume, 'A Year's Life,' suggests the throng of subtle thoughts and images which almost confuse us by their multiplicity in 'The Cathedral.'"—*E. F. Whipple*.

"His ideality and plastic faculty gave to the train of weighty thought the graces of image and simile; and at length the sonorous sentences seemed moving to the sound of music, like a well-ordered army, glittering in sunlight."—*F. H. Underwood*.

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"Night has no silence like this of busy day. All the batteries of noise are spiked. We see the movement of life as a deaf man sees it, a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare. The earth is clothed in innocence as a garment. Every wound of the landscape is healed; whatever was stiff has been sweetly rounded as the breasts of Aphrodite; what was unsightly has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if, Cowley would have said, nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it."—*A Good Word for Winter*.

"The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more so that I had never heard of it, is the trail of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight of silver rockets or the streaming of northern lights through that silent nether heaven.

I thought nothing could go beyond that rustling star-foam which was churned up by our ship's bows or those eddies and disks of dreamy flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us."—*Leaves from My Journal at Sea.*

"Dryden, by his powerful example, by the charm of his verse, which combines vigor and fluency in a measure perhaps never reached by any other of our poets, and above all because it is never long before the sunshine of his cheerful good sense breaks through the clouds of rhetoric and gilds the clipped hedges over which his thought clammers like an unpruned vine, did more than all others combined to bring about the triumphs of French standards in taste and French principles in criticism."—*Essay on Pope.*

12. Colloquial Ease.—"Biglow, like Burns, makes the dialect he employs flexible to every mood of thought and passion, from good sense as solid as granite to the most bewitching descriptions of nature and the loftiest affirmations of conscience."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"He carried style absolutely into conversation, where indeed it freely disguised itself as intensely colloquial wit."—*Henry James.*

"It is with some apprehension that the present writer ventures to quote a stanza in the native dialect; though full of delicate feeling, expressed with the inimitable art of a great poet, the unlettered style suggests only what is ridiculous 'to the general,' who can see nothing touching in the sentiment of a rustic, and are not softened by tears unless shed into a brodered handkerchief."—*F. H. Underwood.*

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"Suppose we grant that winter is the sleep of the year—what then? I take it upon me to say that his dreams are finer than the best reality of his waking rivals. . . . For my own part, I think winter a pretty wide-awake old boy, and his bluff sincerity and hearty ways are more congenial to my mood and

more wholesome for me than any charms of which his rivals are capable."—*A Good Word for Winter.*

"We cannot have fine buildings till we are less in a hurry. We snatch our education like a meal at a railway station, just in time to make us dyspeptic. The whistle shrieks, and we must rush or lose our places in the great train of life. . . . Our very villages seem in motion, following westward the bewitching music of some Pied Piper of Hamelin. We still feel the great push toward sundown given to the peoples somewhere in the gray dawn of history. The cliff-swallow alone of all animate nature emigrates eastward."—*A Moosehead Journal.*

"Were you ever alone with the sun? You think it a very simple question; but I never was, in the full sense of the word, till I was held up to him one cloudless day on the broad buckler of the ocean. I suppose one might have the same feeling in the desert. I remember getting something like it years ago when I climbed alone to the top of a mountain, and lay face up on the hot gray moss, striving to get a notion of how an Arab might feel."—*At Sea.*

"I confess that I come to the treatment of Pope with diffidence. I was brought up in the old superstition that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, and when I came to find out that I had instincts of my own and my mind was brought in contact with the apostles of a more esoteric doctrine of poetry, I felt an ardent desire for smashing the idols I had been brought up to worship."—*Essay on Pope.*

13. Homeliness.— "It ['The Vision of Sir Launfal'] was woven of the homeliest, the most ungainly material."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"Even his lectures on subjects comparatively dry and dull . . . were brightened by the ceaseless flow of humor, which was often homely but never coarse. Indeed, no man drew more careful distinctions between what was homely and what was vulgar than the praised and abused author of 'The Biglow Papers.' . . . The homeliness, or vulgarity, which the writer ingeniously defends, gave them ['The Big-

low Papers ']) half their charm with the half-educated masses."—*W. W. Story*.

"They [the speakers in 'The Biglow Papers'] expressed their opinions upon topics in which they could not but be interested and in words which were habitual with them—in their simple, honest, homely, down right, every-dayspeech."—*R. H. Stoddard*.

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"It has a good chance of being pretty ; but, like most American towns, it is in a hobble-de-hoy age, growing yet ; one cannot tell what may happen. A child of great promise of beauty is often spoiled by its second teeth. . . . There is something pokerish about a deserted dwelling even in daylight."—*A Moosehead Journal*.

"The only event of the journey hither was a boy hawking exhilaratingly the last great railroad smash. . . . Other details of my dreadful ride I will spare you. Suffice it to say that I arrived here in safety, in complexion like an Ethiopian serenader half got-up, and so broiled and peppered that I was more like a devilled kidney than anything else I can think of."—*A Moosehead Journal*.

"Who has never felt an almost irresistible temptation, and seemingly not self-originated, to let himself go ? to let his mind gallop and kick and cavort and roll like a horse turned loose ? in short, as we Yankees say, 'to speak out in meeting ?' Who never had it suggested to him by the fiend to break in at a funeral with the real character of the deceased instead of that Mrs. Grundyified view of him which the clergyman is so painfully elaborating in his prayer ?"—*Essay on Witchcraft*.

HOLMES, 1809-1894

Biographical Outline.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; father an orthodox Congregational clergyman, mother descended from Evart Jansen Wendell, who came from Friesland in 1640; ancestors well-to-do; at fifteen Holmes enters Phillips Academy, Andover, where he remains one year; at sixteen he enters Harvard (1825) and is graduated in 1829; while at Andover he makes a spirited translation of a passage in Virgil; studies law one year; begins the study of medicine; goes to Europe in 1833, and spends nearly three years in the medical schools and hospitals of London and Paris; returns in 1836, and takes his M.D. at Harvard at the same commencement when he reads his "Metrical Essay" before Phi Beta Kappa; publishes his first volume of poems in 1836, including "Old Ironsides," which dates back to 1830; in 1837-39 aids in establishing the Tremont Medical School; is Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, 1839-40; returns to Boston in 1840, and practises medicine till 1847, when he accepts the Harvard professorship of Anatomy, which he holds actively till 1882 and as *emeritus* till his death; marries Amelia Lee Jackson in 1840; publishes "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions" in 1842 and successive volumes of poems in 1846, 1849, and 1850; in 1843 his "Boylston Prize Essays" gain him a great medical reputation; in 1849 he builds his summer home in Pittsfield, Mass.; in 1857, with the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he begins his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," which appeared as a volume in 1858; in 1860 he publishes "The Professor at the

Breakfast-Table" and in 1872 "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table;" dates of publication of other works are as follows: "Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science," 1861; "Elsie Venner," 1861; "Songs in Many Keys," 1861; "Soundings from the Atlantic," 1863; "Humorous Poems," 1865; "The Guardian Angel," 1867; "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," 1861; "Songs of Many Seasons," 1874; "A Memoir of Motley," 1878; "The Iron Gate," 1880; "Pages from an Old Volume of Life," 1883; "Medical Essays," 1883; "Ralph Waldo Emerson," 1884; "A Moral Antipathy," 1885; "Our Hundred Days in Europe," 1887; "Before the Curfew," 1888; and "Over the Tea-Cups," 1890; Holmes visits Europe in 1886; dies in Boston October 7, 1894.

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PARTICULAR CHARACTERISTICS.

Introductory Note.—What most impresses the reader, after a careful review of the writings of Holmes, is his wonderful versatility. We know not where he most excels, whether as poet, essayist, novelist, monologist, critic, or close scientific writer. In the words of an English critic: "To borrow a vulgar phrase, we never know where to have him, and his pages are protean in their ever-changing aspects. . . . Pathology, divinity, physiology,—the world, the flesh, and the devil, the trotting-track, the prize-ring, society and the musical glasses—all are jumbled up together, and yet with a perceptible intellectual sequence, in which imagination, with some kind of plausibility, can follow the connecting threads. . . . He might belong to half a dozen schools of philosophy—to the cynical, to the lachrymose, and, above all, to the optimistic, with a strong dash of the epicurean." It is obviously impossible to illustrate this quality by any short series of detached paragraphs. An idea of Holmes's versatility must be gained from a study of his works as a whole. We therefore begin our systematic analysis with a quality that lends itself to more concise definition and illustration.

1. Buoyancy—Youthfulness—Optimism.—No quality of Holmes's style and character impresses the reader more constantly than his perennial youthfulness—his habit of looking at the things of earth and time through the eyes of an ingenuous boy.

"[His longevity] is not, however, without a certain aspect of propriety. If not the youngest in years, he was the youngest of them all in heart. . . . He never left the cheerful little ghost of his boyhood behind him."—*Literary World*.

"Before his day the sons of the Puritans were hardly ripe for the doctrine that there is a time to laugh, that humor is

quite as helpful a constituent of life as gravity or gloom."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"The cheerful rays of faith which, like the notes of birds wafted to one from summer woodlands, suggest only tranquil happiness and peace."—*Ray Palmer.*

"[In his eightieth year] still the youngest man alive."—*Lowell.*

"[The Poem on *Contentment*] is a most frank confession of his liking for life's fair and pleasant things. . . . He was neither stoic nor ascetic; neither indifferent to life's sweet and pleasant things nor, while hankering for their possession, did he repress his noble rage and freeze the genial currents of his soul. His was an undisguised enjoyment of earthly comforts; a happy confidence in the excellence and glory of our present life; a persuasion, as one has said, 'that if God made us, then he also meant us;' and he held to these things so earnestly, so pleasantly, so cheerfully, that he could not help communicating them to everything he wrote. . . . He wrote in such a jocund way, with such animal spirits and pure absurdity."—*John Chadwick.*

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"Wherever the trotting horse goes, he carries in his train brisk omnibuses, lively baker's carts, and therefore hot rolls, the jolly butcher's wagon, the cheerful gig, the wholesome afternoon drive with wife and child,—all the forms of moral excellence, except truth, which does not agree with any kind of horse flesh."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"I don't know whether our literary professional people are more amiable than they are in other places, but certainly quarrelling is out of fashion among them. This could never be if they were in the habit of secret anonymous puffing of each other. That is the kind of underground machinery which manufactures false reputations and genuine hatreds. On the other hand, I should like to know if we are not at liberty to have a good time together and say the pleasantest things we can think of to each

other, when any of us reaches his thirtieth or fortieth or fiftieth or eightieth birthday."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

"The Professor has been to see me. Came in, glorious, at about twelve o'clock last night. Said he had been with 'the boys.' On inquiry, found out that 'the boys' were certain baldish and grayish gentlemen that one sees or hears of in various important stations of society. The Professor is one of the same set, but he always talks as if he had been out of college about ten years. He calls them sometimes 'the boys,' and sometimes 'the old fellows.' Call them by the latter title, and see how he likes it.—Well, he came in last night glorious, as I was saying. . . . But the Professor says he always gets tipsy in old memories. He was, I forget how many years old when he went to the meeting; just turned of twenty now,—he said. He made various youthful proposals to me, including a duet under the landlady's daughter's window. He had just learned a trick, he said, of one of the boys of getting a splendid bass out of a door panel by rubbing it with the palm of the hand. Offered to sing 'The Sky is Bright,' accompanying himself on the front door, if I would go down and help in the chorus. . . . All at once he jumped up and said,—Don't you want to hear what I read to the boys? The Professor then read—

'Flash out a stream of blood-red wine!—
For I would drink to other days;
And brighter shall their memory shine,
Seen flaming through its crimson blaze.
The roses die, the summers fade;
But every ghost of boyhood's dream
By nature's magic power is laid
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream [etc.].'

—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

2. Colloquial Habit — Familiarity — Self-Revelation.—Closely allied with his buoyancy and often united with it in expression is the colloquial element in Holmes. He talks not *at* you but *with* you.

"The colloquial habit of the Autocrat is . . . so marked generally in Holmes's writings as to be called distinctive. . . . Without the private personal touch of the

essayist in his stories they would not be his. His colloquial habit is very winning when governed by a natural delicacy and an exquisite literary instinct. It is the quality of all the authors who are distinctly loved as persons by their readers, and it is to this class that Holmes especially belongs."—*George William Curtis*.

"There is something akin to affection which connects such poets with their readers, when poet and reader are at their best. They cannot be Shelleys, but they win by warmth, though they dazzle not by splendor. . . . Manliness finds in Holmes a friend and culture a companion."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"He was—and is—one of the few writers who are present at the reading of their own works—a conversationalist in type, on paper—a dear friend living between the covers of a printed book."—*Edward E. Hale*.

"This Bostonian who was his own Boswell. . . . It needed the nineteenth century to produce an Autocrat with so much more of intellectual hospitality than the brave old Doctor who dogmatized over Mrs. Thrall's teacups; a spectator, whose vision went so much deeper than that of the smiling Addison."—*Helen M. Cone*.

"[It is] the Autocrat in his best moods—those moments when, all barriers of invention and situation broken down, the author talks face to face, or rather soul to soul, consciousness to consciousness, with the reader."—*W. D. Howells*.

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"Do not think, because I talk to you of many subjects briefly, that I should not find it much lazier work to take each one of them and dilute it down to an essay. Borrow some of my old college themes and water my remarks to suit yourselves."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"I don't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I don't believe *I* talked *just* so; but the fact is, in reporting one's

conversation, one cannot help *Blair-ing* it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"Apropos of Horses. Do you know how important good jockeying is to authors? Judicious management; letting the public see your animal just enough, not too much; holding him up hard when the market is too full of him; letting him out at just the right buying intervals; always gently feeling his mouth; never slacking and never jerking the rein;—this is what I mean by jockeying."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"A lyric conception—my friend, the Poet said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine, then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head, then a long sigh,—and the poem is written."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

3. Unconventionality.—Simple Treatment of Weighty Themes.—This is another closely allied trait of Holmes, mingled, as it so often is, with his buoyant and colloquial manner. While the genial Doctor has not the awesomeness of Shelley and Byron, he does not hesitate to discuss the most serious questions of life and death in a tone almost playful in its serene fearlessness.

"The researches of most scientific men, especially in abstruse subjects, like the relations of body and mind, are preserved in works which the public cannot understand if they should try. What Tyndall has done in the interpretation of the laws of nature is done even more brilliantly by Holmes; and this is not due to any letting down of the subject; it is rather furnishing the means for the ordinary mind to ascend to the higher level of thought. . . . [Of the Autocrat's first appearance] The truth was the prosaic folk had no way to estimate Holmes. They wrote only stately sentences, while he was free when he chose to use the simplest language of

every-day life. The ideas they would formally promulgate in methodical order he lashed upon the reader with a dazzling wit."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"[He has] the common-sense of the Franklin quality."—*C. F. Richardson.*

"There is no straining for effect; simple, natural thoughts are expressed in simple and perfectly transparent language."—*Whittier.*

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"Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind over-taxed. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and levers, if anything is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad. We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are called *religious* mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and appear to enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such and such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view if he does not."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"But I'll tell you what the Professor said to the Poet the other day.—'My boy,' said he, 'I can work a great deal cheaper than you, because I keep all my goods in the lower story. You have to hoist yours into the upper stories of the brain and let them down again to your customers. I take mine in at the level of the ground, and send them off at my door-step almost without lifting. I tell you, the higher a man has to carry the raw material of thought before he works it up, the more it costs him in blood, nerve, and muscle.' Coleridge knew all this very well when he advised every literary man to have a profession."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"The more we study the body and the mind, the more we find both to be governed, not *by* but *according to* laws, such as we observe in the larger universe.—You think you know all about *walking*—don't you, now? Well, how do you suppose your lower limbs are held to your body? They are sucked up by two

cupping vessels, ('cotoloid'—cup-like—cavities) and held there as long as you live, and longer. At any rate, you think you move them backward and forward at such a rate as your will determines, don't you? On the contrary, they swing just as any other pendulums swing, at a fixed rate, determined by their length. You can alter this by muscular power, just as you can take hold of the pendulum of a clock and make it move faster or slower; but your ordinary gait is timed by the same mechanism as the movements of the solar system."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"There are three wicks, you know, to the lamp of a man's life; brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness. The 'tripod of life' a French physiologist called these three organs. It is all clear enough which leg of the tripod is going to break down here. I could tell you exactly what the difficulty is;—which would be as intelligible and amusing as a watchmaker's description of a diseased timekeeper to a ploughman."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*.

4. Piquant Satire—Graceful Badinage.—Holmes's satire is unlike that of any other of our great humorists, though it has much of the tone of Lamb and of Hood.

"His metrical satires are of the amiable sort that debars him from kinsmanship with the Juvenals of old or the Popes and Churchills of more recent time. . . . Yet he is a keen observer of the follies and chances which satire makes its food. As his humor had relaxed the grimness of a Puritan constituency, so his prose satire did much to liberalize their clerical system."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"He deals with the vanities, the foibles, the faults of mankind, good-naturedly and almost sympathizingly suggesting excuses for the folly which he tosses about on the horns of his ridicule."—*Whittier*.

"He looks at folly and pretension from the highest pin-

nacle of scorn. They never provoke his indignation, for to him they are too mean to justify anger, and are hardly worth petulance."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"All his trenchant bits of criticism and pretended dogmatism have attached to them, like a corollary, a little hint that the cure for it all is charity—the understanding other men better. . . . Do you remember 'Urania, a Rhymed Lesson,' away back in his younger days—with what skilful good humor it picked out all the little solecisms of dress, manners, and talk, and yet left the perpetrators, while entirely cured, feeling as though they were laughed with and not at?"—*R. W. Gilder*.

"Holmes's pen has the point of a French rapier, and draws blood whenever he chooses to use it with that intent."—*Ray Palmer*.

"Holmes is distinctively and purely a satirist, and for a lifetime has been lashing others with the most stinging and excoriating satire (tempered with humor and good-nature). . . . When at his best, his humor has the genial, kindly character which marks that of all great humorists; but too often it is only an ironical smirk, a sardonical grin, a laughing at others instead of with them."—*W. S. Kennedy*.

"The two *bête noires* of Holmes are homœopathy and endless punishment, and he never lets an opportunity pass of giving a thrust at either."—*F. H. Underwood*.

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"I took more of it [the pie] than was good for me,—as much as eighty-five per cent., I should think,—and had an indigestion in consequence. While I was suffering from it, I wrote some sadly desponding poems and a theological essay which took a very melancholy view of creation. When I got better I labelled them all pie-crust, and laid them by as scarecrows and solemn warnings. I have a number of books on my shelves that I should like to label with some such title; but, as they have great names

on their title-pages,—Doctors of Divinity, some of them,—it wouldn't do.”—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

“There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition,—something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors come down to ‘doom’ every acquaintance he met,—that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?”—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

“Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. . . . You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain degrees of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. . . . Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely when he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.”—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

5. Exuberant, Dazzling Wit.—All his critics unite in ascribing to Holmes a wit equalled only by that of Hood and Lowell.

“The movement of his wit is so swift that its presence is known only when it strikes. He will sometimes, as it were, blind the eyes of his victims with diamond dust, then pelt them pitilessly with scoffing compliments. He passes from the sharp and stinging gibe to the most grotesque exaggerations of drollery with a most bewildering rapidity.”—*E. P. Whipple*.

“There’s Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full-charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit.”—*Lowell*.

“Dr. Holmes has proved his title to be a wit in the earlier and higher sense of the word, when it meant a man of genius, a player upon thoughts rather than upon words.”—*Lowell*.

“A restless wit that sees the different sides, the contradictions, and cannot forbear to flash upon the eye all the various angles of truth, while never ceasing to take the view of the poet.”—*G. P. Lathrop*.

“If any of our readers need amusement and the wholesome alternative of a hearty laugh, we commend them, not to Dr. Holmes the physician, but to Dr. Holmes the scholar, the wit, and the humorist. . . . He was born for the ‘laughter cure,’ as certainly Priessnitz was for the ‘water-cure,’ and has been quite as successful in his way.”—*Whittier*.

“keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it.”—*Whittier*.

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"I have just been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl, as if its tail had been trod on."—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.*

"So never mind what your cousins, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and the rest, say about that fine poem you have written, but send it (postage paid) to the editors, if there are any, of the *Atlantic*—which, by the way, is not so called because it is a *notion*, as some dull wits wish they had said, but are too late."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"My acquaintance with the French language is very imperfect, I having never studied it anywhere but in Paris, which is awkward, as B. F. devotes himself to it with the peculiar advantage of an Alsatian teacher."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"Neither will I pretend that I am so unused to the more perishable smoking contrivance that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-swell on the Bay of Biscay. I am not unacquainted with that fusiform, spiral-wound bundle of chopped stems and miscellaneous incombustibles, the *cigar*, so called, of the shops—which to 'draw' asks the suction-power of a nursling infant Hercules and to relish, the leathery palate of old Silenus."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

6. Fanciful Humor.—"To write good comic verse is a different thing from writing good comic poetry. A jest or a sharp saying may easily be made to rhyme; but to blend ludicrous ideas with fancy and imagination and display in their

conception and expression the same poetic qualities usually exercised in serious composition, is a rare distinction. Among American poets we know of no one who excels Holmes in this difficult branch of art."—*E. P. Whipple.*

"[Holmes's humor is] fun shading down to seriousness and seriousness shading up to fun."—*Lowell.*

"Hood is great both in smiles and tears, but his prevailing mood is all absorbing, and he is either all smiles or all tears at any one time. Holmes is as funny in his different way, though by no means so deeply pathetic and startling as the other. In recompense he often produces a delightful mingling of the sad and gay, scarcely found in Hood, and has a marvellous gift, moreover, of sliding from the real to the ideal—beginning with jest and ending with poetry."—*Literary World.*

"You with the classic few belong
Who tempered wisdom with a smile."

—*Lowell.*

"It does not appear that anyone else did so much as Dr. Holmes to change the social temper of New England, to make it less harsh and joyless, and to make easier for his fellow-countrymen the transition from old things to new."—*John W. Chadwick.*

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"I never thought he would come to good, when I heard him attempting to sneer at an unoffending city so respectable as Boston. After a man begins to attack the State-House, when he gets bitter about the Frog-Pond, you may be sure there is not much left of him. Poor Edgar Poe died in the hospital soon after he got into this way of talking ; and so sure as you find an unfortunate fellow reduced to this pass, you had better begin praying for him and stop lending him money, for he is on his last legs."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

"Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept for a long while ; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and *used*. . . . Of those which must be kept and used I will name three—meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems. 'The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. . . . Gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October ! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences ! He who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath ; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang round it as the smell of the flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina.'—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

" 'I suppose that now they have levelled everything they are quiet and contented. Have they any of those uneasy people called reformers ? ' "

" 'Indeed they have,' said my attendant. 'There are the Orthobrachians, who declaim against the shameful abuse of the left arm and hand, and insist on restoring their perfect equality with the right. Then there are Isopodic societies, which insist upon bringing back the original equality of the upper and lower limbs. If you can believe it, they actually practise going on all fours—generally in a private way, a few of them together, but hoping to bring the world round to them in the near future.'—*Over the Tea-Cups*.

7. Pathos.—The pathos of Holmes, while not so deep as that of Hood and Steele, which it resembles, is invariably natural and genuine. There is no mawkish sentimentality in his pages such as is found in some scenes by Dickens.

"The poet of 'The Last Leaf' was among the first to teach his countrymen that pathos is an equal part of true humor ; that sorrow is lightened by jest and jest redeemed from coarseness

by emotion, under most conditions of this our evanescent human life."—*E. C. Stedman.*

"After some comic picture, grotesque phrase, or quick thrust, the reader comes suddenly upon a stanza of perfect beauty of form, with the gentlest touch of natural feeling."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"Still in thy human tenderness they feel
The honest voice and beating heart of Steele."

—*Edmund Gosse.*

"His finest humor borders close upon pathos."—*W. S. Kennedy.*

"The author is capable of moving the heart as well as of tickling the fancy."—*Whittier.*

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"There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log, to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows;—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it!"—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"I never laughed at my landlady after she had told me her story, but I often cried—not those pattering tears that run off the eaves upon our neighbor's yards, the *stillicidium* of self-conscious sentiment, but those which steal noiselessly through their conduits until they reach the cisterns lying round about the heart; those tears that we weep inwardly with unchanging features;—such did I shed for her often when the imps of the boarding-house Inferno tugged at her soul with their red-hot pincers."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"My life is the dying pang of a worn-out race, and I shall go

down alone into the dust, out of this world of men and women, without ever knowing the fellowship of the one or the love of the other. I will not die with a lie rattling in my throat. If another state of being has anything worse in store for me, I have had a long apprenticeship to give me strength that I may bear it. I don't believe it, Sir! I have too much faith for that. God has not left me wholly without comfort, even here. I love this old place where I was born;—the heart of the world beats under the three hills of Boston, Sir! I love this great land with so many tall men in it and so many good, noble women.' His eyes turned to the silent figure by his pillow. 'I have learned to accept meekly what has been allotted me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and evil-doing of whole generations in my single person. I never drew a breath of air nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds,—for my cage has been a narrow one, and I have paced it alone.'—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

8. Point—Epigram—Whimsical Paradox.—"The most obvious characteristic of Holmes's poetry is its combined terseness and finish. The lines are often poetical proverbs or epigrams, with vigor and point in every phrase. . . . And as much is true of the Autocrat's prose. He flashes upon you an ingenious suggestion or a whimsical paradox clothed in fantastic guise, and without giving you time to pause upon the truth it contains or to reflect even whether what seems so plausible is true, presents you with another and another in endless sequence."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"In Holmes's professional and literary addresses there is a compactness and polished vigor in his sentences, an effectiveness and point, which remind one of the pungency of Junius."—*Ray Palmer.*

"You may open any of the three [prose] volumes upon which Holmes's fame really rests, and find on every page aphorisms and epigrams which deserve to be framed, put

down in your private note-book, or carried in your heart."
—*H. R. Haweis.*

"A proverb maker, some of whose words are not without wings. . . . His pertinent maxims are so frequent that it seems as if he had jotted them down from time to time and here first brought them to application ; they are apothegms of common life and action, often of mental experience, strung together by a device so original as to make the work quite a novelty in literature."—*E. C. Stedman.*

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"I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men."

"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—
and the fools know it."

"Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth that its sharp corners get terribly rounded."

"The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city."

"Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

"Humility is the first of the virtues—for other people."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

9. Sportive Fancy.—"Like his wit, humor, and pathos, this frolicsome fancy marks everything that Holmes has written. In the contributions [to the New England magazines] of the young graduate, the high spirits of a frolicsome fancy effervesce and sparkle."—*George William Curtis.*

"That song has flecked with rosy gold
The sails that fade o'er fancy's sea."

—*William Winter.*

"It riots in his measures . . . —fancy which he tenders in lieu of imagination and power. The consecutive poems of

one whose fancy plays about life as he saw it may be a feast complete and epicurean, having solid dishes and fantastic, all justly savored, cooked with discretion, flanked with honest wine, and whose cat's and dainties, even, are not designed to cloy—a fancy whose glint, if not imagination, is like that of the sparks struck off from it. . . . To this day [1885] there is no telling whither a fancy, once caught and mounted, will bear this lively rider."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"[His] sense of the ludicrous is not keener than his sense of the beautiful; his wit and humor are but the sportive exercise of a fancy and imagination which he has abundantly exercised on serious topics."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"[I am] struck anew by the presence of that prolific fancy which avoids monotony."—*Bayard Taylor*.

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"Let us get up and see what is going on.—Oh,—oh,—oh! do you know what has got hold of you? It is the great red dragon that is born of the little red eggs we call sparks, with his hundred blowing red manes, and his thousand lashing red tails, and his multitudinous red eyes glaring at every crack and key-hole, and his countless red tongues lapping the beams he is going to crunch presently, and his hot breath warping the panels and cracking the glass and making old timber sweat that had forgotten it was ever alive with sap. Run for your life! leap! or you will be a cinder in five minutes, that nothing but a coroner would take for the wreck of a human being."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*.

"Next year you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"The island is where? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea

around it and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in lap, while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm stay-sails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees, in stretches of miles; beeches, oaks, most numerous;—many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids; some coiled in the grasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

10. Sincerity — Honesty — Manliness.—Although many of his victims, theological and medical, have writhed under the poet's castigations, all admit his honesty of purpose and his entire freedom from that morbidness and sentimentality that sometimes mar the work of otherwise great writers. From the critic of Holmes's first volume, who declares that "there is not a particle of humbug in him," to that reviewer, writing after the poet's death, who wishes for a list of "the men now in middle age whose mental tone has been, consciously or unconsciously, considerably influenced by the kindly castigation, until they seem intolerable of shams and half-baked pretences that otherwise they might have gone on tolerating,"—through all those fifty years the Autocrat ever spoke in what Bayard Taylor fitly calls "that freshness and heartiness of tone which springs from a fountain lower than the brain."

"He is fresh and manly even when he securely treads the scarcely marked line which separates sentiment from sentimentality. . . . He valorously invites and courts the malicious sharpness of the most unfriendly criticism. By thus daring, provoking, and defying opposition both to his professional and literary reputation, he seems to us to indicate a real if somewhat impatient love of truth. . . . Nobody can justly appreciate Holmes who does not perceive an impersonal earnestness and insight beneath the play of his provoking personal wit. . . . Even his petulances of sar-

casm are but eccentric utterances of a love of truth which has its source in the deepest and gravest sentiments of his nature."—*E. P. Whipple*.

"[His] metrical dedications offered to his brothers of the medical craft . . . [are] bristling with scorn of quackery and challenge to opposing systems."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"He prefers a brown-stone mansion to a cabin in the woods. . . . He is a hater of vulgarity and pretension and of quacks, literary and other. . . . The characters he develops are not all separated into heroes and villains, but are painted as they are, with some strain of good in the worst, some blemish of weakness, or perhaps a stain of guilt, in the best. . . . He has no 'sentiment' but that which is in harmony with intellectual health and cheerful temper."—*F. H. Underwood*.

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"When one of us who has been led by native vanity or senseless flattery to think himself or herself possessed of talent arrives at the full and final conclusion that he or she is really dull, it is one of the most tranquillizing and blessed convictions that can enter a mortal mind. . . . How sweetly and honestly one said to me the other day, 'I hate books!' A gentleman, singularly free from affectations,—not learned, of course, but of perfect breeding, which is often so much better than learning. . . . I did not recognize in him inferiority of literary taste half so distinctly as I did simplicity of character and fearless acknowledgment of his inaptitude for scholarship. In fact, I think there are a great many gentlemen and others, who read with a mark to keep their place, that really 'hate books,' but never had the wit to find it out."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"Unfortunately there has been a very great tendency to make capital of various kinds out of dying men's speeches. The lies that have been put into their mouths for this purpose are endless. The prime minister, whose last breath was spent in scolding his nurse, dies with a magnificent apothegm upon his lips,—manu-

factured by a reporter. Addison gets up a *tableau* and utters an admirable sentiment,—or somebody makes the posthumous lying epigram for him. The incoherent babble of green fields is translated into the language of stately sentiment. One would think all that dying men had to do was to say the prettiest thing they could,—to make their rhetorical point,—and then bow themselves politely out of the world.”—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

“‘I wish I were half as good as many heathens have been,’ I said,—‘Dying for a principle seems to me a higher degree of virtue than scolding for it; and the history of heathen races is full of instances where men have laid down their lives for the love of their kind, of their country, of truth, nay, even for simple manhood’s sake or to show their obedience or fidelity.’ What would not such beings have done for the souls of men, for the Christian commonwealth, for the King of Kings, if they had lived in days of larger light? Which seems to you nearest heaven, Socrates drinking his hemlock, Regulus going back to the enemy’s camp, or that old New England divine sitting comfortably in his study and chuckling over his conceit of certain poor women, who had been burned to death in his own town, going ‘roaring out of one fire into another?’”—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

II. Earnestness—Serious Purpose.—Those who estimate Oliver Wendell Holmes merely as a wit come far short of a true conception of the man and of his genius. He was by no means unaware of the risk he ran of being misconstrued by that very large and highly respectable race of critics and readers who mistake dull sobriety for wisdom, and confound wit with buffoonery. In one of his anniversary poems, written at the very beginning of his literary career, he says to the friends who have urged him to lend his song to their merriment :

“Besides, my prospects—don’t you know that people won’t employ
A man that wrongs his manliness by laughing like a boy,
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds upon a shoot,
As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish at its root?”

"Beneath the brilliant fancy and sparkle which play on the surface of his nature there runs a deep, strong current of serious and earnest thought and feeling, which moves him, at fit times, to strike the graver and richer chords which profoundly move the soul in its higher moods."—*Ray Palmer*.

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"I have a creed,—I replied,—none better and none shorter. It is told in two words,—the two first of the *Pater noster*. And when I say these words I mean them."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"Well, I can't be savage with you for wanting to laugh, and I like to make you laugh, well enough, when I can. But then observe this: if the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape at once, and so have stood at the head of his profession."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strike your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe; for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

12. Localism—Sectionalism.—Few writers have been so devotedly attached to a locality, and few volumes are so tinged with localisms as are those of Holmes.

"[He has] an intense and perpetual localism. . . . In their [his novels] freshness, alertness, and brilliancy of delineation, [they] are thoroughly of New England; they could not have been written in another land."—*C. F. Richardson*.

"[He is] an essential part of Boston, like the crier who becomes so identified with a court that it seems as if Justice must change her quarters when he is gone."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"Fairly Boston's laureate. . . . He believed in Boston as Johnson did in London."—*F. H. Underwood.*

"When it was known that he was dead, men felt, despite his age, as if there, where he was best known, his going made a gap in nature, and took from them something which was as much a part of their being as the air they breathed. Dr. Holmes had one personal quality which ought not to be passed over without mention anywhere or at any time. He was a thorough American and always a patriot, always national and independent, and never colonial or subservient to foreign opinion. In the war of the rebellion none was a stronger upholder of the national cause than he. In his earliest verse we catch constantly the flutter of the flag, and in his war poems we feel the rush and life of the great uprising which saved the nation. He was in the best sense a citizen of the world, of broad and catholic sympathies. But he was first and before that an American citizen of the United States, and this fact is at once proof and reason that he was able to do work which has carried delight to many people of many tongues, and which has won him a high and lasting place in the great literature of the English-speaking people."—*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

"The streets of London were not more loved by Johnson and Lamb than those of Boston have been by Holmes. . . . He has made only short swallow-flights beyond the limits of his own beloved city. If he goes to Paris, he carries Boston with him. . . . A barnacle is not more closely identified with its rock or a pearl with its oyster than Holmes with St. Botolph's town. All his books might be labelled, 'Talks with my neighbors.' He is indigenous; throws up New England subsoil as he ploughs; his homespun characters speak the native *patois*, and the whole tone of his writings is unaffectedly Yankee."—*W. S. Kennedy.*

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"Boston is just like other places of its size ;—only perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities. I'll tell you, though, if you want to know it, what is the real offense of Boston. It drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not of itself be drained. . . . There can never be a real metropolis in this country until the biggest centre can drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"—Full of crooked little streets ; but I tell you Boston has opened, and kept open, more turnpikes that lead to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men,—I don't care how broad their streets are, nor how high their steeples!"—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*. [See also the first illustration under Humor and the fourth under Pathos.]

13. Graceful Philosophy—Ingenious Speculation.

—"Dr. Holmes's whole work, in reality, has been to present in a graceful, able, and amusing way philosophy not transcending the bounds of the ordinarily intelligent mind, psychology which, however just and acute, is never especially profound, and objective observation wonderfully vivid and gay, but on the whole somewhat slight."—*An English Critic*.

"[Dr. Holmes has been fond of exploring] that weird borderland between science and speculation where psychology and physiology exercise mixed jurisdiction."—*Lowell*.

"A kind of attenuated Franklin, who views things and folks with the less robustness but keener distinction and insight. . . . Somewhat distrustful of the 'inner light,' he stands squarely upon observation, experience, induction ; yet at times is so volatile a theorist that one asks how much of his raging is conviction and how much mirth and whim."—*E. C. Stedman*.

"His two novels are not so much novels of plot as they are

stories written to illustrate a psychological theory of heredity. The strength of 'Elsie Venner' and the 'Guardian Angel' lies in their shrewd psychological analysis of character and in the wealth of practical philosophy."—*W. S. Kennedy*.

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"There may be a physical reason for the strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve—so my friend the professor tells me—is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, as we have every reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed. . . . Contrast the sense of taste, as a source of suggestive impressions, with that of smell."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"Some persons seem to think that absolute truth, in the form of rigidly stated propositions, is all that conversation admits. This is precisely as if a musician should insist on having nothing but perfect chords and simple melodies,—no diminished fifths, no flat sevenths, no flourishes on any account. Now it is fair to say that, just as music must have all these, so conversation must have its partial truths, its embellished truths, its exaggerated truths. It is in its higher forms an artistic product, and admits the ideal element as much as pictures or statues. One man who is a little too literal can spoil the talk of a whole tableful of men of *esprit*."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.

"Scientific knowledge, even in the most modest persons, has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, preëemptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind,—not of manners, perhaps. . . . Take the man, for instance, who deals in the mathematical sciences. There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; everything must go to pieces that comes in collision with it. . . . Every probability—and most of our common, working beliefs are probabilities—is provided with *buffers* at both ends which break the force of opposite opinions clashing against it, but scientific certainty has no spring in it, no courtesy, no possibility of yielding. All this must react on the minds which handle these forms of truth."—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.



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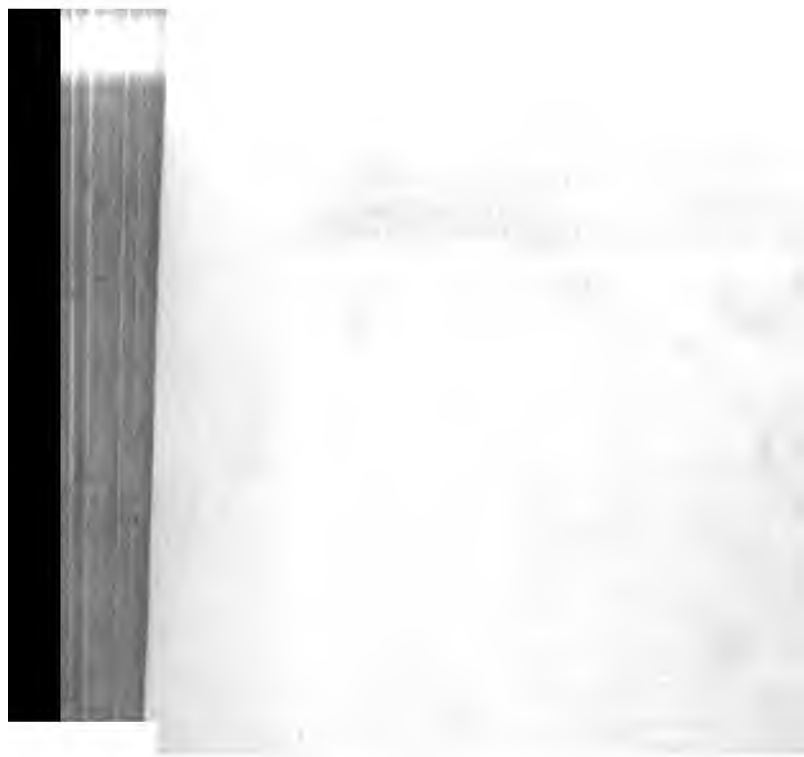
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